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SATURDAY

7 OCTOBER 1995

INDEPENDENT

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STARTING TOMORROW IN THE
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This week, Labour did a deal with a privatised utility, won praise from Norman Tebbit and the Daily Mail, and voted to keep Trident missiles. But one thing didn't change. They ended up singing the Red Flag



The workers' flag is deepest red: Conference reports, page 6; Law Society chief attacks Tories, page 2; Leading article, page 16; Andrew Marr, page 17

Photograph: John Voss

MORE
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ON SATURDAY

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'More terrible than words can express'

WILL BENNETT

Victims of Rosemary and Frederick West were dragged into their cellar, gagged to prevent them screaming and then kept alive for days while they were sexually abused before being killed. Winchester Crown Court was told yesterday.

The events at 25 Cromwell Street in Gloucester, were revealed when the prosecution opened its case against Mrs West yesterday.

Mrs West, 41, from Gloucester, whose husband was found dead in his prison cell last New Year's Day, denies murdering 10 girls and young women whose remains were found at Cromwell Street and at their previous home in Gloucester.

Brian Leveson QC, for the prosecution, said: "Over a period of many years, especially between 1972 and 1979, girls who were staying at or visiting 25 Cromwell Street and others who were visited or simply

abducted and taken there were sexually abused both by Rosemary and Frederick West in the most depraved and appalling way. Those who the Wests believed would not complain perhaps because their involvement appeared to be willing or perhaps because of their very vulnerable, lived.

"Those whom it was believed posed a threat, perhaps because of their injuries, or perhaps because they may talk to the police and report what had happened, death was the option for them."

He told the jury of eight men and four women that the police investigation had begun in 1992, five years after the Wests' eldest daughter, Heather, 16, disappeared in 1987. On 24 February, 1994, officers went to 25 Cromwell Street and two days later found her remains under the piano.

Only Mr West was charged with the murder of the two women found near Much Marcle. Mrs West and her husband were charged with murdering her remains under the piano.

However, Mr Leveson told

The police continued digging and what they found was more terrible than words can express. Over the days which followed, the skeletal remains of eight other young women were found each under the ground of 25 Cromwell Street. Each one had been dismembered, heads had been decapitated and in every set of remains bones were missing."

The remains of Charmaine West, daughter of Mr West's first wife, Rena, were found at the Wests' former home at 25 Midland Road, Gloucester. Rena West and Anne McFall, Mr West's former nanny, were found buried near his childhood home at Much Marcle in Hereford and Worcester.

Only Mr West was charged with the murder of the two women found near Much Marcle. Mrs West and her husband were charged with murdering



The accused: Rosemary West is charged with 10 murders

the jury. "I make it clear from the outset that there is no direct evidence of anyone - Frederick West or Rosemary West - killing any of these girls ... By the very nature of the allegations of murder within the private quarters of 25 Cromwell Street, such evidence is unlikely and although the victims, or what we find of them, tell us something of the circumstances of their deaths, they do not say who killed them. The evidence is circumstantial."

Warning the jurors that some of the evidence that would be "horrific and harrowing" he said that the Wests' first victim was Charmaine. She was seven when she disappeared in 1971 while they were living at 25 Midland Road.

He said: "At the core of this case is the relationship between Frederick and Rosemary West. What each knew about each

other, what they did together, what they did to others and how far each was prepared to go. Much of what follows can be explained in the context that both

were obsessed with sex."

In 1972, they abducted and sexually assaulted Caroline Owens, their former nanny, bound and gagged her and took her back to Cromwell Street. There she was sexually assaulted again, but they let her go. She reported the incident to the police and the Wests were fined at Gloucester magistrates' court.

Mr Leveson said that three months later, Lynda Gough, 19, left home in Gloucester and is believed to have gone to live at Cromwell Street and was never seen again. Her remains were found at Cromwell Street in 1994. Over the next 18 months five more victims: Carol Cooper, Lucy Partington; Therese Siegenthaler; Shirley Robinson; Alison Chambers and Heather West, whose remains were found at Cromwell Street.

However, Mr Leveson told

Hubbard and Juanita Mott were all abducted to Cromwell Street while they were hitch-hiking or on other journeys. Their remains were found in the cellar at Cromwell Street decapitated and dismembered.

The remains of Shirley Robinson, a lodger who had an affair with Mr West and was pregnant by him, and those of her unborn child were found in the garage at 25 Cromwell Street. There she was sexually assaulted again, but they let her go. She reported the incident to the police and the Wests were fined at Gloucester magistrates' court.

Mr Leveson said that three

months later, Lynda Gough, 19, left home in Gloucester and is believed to have gone to live at Cromwell Street and was never seen again. Her remains were found at Cromwell Street in 1994. Over the next 18 months five more victims: Carol Cooper, Lucy Partington; Therese Siegenthaler; Shirley

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2 news

Solicitors' new leader denounces Tory rule

STEPHEN WARD
Legal affairs Correspondent

The solicitors' leader Martin Mears used his annual address to his profession yesterday to denounce 16 years of Tory rule as "catastrophic" for Britain.

In an unprecedented political broadside from the head of a profession traditionally in the heartland of Conservatism, he used his presidential address to the Law Society annual conference to speak of "betrayal of the middle classes" by the party he had supported.

He stopped just short of calling on solicitors to vote Labour, but his message was clear. He said after the speech in Birmingham that Labour now better understood the importance of the professions to the country.

Previous Law Society presidents have attacked parts of government policy, but Mr Mears, who was elected this summer, went much further.

"Many people applauded Thatcherism as a kind of return to old-style Conservatism. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. Rather, it was a crude *laissez faire*-ism whose major tenets were that the market was always right, that it was invariably for the benefit of the consumers, that they should get the lowest possible price and that if the weakest went to the wall, so much the better for the community.

"We see the catastrophic consequences of such doctrines all around us. At one extreme

we have the continuing decline of British manufacturing industry. At the other, the traditional village shop and post office have been wiped out under the competition of the huge area supermarkets."

He said he had once seen Thatcherism as the salvation of the country, but after 16 years, the nation was not at ease with itself.

"The Thatcherite state, predominantly, is made up of non-cohering parties, individuals elbowing, pushing, and shoving each other in a free market until, at the age of 50, they receive their compulsory redundancy package. All the professions are expected to perform in this murky pond."

Lawyers were suffering, but not because they represented a pocket of restrictive practices and outmoded attitudes. Dentists, doctors, nurses, architects and middle managers were all discredited too, he said. "We are atypical."

He said the United Kingdom had one of the lowest per capita incomes in western Europe, low state pensions, a trade deficit and a car industry which imported Rolls Royce engines from Germany.

"I could easily produce many more facts to reinforce the general picture of decline and mismanagement."

He added: "We have to refute the Government's lie that in the nation at large all is well, its policies are working and that our economy is the envy of our neighbours."

Call to scrap sex and race equality bodies

The Law Society was embroiled in accusations of racism and sexism yesterday after its president said that equal opportunities bodies should be abolished, writes Stephen Ward.

In his presidential speech to the Law Society annual conference, Mr Mears said industrial tribunals had been "hijacked by the discriminatory industry".

He asked delegates: "Should not those bodies who fund and encourage these preposterous applications - the Equal Opportunities Commission and the Commission for Racial Equality - have their wings clipped? Is it not time to consider whether they have outlived their usefulness? Are they a public benefit or a public nuisance? These organisations were originally set up, quite rightly, to produce greater co-

hesiveness in society. It is now arguable they are doing the opposite."

Mr Mears' *subsequent* election campaign this summer included attacks on political correctness.

He added: "I could easily produce many more facts to reinforce the general picture of decline and mismanagement."

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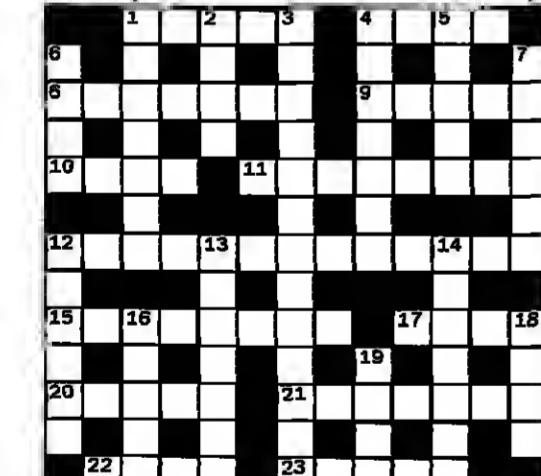
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Concise crossword

No. 2799 Saturday 7 October



ACROSS

- 1 French river (5)
- 4 Upper-class person (4)
- 8 Storm (7)
- 9 Purple or green mineral (5)
- 10 Politically challenged (4)
- 11 Amicable (8)
- 12 Poetic form (13)
- 15 Feature of typewriter keyboard (5-3)
- 17 Fossil fuel (4)
- 20 Coral island (5)
- 21 Fancy (7)
- 22 Simple (4)
- 23 Comfortable slot (5)
- 14 Worship (7)
- 16 Bouquet (5)
- 18 Vegetable (4)
- 19 Powdery mineral (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

Across: 1 Privy, 4 Lodge (Privilege), 10 Epistles, 11 Idaho, 12 Clear, 13 Lettuce, 15 Avon, 17 Ledge (Privilege), 20 Reach, 21 Eagle, 30 Embroidery, 31 Crook, 32 Cross, 2 Rhine, 3 Volcanic, 5 Edge, 7 Granite, 8 Reach, 9 River, 14 Egg, 16 Reach, 18 Corsair, 20 Counsel, 21 Eagle, 23 Glass, 24 Thrice, 26 Chess, 28 Ambie

Down: 1 Piece of embroidery (7)

2 Holly (4)

3 Mass killing (13)

4 Type of material (7)

5 Discovered (5)

6 Fierce (4)

7 Coloured pencil (6)

12 Pertaining to sight (7)

13 In the best circumstances (7)

14 Worship (7)

16 Bouquet (5)

18 Vegetable (4)

19 Powdery mineral (4)

23 Comfortable slot (5)

24 Thrice, 26 Chess, 28 Ambie

25 Ambie, 27 Glass, 28 Ambie

26 Ambie, 27 Glass, 28 Ambie

27 Glass, 28 Ambie, 29 Ambie

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The Gloucester victims: The 10 women and girls Frederick and Rosemary West are alleged to have murdered



The horrific secrets of 25, Cromwell Street

WILL BENNETT

The disappearance of Heather West, Frederick and Rose West's eldest daughter, led ultimately to the Cromwell Street murder inquiry, Winchester Crown Court was told yesterday.

Brian Leveson QC, for the prosecution, told the court: "In June 1987, when she was 16 years old, she disappeared. Her parents did not report her missing. The reason is simple. They knew that she was dead because both had been involved in killing her."

"Rosemary West, this defendant, was interviewed by the police. She said that she had heard from Heather on the telephone. The authorities continued looking and on 24 February 1994, armed with a search warrant, they returned to 25, Cromwell Street."

He said that they unearthed Heather West's bones under a pat in the back garden two days later. The head had been severed and the bones had been chopped up to reduce the space in which the skeleton could be buried.

"The police continued digging and what they found was more terrible than words can express. Over the days which followed, the skeletal remains of eight other young women were found, each under the ground at the home of Mr and Mrs West."

Thus began a huge investigation for Gloucestershire Police which discovered that girls who came and went to 25, Cromwell Street over the years had been subjected to "violent and degrading sexual activity".

Mr Leveson said that it was not suggested that Mrs West had acted alone. As far as all 10 murders were concerned, she acted together with Frederick West, her husband, who was found dead in his prison cell on 1 January this year.

Mr Leveson told the jury that Rosemary Letts met Frederick West in 1969 when she was 15 and he was 27. They began a relationship and their daughter, Heather, was born in 1970 when they moved with West's other two children to a ground floor flat at 25, Midland Road, Gloucester. In November that year, Mr West was sent to prison for 10 months for dishonesty. Mr Leveson said: "At the age of 17, it cannot have been easy for Rosemary West to cope with Charmaine, only 10 years younger, Anne Marie, who was six, and baby Heather in a small flat."

Mr Leveson said that it was impossible to precisely date when Charmaine vanished but when people asked about her

whereabouts, they were told that she had gone to Scotland with her mother.

On 25 April, 1994, the police extended their search from Cromwell Street to Midland Road, where they discovered a skull and bones which were later identified by experts as being those of Charmaine.

In January 1972 Frederick West married Rosemary and later that year they moved to Cromwell Street, where they lived for the next 22 years. Mrs West had seven more children.

Mr Leveson said that the Wests picked up a 17-year-old girl called Caroline Owens who was hitchhiking to Tewkesbury in the autumn of 1972.

During the journey the Wests offered Miss Owens a job as their nanny and she accepted and moved in to Cromwell Street. After a few weeks Miss Owens left but in December 1972 the Wests once again



Fred West: 'horrific crimes'

picked her up when she was hitchhiking. Mr Leveson said: "As they left Gloucester, Rosemary West put her arm around Caroline Owens and started talking of sexual matters. She tried to kiss Caroline on the mouth and began to touch her mouth and fondle her breasts."

Mr West then sexually assaulted Miss Owens and Mr West stopped the car. He then punched her in the face knocking her senseless and when she came round she was being tied up and gagged.

Thus gagged she was driven back to Cromwell Street with Rosemary West holding her down and continuing the assault upon her. She was bundled indoors and taken to the first-floor bedroom. The tapes were cut free. She was stripped naked and was laid on the bed. Mrs West touched her vaginal area, she struggled and her hands were once more tied up behind her back. She was subjected to a series of sexual indignities."

The following morning Miss Owens was released after promising not to tell what had

happened but she reported it to the police and the Wests were arrested. They were subsequently charged with assault occasioning actual bodily harm and with indecent assault and on 12 January 1973 they were fined at Gloucester Magistrates Court after pleading guilty to both charges.

Mr Leveson then told the horrific story of how a series of girls were murdered after being held captive and sexually abused. The first victim was Lynda Gough, 19, from Gloucester.

Miss Gough, a seamstress, left home suddenly on 19 April 1973. Her parents did not hear from her and began to make enquiries which led her mother to Cromwell Street, where Mrs West told her that Lynda had gone to Weston-Super-Mare.

The Crown contend that she had been murdered and buried in what had been an inspection pit in a shed or garage. There she stayed for nearly 21 years until 7 March, 1994.

The body had been dismembered and many of the bones were missing. Near the skull was a ring mask of wound adhesive tape, two loose pieces of tape, a length of string and some knotted fabric.

Mr Leveson said: "The circle of masking tape found with the remains provides the clearest evidence that she was naked but gagged." Mr Leveson said that another five victims were buried in a circle in the cellar of 25, Cromwell Street, clockwise in the order of their deaths over the next 18 months.

The first victim was Carol Ann Cooper, who was 15 when she disappeared. In November 1973, on a visit to her grandmother in Worcester, she ended up in Cromwell Street. Her remains were found on 10 March, 1994. She had been decapitated and dismembered.

The next victim was Lucy Partington, 21, a student at Exeter University. In December 1973, she went home to Cheltenham for Christmas and went to visit a school friend.

She left her house just before 10.15pm on 27 December to catch the last bus home. She was never seen again and more than 20 years were to pass before her remains were discovered under the cellar floor at 25, Cromwell Street. She had been decapitated and among the bones there was a kitchen knife.

The next victim was a 21-year-old Swiss Therese Siegenthaler, who was studying sociology in London.

She was last seen when she set out to hitchhike across England. She was never seen again and on 5 March, 1994, her remains were found.

mainly unearthing in the cellar of the Wests' home.

Shirley Hubbard, 15, a girl from a broken home went missing in November, 1974. Her remains were found at Cromwell Street on 5 March, 1994.

The last of this group of victims was Juanita Mott, 18, a rebellious girl who came from a broken home in Gloucester.

During 1974 she used to visit 25 Cromwell Street, but later left to live with friends. Her remains were found in the cellar in March, 1994. Like the others, she had been decapitated and dismembered and there was a plastic-covered rope wrapped around her bones and a band of fabric around her skull.

Mr Leveson said that one victim of the Wests who survived sexual abuse was a woman referred to in court only as Miss A. In 1977, aged 15, she ran away from a Gloucester child's home and visited Cromwell Street.

Six weeks later she returned and was taken into a room where there were two naked girls. She was then undressed by Mrs West and sexually abused before Mr West had sexual intercourse with her.

Afterwards the Wests let her go and, said Mr Leveson, "obviously made an assessment that this girl would not go to the police". She only revealed the incident after the bodies were discovered.

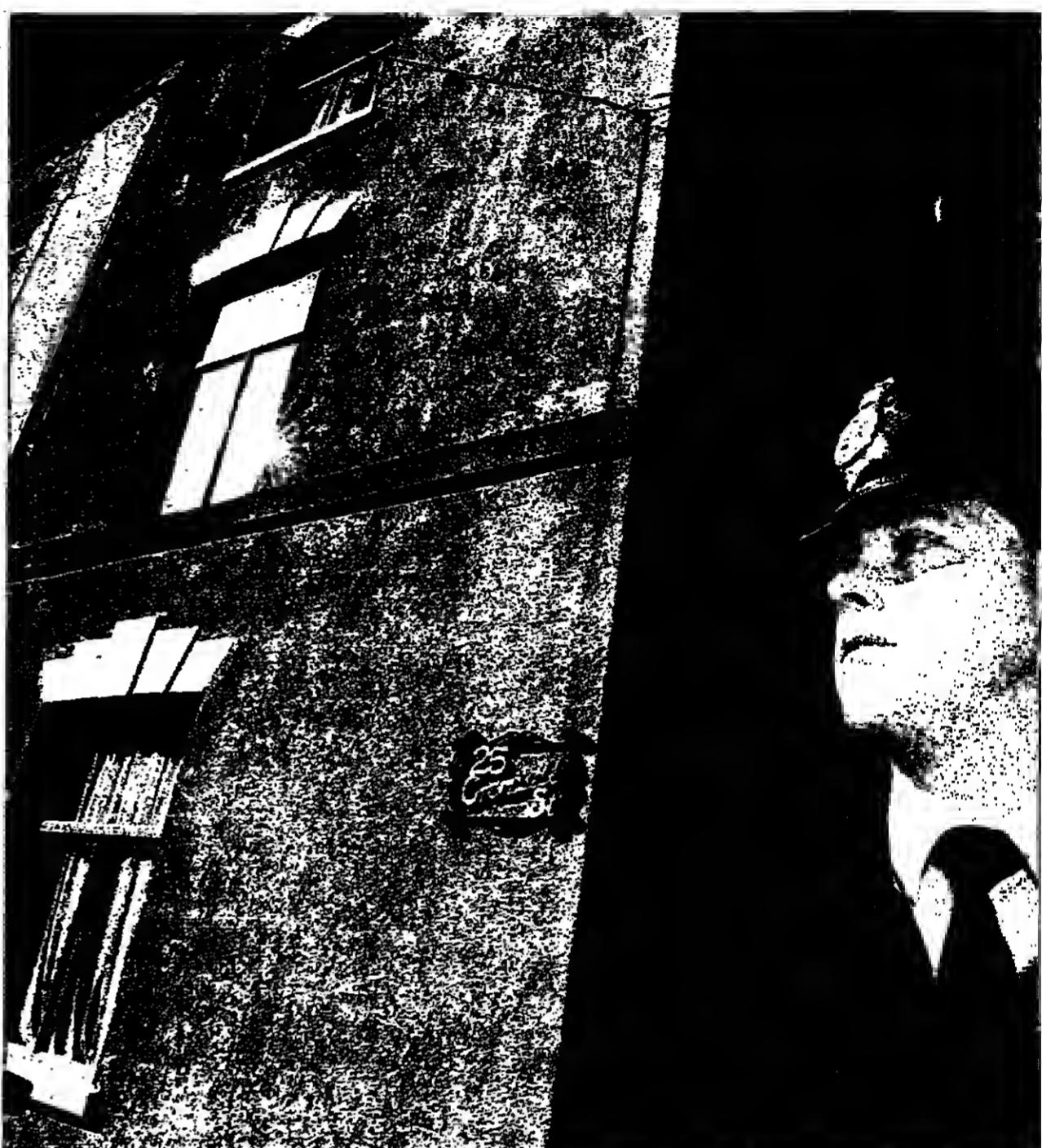
Shirley Anne Robinson, 17, was a lodger and had an affair with Mr West by whom she became pregnant. She was last known to be alive on the 9th of May, 1978. Sixteen years later her remains were found in the back garden of 25 Cromwell Street. The body had been dismembered and decapitated and with the remains were those of a fetus of about eight months gestation.

Alison Chambers, 16, was a typical West victim. After her parents' marriage failed, she was taken into care and in January, 1979, was transferred to a children's home in Gloucester.

During that summer she was seen to visit 25 Cromwell Street on several occasions: on 28 February, 1994, her remains were found in the garden.

The Wests' last victim was their own eldest daughter, Heather, who disappeared in 1987, aged 16. After she disappeared, the Wests gave various explanations as to why she had vanished.

But Mr Leveson said: "Heather did not leave home. She was murdered and buried naked in the garden. None of her possessions were recovered, none of her clothes, none of her belongings - not a trace."



Crime scene: 25 Cromwell Street, where Rose West and her husband allegedly murdered 10 girls. Photograph: PA

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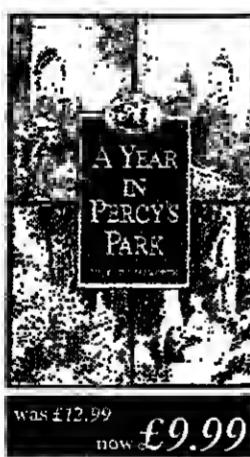
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Problem schools face compulsory inspections

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Two local authorities are facing compulsory inspections of all their schools next year because of concerns about the quality of education they offer.

More than 160 schools in Waltham Forest and Lambeth will be visited by Ofsted, the school inspection body, between January and July. Last night the chief education officer of Waltham Forest was meeting the chief inspector of schools, Chris Woodhead, to try to have the measures stopped. Meanwhile a Lambeth councillor welcomed the move but accused the Government of a political motive in announcing it on the eve of the Conservative Party conference.

Four out of 12 primary schools inspected so far in Waltham Forest have been deemed in need of "special measures," while a fifth is believed to have serious weaknesses. Two out of eight secondaries inspected in the borough have serious weaknesses. In a letter to Andrew Lockhart, chief education officer of Waltham Forest, Mr Woodhead said the schools were causing serious concern.

In Lambeth, five out of 16 schools inspected so far have been picked out for special measures, two secondary and three primary.

Last month Mr Woodhead criticised Lambeth after in-

spectors found every subject except music unsatisfactory at Mostyn Gardens Primary School in Brixton. They discovered that teachers had failed to notice when one child did not speak for three years, and said conditions at the school were some of the worst they had seen. A special education committee meeting in Lambeth next Friday will discuss the report.

Nationally, only 2.5 per cent of the 4,500 schools inspected since the system was introduced two years ago have failed.

When special measures are ordered, the school and its local authority must produce an action plan and prove that substantial improvements have taken place as a result. If they cannot do so, an "education association" can be sent in to take over the school and it can be forced to become grant-maintained.

Mike Tuffrey, leader of the Liberal Democrat group, which has an equal number of councillors with Labour on the hung Waltham Forest council, welcomed the move.

"We are trying to see this positively because we have 20 years of mismanagement to redress. But what I would say is that it is sad that this is being timed for the Conservative Party conference. We have real problems in the borough," he said.

Lambeth said its GCSE results were improving and that a study had found its schools performing better.

Birds of a feather flock to British wildlife reserves



Two birdwatchers focusing their binoculars in preparation for what is expected to be the world's largest gathering of ornithologists this weekend.

World Birdwatch '95, organ-

ised by BirdLife International, a global partnership of bird welfare groups, is expected to attract more than 1 million birdwatching and bird conservation enthusiasts from 100 coun-

tries. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is stag-

ing more than 140 events in nature reserves, estuaries and woodlands across the United Kingdom.

The organisers hope that the events will highlight the serious problems faced by the world's birdlife and the need to protect its environment.

Barbara Young, the RSPB's

chief executive, said World Birdwatch would provide an ideal opportunity for newcomers to try birdwatching for the first time. She added: "The events across the country should

give everyone the chance to take part somewhere locally.

"Birds are excellent environmental indicators and their health reflects that of the whole natural environment."

Officers sign up for 'drinks patrol' in the line of duty

Undercover police are spying on a town centre's pubs in an attempt to prevent potential incidents of "bar rage". Plain-clothes officers are studying the standards of service, decor and lighting in 30 of Cheltenham's busiest pubs - and also checking whether drinkers are served in the right order.

The aim is to spot problem areas that could make customers bad-tempered and more likely to get involved in disorderly incidents.

Constable Tony Marsh, of Cheltenham police's licensing department, sends written reports to licensees advising them how to improve the pub's environment. He said one priority for licensees was to ensure that customers are served in the

proper order at busy times. "When you queue in a supermarket you are in competition with everyone else there. You are looking for the shortest queue and making calculations about which one will get through first. People get wound up in these circumstances and their temperature goes up.

"If you transfer that situation to a bar in a pub, you are in a queue which is not easily defined. You know precisely where you are in the order, but the important question is: does the person at the bar know?"

People being served out of order could lead to tension which might boil up to violence and disorder on the streets outside, he warned. Lighting at bars is also important because if it is

harsh and bright it makes people's features look harder and that also increases tension.

"We are not telling licensees how to run their pubs. What we do is give them a report on our findings. It is up to them to address anything which we perceive can affect their customers' behaviour. What we are doing is more of a service than an enforcement measure," he said.

The five officers taking part in the survey arrive at pubs at about 8.30pm and keep them under observation until closing time. But not all the town's landlords have welcomed the scheme. Keith Macauley-Fraser, who runs the Hogshead, said supermarket-style queuing systems would never work in the atmosphere of a pub.

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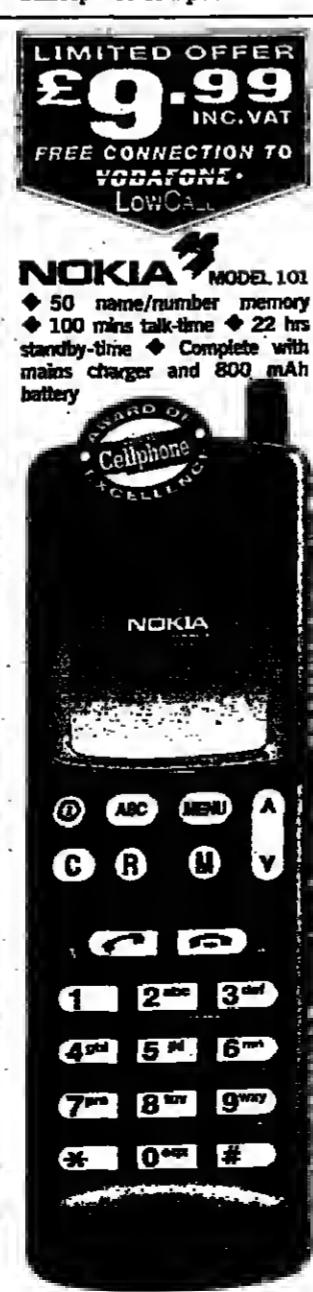
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LABOUR IN BRIEF

Deputy leader's speech: Ovation for rousing address telling Tories to return to constituencies and prepare for opposition

Conference relishes Prescott's pork pie

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Political Correspondent

John Prescott, Labour's deputy leader, yesterday celebrated the "best conference I can ever remember", delighting delegates with a lively mixture of humour and rallying oratory.

In a novel use of props, Mr Prescott flourished a pork pie (rhyming slang for lie) as he attacked a *Daily Express* article claiming he was "bleeding blood" at another snub by Tony Blair and his inner circle.

Departing from the text to challenge John Craig, the paper's political editor, to apologise, Mr Prescott declared: "There are lies, damned lies and the *Daily Express*. It is the only paper that still grovels to Tory

Central Office." In another unscripted manoeuvre, Mr Prescott, accompanied by his wife, Pauline, followed up his speech by personally delivering Mr Craig a second pork pie, complete with a hui label, reading "Tory Party Pork Pie".

The article claimed Mr Prescott was furious that Peter Mandelson, MP for Hartlepool and a close colleague of Mr Blair, was to be interviewed on BBC Radio 4's *Today* programme instead of him.

Mr Craig said: "We stand by our story 100 per cent. John Prescott says ooo thing in public. He and his friends say entirely different things in private."

Away from the acrimony,



John Prescott yesterday: 'Poor Humphrey. One day he was enjoying a quiet life with John and Norma, the next, there was Heseltine barging in ...' Photographs: John Voss

delegates took a cue from Mr Blair and gave their deputy leader a standing ovation before his rallying call, as well as a thunderous ovation afterwards.

Applauding as Mr Prescott declared they could be proud to be a democratic socialist party but never a complacent ooo, they laughed loudly as he made a string of jokes at the expense of the Conservative Party.

Lord Tidbit of Telecom was telling Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade, to get on his bike and back Labour, bawled Mr Prescott. "One thing about the Tories they never allow politics to get in the way of their business, do they?"

The negotiations were about who got Humphrey the cat. "Poor Humphrey, he didn't know if he was coming or going."

One day, he was enjoying a quiet life with John and Norma, the next, there was Heseltine barging in ...

the *Kama Sutra* of the Conservative Party. He's been in every position - except No 10. "Sorry mum," he added.

There was more mirth to come with Mr Prescott's account of this summer's Cabinet reshuffle.

But Mr Prescott had a serious message for John Major too: "Go back to your constituency and prepare for opposition."

No identity crisis for the party's annual star turn

DONALD MACINTYRE
Political Editor

John Prescott's *sous de force* yesterday looks very much like becoming an annual star turn at the Labour conference; but that very star turn only underlines the perpetual fascination with the deputy leader's role and what it will be if Labour wins power.

And once in power will he become something of a Michael Heseltine, ranging widely in ensuring Labour meets its policy goals; or will he have his own department?

It would be a surprise if the ride had been completely smooth in the 16 months since they were both elected and it hasn't. Mr Prescott was, to say the least, taken aback when the leader told him he was going to replace Clause IV - though when he was won round he was one of those who worked hardest to help secure the change.

For all the warm words that were found to explain away his absence from the strategy meeting convened at the home of the pro-Labour advertising man, Chris Powell, in March, Mr Prescott was, understandably, pretty annoyed out to be there at the time. He let his dismay show, when after Mr Blair's Clause IV triumph, the leader promised that the transformation of the party, including the further reduction in the block vote, would continue; worrying as much, perhaps, about the presentation of this as about the

content, he gave a television interview in which he made a pointed remark about the need to be magnanimous in victory.

And finally, his exclusion from the circulation list of the Philip Gould memo was yet another aggravation. It is also probable that, as a long-time believer that the economic stranglehold of the Treasury needs to be loosened, he is frustrated - and he is not alone in the Shadow Cabinet in feeling this - that he does have more input to discussion of economic matters.

But Mr Prescott has a sense of history, and he knows what an awful precedent George Brown set as deputy leader with his frequent tantrums and resignation threats. He will not seek to submerge his identity in Mr Blair's, knowing that without retaining his own credibility he is in any case not much use to Mr Blair. But he does respect his leadership - as well as genuinely like the man - even if he doesn't always agree with him.

Mr Blair does not give hostages to fortune by publicly predicting what Cabinet post he will give to whom, or that Mr Prescott will be deputy Prime Minister like Mr Heseltine.

But Mr Prescott likes his job; and in any case he is a political grown-up: too interested in power and how to use it in government to allow the aggravations of Opposition to cause the kind of detonation in his relationship with Mr Blair for which some Tories hope.

Delegates told to sing from same hymnbook

STEPHEN GOODWIN

A warning on the distractio of internal party squabbles delivered by Tom Sawyer, Labour's general secretary, briefly interrupted the heady tone of the closing conference session.

Mr Sawyer told delegates that every minute Tony Blair had to spend dealing with "internal party problems and disagreement" deflected him from attacking the Tories and winning for Labour. "We should think about that because he is our greatest asset." Enthused by a rousing speech by John Prescott, the deputy leader, delegates ended the conference by singing "The Red Flag" and "Auld Lang Syne".

It had help from 40 members of the Ditchling Choral Society who also sang the "Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves" from Verdi's *Nabucco*.

Mentioning oo names, though clearly indicating Roy Hattersley, the former deputy leader who attacked grant-maintained schools earlier in the week, Mr Sawyer said his message was directed particularly at "those who find it easy to have their views reported".

Complimenting delegates on a conference free of defeat for the leadership, Mr Sawyer said that when the voters saw a party where leaders and members shared power and responsibilities together, that was the time they started to trust the party. "And that's the time the Tories start to really worry," he said.

"And that's a really important lesson we have to learn and practice, not just in opposition but in government as well."

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Tories could extend voucher scheme to all school pupils

JUDITH JUDD
and FRAN ABRAMS

Speculation is mounting that the Government is considering legislation that would enable it to introduce vouchers for all stages of education. Some ministers want to fight the next election on a manifesto including vouchers for 16 to 19-year-olds and for university students, in spite of setbacks in their plans for nursery vouchers.

Pre-school playgroups which had threatened to pull out of the scheme after being offered only half the value of the £1,100 vouchers for each child have forced the Government to back down and offer the full amount, it was announced yesterday. Plans for a pilot involving 12 local authorities are still founder, with only two signed up and another two likely to do so.

Ministers have already promised a Bill in next month's Queen's Speech which will allow Gillian Shephard, the Secretary of State for Education and Employment, to take money away from local authorities and distribute it to parents as nursery vouchers.

However, some observers say the Bill may not specify that the money must be used for four-year-olds, thus opening the door for vouchers for older students. Mrs Shephard has

said that there is no question of introducing vouchers for pupils of compulsory school age, from five to 16.

The battle between the Treasury and Mrs Shephard over vouchers began with a lack of enthusiasm for nursery vouchers, eventually overruled by the Prime Minister when he announced the scheme during the Conservative leadership contest. Mrs Shephard also believed vouchers for 16 to 19-year-olds might not be a success.

However, there is strong support for vouchers for that age group from the right wing of the Tory party and from the Treasury which believes that, if the value of the voucher is set low, it is a way of saving money. Yesterday, a leaked memo from the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, indicated that he is keen to see such a scheme in action.

On higher education, one of the Conservatives' manifesto advisory groups has come up with a scheme to give vouchers covering a minimum tuition fee. Students with high grades might get more than the minimum, but they might still need to top up the fee to win places at the most prestigious universities. They would be able to borrow the difference from a new privately financed loan scheme, replacing the existing loans which cover only maintenance costs.

Students with high grades might get more than the minimum, but they might still need to top up the fee to win places at the most prestigious universities. They would be able to borrow the difference from a new privately financed loan scheme, replacing the existing loans which cover only maintenance costs.

Opera forced to go part-time

Scotland's national opera company yesterday announced plans to appeal to the Government to bail it out of a cash crisis which is forcing it to go part-time.

Faced with a gap in its budget of £750,000, Scottish Opera said the decision to become a part-time company – as well as introducing flexible contracts and pay cuts – was a long-stop option, and the lesser of two evils. Its chairman, Sandy Orr, said that the board rejected unanimously the option of disbanding its own orchestra as a way of saving money.

This alone would not solve

the company's financial problems and was unacceptable on artistic grounds. He appealed to Michael Forsyth, Secretary of State for Scotland and "a man recognised for his belief in Scottish excellence", to secure the future of Scottish Opera.

The suggestion of disbanding

the orchestra came from a Scottish Arts Council working party in a report published yesterday. It involved the Royal Scottish National Orchestra, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra and the BBC Symphony Orchestra providing musicians for Scottish Opera. But Mr Orr emphasised that the opera com-

pany was a national one and had to perform at a certain level of quality. "I think we can be proud of what we do in that regard. Without the control of the core of orchestral quality I think this company would be set on a downward path."

However, he could not pre-

tend the part-time option did not set the company on that path. But he insisted that it was "a choice between two evils".

The only way to achieve the savings necessary to balance the books was to put everybody on flexible contracts and to operate the company for nine months of the year.

Up till now only six had been attributed to him.

Grand design: The main engineering works in the group of 300 buildings in Swindon planned by Brunel and his office. Photographs: John Lawrence

Drawings reveal key Brunel site

DAVID KEYS
Archaeology Correspondent

Historians have rediscovered one of the industrial revolution's most important monuments – the largest complex of buildings designed by Victorian Britain's most famous civil engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel.

A group of 300 buildings in Swindon, Wiltshire, have just been identified by researchers as having been designed by Brunel and his office.

Industrial archaeologists and historians believe that the complex – the early Victorian core of the railway town of Swindon – is the largest example of Brunel's work in the world.

The research shows that all 300 early structures were designed under his direction, while dozens were designed personally by him in the 1840s.

Up till now only six had been attributed to him.

The revelation is the most important industrial archaeology discovery in recent years. The buildings now being attributed to Brunel include cottages, shops, pubs, locomotive and wagon servicing and repair sheds, foundries and part of Swindon Railway Station. The discovery is likely to

force a reassessment of aspects of Brunel's career – refocusing on the importance of residential and factory architecture.

Appreciation of Brunel's work has previously concentrated on achievements such as Paddington Station (built 1854), Box Tunnel near Bath (1841), Saltash Bridge, Plymouth

(1859), the steamship *Great Britain* (1844) and the Clifton Suspension Bridge which he designed in the 1830s.

Two researchers from the Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England – Keith Falconer, an industrial archaeologist, and John Cattell, an architectural historian – discovered Swindon's 300 Brunel buildings whilst examining unrecognised Brunel drawings at the former British Rail Western Region archives in Swindon.

Then the duo went on to Bristol University where they examined one of Brunel's sketch books – and discovered that the images contained in it were of the Swindon complex.

Further unknown material was then found at Wiltshire's County Record Office – and at the Public Record Office in London – signed by Brunel.

Other papers have even revealed that Brunel was involved in setting the roots to be

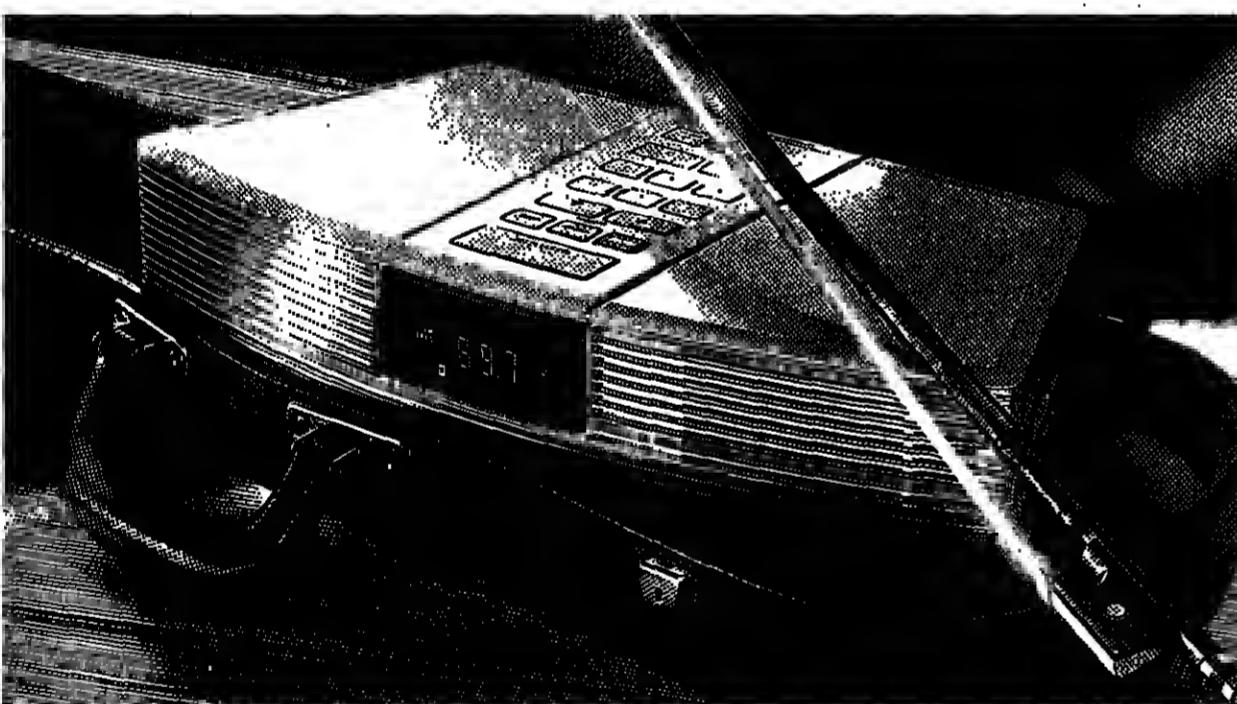


Brunel: career re-evaluated

charged to the railway employees of the cottages he designed. This enabled him to work out how much could be spent on constructing each cottage. Cottages, for instance, had to be built for £100 each.

"We were amazed that such a large corpus of buildings had until now escaped proper attribution," Mr Cattell said.

A full account of the discoveries will be published later this month in *Swindon: the Legacy of Railway Town* (John Cattell and Keith Falconer, RCHME/HMSO; £19.95).



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ANDREW GUMBEL
Rome

International peace negotiators, flushed from the news of a US-brokered ceasefire in Bosnia, yesterday managed to convene the foreign ministers of Croatia, Bosnia and the rump state of Yugoslavia round the same negotiating table and said they were cautiously optimistic that hostilities would cease on or very shortly after the target date of next Tuesday.

Delegates from 12 countries - including the three directly interested parties, five EU member states, Russia, the United States, Canada and, for the first time, Japan - gathered in Rome for a meeting of the so-called Consultation Group on former Yugoslavia to discuss the nuts and bolts of the agreement.

All the non-combatants have pledged funds to reconstruct the country as an inducement to maintain the ceasefire once it is in place.

"This ceasefire is entirely different to all that preceded it, because none of the others had agreement at head of state level," US envoy Richard Hol-

brooke told a news conference. He nevertheless injected a note of heavy caution: "Let no-one think that peace is imminent or around the corner ... The task ahead of us is daunting."

One source close to the delegation dismissed such wariness as the inevitable consequence of too many disappointments in the past and said the mood was more optimistic than it had been in more than three years of fighting. "The heads of state have put their names to this, so now their prestige is on the line," the source said.

One factor in the negotiators' favour is the balance of territory, which according to Mr Holbrooke is roughly 50-50 between the Bosnian Serbs and the Croat-Muslim alliance. A peace plan approved by the three sides in June 1994 but never implemented envisages a 51-49 per cent carve-up.

A potential flashpoint is eastern Slavonia, the region on the Croat side of the Croat-Serbian border which saw heavy fighting in 1991 and remains a hotly contested territory because of its large Serb minority.

Mr Holbrooke warned that

eastern Slavonia could "overshadow and undermine" the peace effort, although he noted that talks on the issue had made a good start this week and were due to resume on Monday.

The Belgrade Foreign Minister, Milan Milutinovic, was clearly uncomfortable on the issue, saying talks were only at "the beginning of the beginning", and urged all sides to separate eastern Slavonia from the rest of the negotiating process.

With the ceasefire imminent the UN's tasks around Sarajevo fall into three main categories: restoring the flow of gas and electricity to the city; securing a road to the eastern Bosnian enclave of Gorazde; and policing a ceasefire. The last depends on the first - the truce is to take effect only when Sarajevoans are the recipients once more of heat, light and water.

First, engineers from the UN and aid agencies must clear thousands of mines placed around electrical plants and pylons, before repairing lines and other installations damaged in the war. One stretch of line,



Young hopefuls: Sarajevo orphans await the ceasefire

one mile long, is especially problematic as it has been sown with mines by all three armies: government, Serb and Croat.

Specialists are also upgrading or removing the many jury-rigged gas pipelines, mostly rubber hoses connected by enterprising Sarajevoans to avert the risk of multiple explosions when the mains supply is turned back on.

Gas flows in via Serbia from Russia - which had threatened to withhold all supplies unless it received payment for war-time

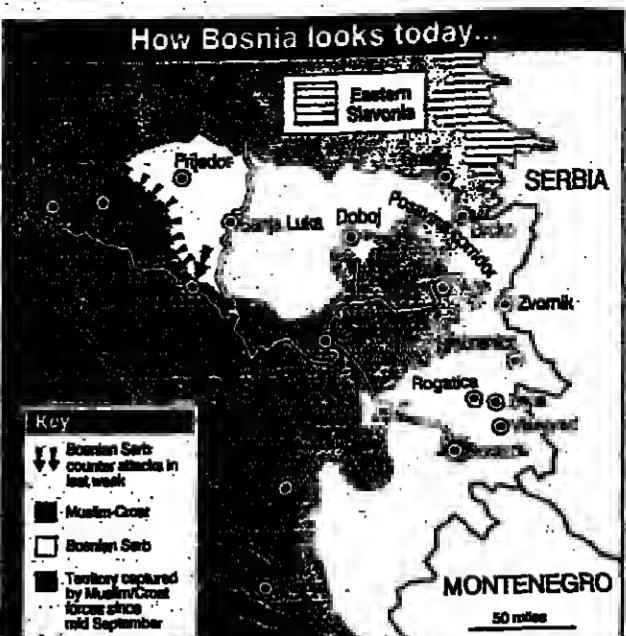
Gorazde for civilians and UN traffic will also require the peace-keepers to clear mines and perhaps repair roads or bridges destroyed by Nato air raids. A first reconnaissance trip was planned for yesterday.

The UN has yet to finalise plans for ensuring the safety of those using the road, which will cross more than 100km of hostile, Serb-held territory, but an official in Sarajevo said travel along the route would be in convoys with well-armed military escorts.

"It is clearly a very problematic task," Chris Gunness, a UN spokesman in Zagreb, said yesterday. He said the route was unlikely to open on Tuesday, when the ceasefire is due to take effect. But he added that militaries should be restored by the deadline of midnight on 10 October.

The UN headquarters in Sarajevo is considering how to police the ceasefire once it takes effect, but a source said it was unlikely to deploy peace-keepers along the front line, where they might be at risk. Instead, it is likely to patrol from the air, using helicopters.

Ensuring a safe route to



West hopes to woo Russia for peace force

RUPERT CORNWELL
Williamsburg, Virginia

American and Nato officials want Russia to have a "substantial" role in a Bosnian peace-keeping operation, under an agreement to be endorsed by Presidents Bill Clinton and Boris Yeltsin at their mini-summit in New York later this month. They hope the accord will be a first step towards removing Moscow's suspicions about the alliance's plans to enlarge to the East.

The first outlines of the possible arrangements began to emerge at the meeting of Nato foreign ministers here, unexpectedly transformed by Thursday's ceasefire agreement into an urgent planning session for a Peace Implementation Force (PIF) deployment in the Balkans which could start as soon as late November.

The options to be discussed by the US Defense Secretary, William Perry, when he meets his Russian opposite number, Pavel Grachov, in Geneva this weekend, include the creation of a "16-plus-one" body, consisting of the 16 Nato countries plus Russia, at Nato headquarters in Brussels. The two defence chiefs will also discuss the secondment of senior Russian officials to the alliance's military command in Mons, Belgium. Moscow should ideally be part of a "liaison structure at each level of the operation," a Nato official said.

The allies remain adamant that the PIF must have a single military chain of command under Nato, whatever Russia's reluctance to have its troops commanded by the treaty organisation. But "a substantial offer" was essential, and Russia might well be given vital non-military tasks, including engineering and resettlement programmes.

Especially worrying to Nato is the risk of a "Berlin-style partition" in Bosnia, where different ethnic parts of the country are policed by forces from a sympathetic patron - for example Russian troops in Bosnian Serb areas and US and other alliance contingents around Sarajevo and the other Muslim-controlled parts of the country. "Nato may have had its preferences in the past, but we must be even-handed now," the official said. The same, he implied, went for Russia.

Admiral Leighton Smith, the American commander of Nato forces in Southern Europe, would take overall charge of the operation, moving from Naples to Zagreb to oversee the operation. The theatre commander on the ground in Bosnia itself is likely to be General Mike Walker, the British commander of the alliance's reaction force.

With time of the essence, the deployment will use the existing stand-by plan for Nato to intervene to extricate the United Nations peace-keepers, had that been necessary. But that operation, drawn up to run for six to 12 weeks only, must now be restructured to last a year - the expected outside limit of the

new Nato mission. If all goes well, Nato's reaction force command will be moved from Germany to Tomislavgrad, Croatia, in 72 hours, possibly only with a pre-positioning of equipment and men that the Croatian government has yet to agree.

The defence ministers here accept that a peace agreement will have no chance unless it is absolutely clear-cut, with maps laying out a division of territory, and the position of every village precisely demarcated. In the case of Bosnia, deliberate ambiguities, usually the salvation of hard-contested diplomatic negotiations, could be fatal. For that reason too, military planners want "front-loading" the dispatch of a powerful force early on to deter last minute grabs for extra land by one side or other, rather than



Liaison: William Perry, US Defense Secretary

a smaller force that would have to be increased if trouble arose, increasing the risk - especially sensitive in the US in an election year - of America and Nato being sucked into a Vietnam-like morass.

Once this force is in place, the alliance hopes it can persuade the better-armed belligerents to reduce their own forces "to get the Bosnian Serbs and the Croats down, rather than the Muslims up". Otherwise whatever the objections, of France in particular, Washington would be happy to see the less well-equipped Muslim army "professionalised and retrained" as Pentagon jargon has it.

Mr Perry's readiness - if all else fails - to beef up Bosnia's forces, is partly designed to sell the peace deal to a wary US Congress that only six weeks ago was poised to force an end to the UN arms embargo.

But Nato hopes its recent bombing campaign has convinced the Serbs that it means business. Perhaps, as the British Defence Secretary, Michael Portillo, said: "The knowledge we're ready to arm Bosnia will be a strong incentive for the others to do a deal."

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international

Skirmishes go on as Bosnia counts down to ceasefire

EMMA DALY
Zagreb

Battlefields across Bosnia were mostly quiet yesterday, despite fears of an upsurge in fighting to win last-minute gains before the ceasefire that is due to take effect on Tuesday.

Skirmishes continued along two fronts in north-western Bosnia where Serbs claimed to have retaken the town of Kijuc, and Croatian artillery weighed in to support a Bosnian counter-attack beyond the town of Bosanska Krupa.

Major Myriam Sochacki, a UN spokeswoman in Sarajevo, said, "It is rather quiet. Bosanska Krupa is reported as tense and obviously the fighting is ongoing because we have no freedom of movement south of Ripac [on the road to Kijuc]."

Foreign military observers do not believe Kijuc has fallen. Despite the Serb claims, there were no signs of panic in Bihać, only 55 miles away and home to most of the troops fighting around Kijuc. "It's not true, said one monitor emphatically.

The town's fall would be a serious blow to Bosnian forces

seeking control over the main road from Bihać to central Bosnia. It would mark another chapter in the nightmare for around 300 Muslim refugees resettled in Kijuc last month a week after being expelled from their homes by Serb authorities.

The observers saw a Croatian artillery battalion deployed in Bosnian territory west of Bosanska Krupa to support a government push against Serbs who have shelled the town. "There is a build-up of forces," said an observer. "Either they expect a [Serb] counter-attack, or they are planning to attack. Something will happen."

Elsewhere, the front lines were calmer. Although peacekeepers have virtually no access to contested areas, they assess the action by counting explosions. On that basis, they believe the fighting has died down around Mount Ozren and the Serb-held town of Doboj, scene of a major government offensive over the past few weeks.

The Bosnian army, flushed with its recent successes, may be content now to dig in and hold on to its gains until Tuesday, marshalling its forces against

any possible Serb attacks. "Generals and soldiers have four more days to show what they can do on the ground, and then there will be lights out on all Bosnian battlefields," an optimistic editorial in the Sarajevo daily *Ostlobodjenje* said.

Chris Gunnell, the UN spokesman in Zagreb, noted that circumstances – including the US involvement and a better balance of forces – give this truce a better hope than any of the 35 or 36 preceding it. But the ceasefire is also convenient for everyone, an annual event that has come a few weeks early this year.

The front lines always freeze during the winter and all sides – but particularly the Bosnian forces – need a break. Real peace will come only if the guns are silent and the politicians keep talking.

Face of war: A Bosnian-Serb soldier waits for help after being injured in fighting with Muslim and Croatian forces near Kijuc

Photograph: Renko Cukovic/Reuters



IN BRIEF

Prisoners row hinders West Bank deal

Jerusalem — Hours after the Israeli parliament ratified the second phase of the Rabin-Arafat peace agreement, both sides announced new measures to speed the extension of Palestinian self-rule on the West Bank, but a crisis over women prisoners endangered a smooth transition, writes Eric Silver.

Israeli ministers, meeting in Tel-Aviv, agreed to release 23 Palestinian women prisoners tomorrow and a first batch of more than 1,100 of their 5,000 male prisoners on Tuesday. Plans were also disclosed to start evacuating seven Arab cities on 19 November. But President Ezer Weizman refused to grant clemency to two women prisoners serving life sentences for murders committed inside Israel, while ministers declined to release two women involved in murders on the West Bank.

Clinton eases curbs on Cuba

Washington — President Bill Clinton eased restrictions on travel to Cuba by Cuban-Americans, academics, clergy and students and invited news organisations to open offices there. This would encourage the island's "peaceful transition to a free and open society," he said. The 33-year-old trade embargo will remain in place.

Chechnya general wounded by bomb

Moscow — Russia's top commander in Chechnya was critically ill after a bomb attack in Grozny which was reported to have killed his aide and driver and wounded at least nine other Russian servicemen. Lieutenant-General Anatoly Romanov was rushed to hospital in the north Caucasus town of Vladikavkaz with brain injuries.

Reuter

Comoros coup supporters go free

Moroni — Hundreds of Comorian soldiers who surrendered to a French intervention force were released under an amnesty granted to supporters of the short-lived coup on the Comoros Islands led by the mercenary "Colonel" Bob Denard.

AP

'War criminal' reborn as a 'peace-maker'

Steve Crawshaw looks behind the transformation of Serbia's President

Belgrade — Night after night he pops up on the television news, sitting in his armchair like a monarch on his throne. The voice-over pays tribute to his achievements. He gazes with seigneurial tranquillity while his visitors look smiling or poker-faced. Nowadays, there are more smiles than there used to be. Slobodan Milošević, who used to be seen as a war criminal, is enjoying his rebirth as Balkan peace-maker.

The Serbian president remains an enigma – just as he has always been. More remarkably, he remains a winner – just as he has always been, even when he had no cards left.

Following this week's announcement of a 60-day ceasefire, the new, peace-loving Mr Milošević has emerged strengthened, yet again.

Mr Milošević rose to power by stirring the nationalist pot in the province of Kosovo, where there is an Albanian majority. In the early Nineties he encouraged armed Serb rebellion in Croatia and "ethnic cleansing" in Bosnia – or to put it another way, he helped to defend Serbs from Croat genocide and Islamic fundamentalism.

When I met him in 1992, he seemed astonished that he might be regarded as a war criminal. He reacted as if he was hearing this extraordinary question for the first time. He very much wanted war criminals to be prosecuted, he said; he was in favour of peace. When I asked him why Arkan, an infamous "ethnic cleanser", could live in Belgrade without being arrested, Mr Milošević became irritable. That line of questioning was closed.

His insistence that his hands were clean was an obvious lie, even then – and is now acknowledged as such. As another leading "cleanser", Vojislav Šešelj, pointed out in the BBC's recent *Death of Yugoslavia* series: "Every time, it was President Milošević who personally asked me to send my forces."

M. Milošević has regularly changed his political clothes. He broke with Radovan Karadžić, the Bosnian Serb leader, last year. As one diplomat



Milošević: A winner even when he has no cards left

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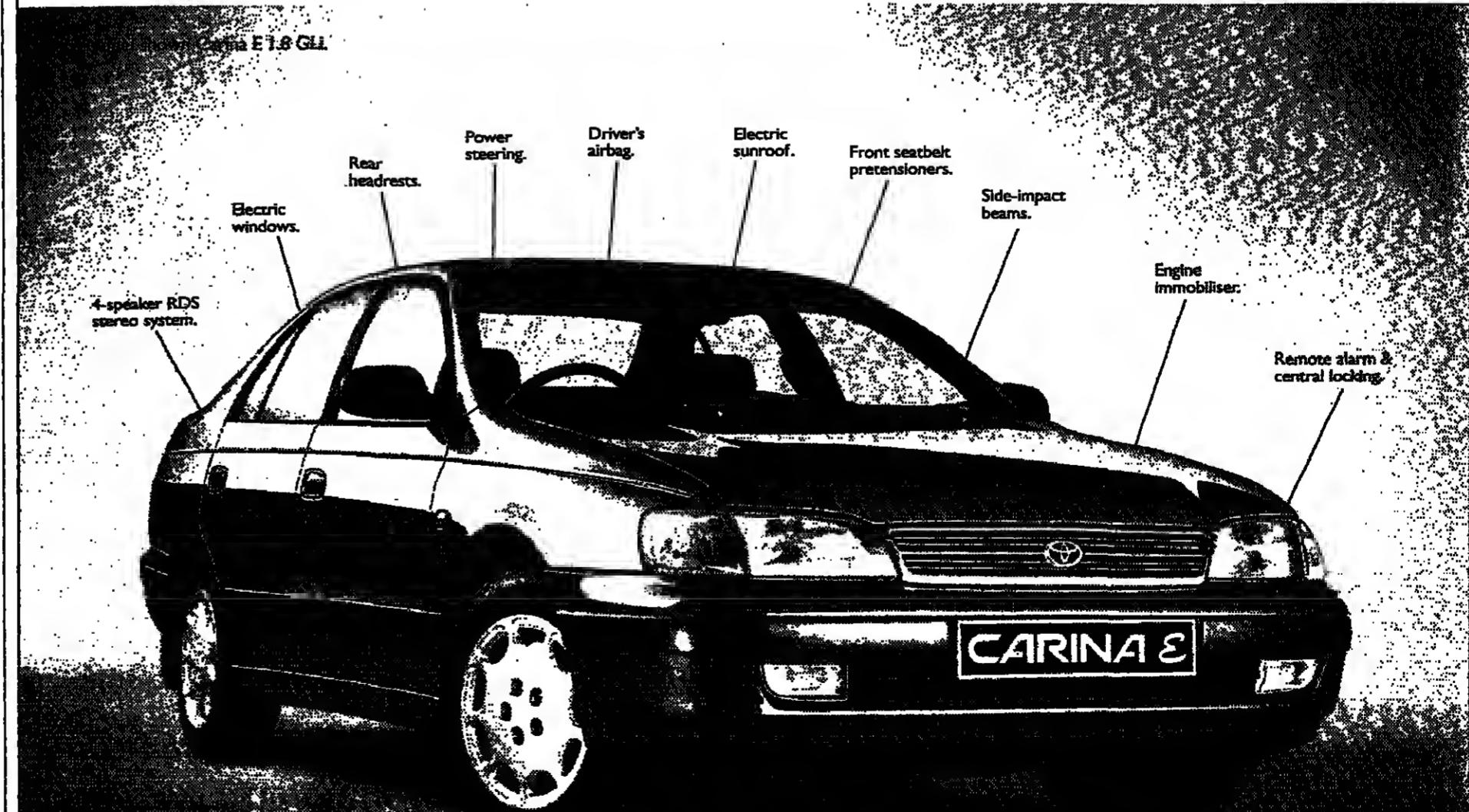
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international

Bhutto cornered by a city at war

TIM McGIRK
Karachi

A businessman in Karachi was explaining the difference between the "page-three" photo spread in Pakistani and British tabloids. "In England, you have pretty girls showing their busts, am I not correct?" he said, drawing curves in the air. "But in Pakistani tabloids we have pictures of dead bodies, ones that have been shot up and tortured. It is a pity we don't have the girls instead."

The businessman was looking at a page-three photo in a Karachi daily several days ago and happened to recognise the corpse, disfigured by bullet holes. "That was the bastard who snatched my car!" he exclaimed. On the radio the next morning the businessman heard that all of Karachi was to be shut down by a general strike to protest at the killing, by Pakistani security forces, of this "truth-lover". "To me he was a car thief and probably a murderer – anything but a 'truth-lover', he said. "But this is Karachi."

The dead thief reportedly was an activist of the Mohajir Quami Movement (MQM), which represents more than 20 million descendants of Indian Muslims who left their country after the 1947 partition to join in the dream of an Islamic republic in Pakistan. It was a dream from which they were excluded. Even today, the Mohajirs are dismissed as unwanted foreigners by many of Pakistan's native Punjabis, Sindhis, Baluchis and Pathans.

The leader of the MQM is Altaf Hussain, 41, who lives in exile in Britain. His neighbours in Mill Hill, north London, might well identify Mr Hussain as a reclusive, a burly, mustachioed figure in baggy salwar trousers, who rarely leaves his home. And yet, from this genteel suburb, Mr Hussain can flex his awesome power over Karachi's 12 million inhabitants.



City in turmoil: A motorcyclist tries to pass a truck set alight in Karachi, where ethnic violence is spreading 'like a virus'. Photograph: Reuter

With a single telephone call or fax, the benign-looking Mr Hussain can conjure up a strike that will close down Karachi's port, and every cotton mill, corner shop and watermelon seller in the city. He can stop its auto-rickshaws and buses.

And his MQM militants, with their Kalashnikovs and their rocket-propelled grenades, have turned parts of Karachi into battle zones, where the paramilitary police dare to venture only in armoured convoys. His activists can joyride in the BMWs of Karachi's scared elite, and nobody will stop them. Mr Hussain has the power to do just about everything in Karachi –

where more than 1,400 people have been killed this year alone – but he cannot impose peace.

Peace in the country's largest city depends on the Prime Minister, Benazir Bhutto. After stalling for several months, hoping in vain that her security forces would crush the MQM's network of armed militants and thousands of Mohajir sympathisers, Ms Bhutto finally may have opted to reopen negotiations. This weekend, the government's final proposals are being passed to MQM negotiators. Ms Bhutto's move is long overdue; not only have the government's brutal tactics turned the Mohajirs, who are a

majority, solidly behind the MQM, but Ms Bhutto's paramilitary police force in Karachi now has a reputation for being as deadly as the city's many armed gangs. Accusations of police torture, extortion and murder are mounting.

Until now, Ms Bhutto has given crossed signals to the MQM. Her promises of halting the "search and cordon" operations by police in predominantly Mohajir neighbourhoods have been broken. Also, an MQM leader who was to fly to London and brief Mr Hussain on the exchange of letters between the local MQM chief and the government had his

passport confiscated temporarily. An MQM spokesman, Shoaib Bulhari, said: "Benazir Bhutto is trying to buy time so that she can split the MQM and eliminate our leaders."

Before restarting talks the MQM are demanding Ms Bhutto agree to 18 demands, the most crucial of these being that the government review the hundreds of allegedly bogus criminal cases lodged against their Mohajir leaders; that Karachi city elections be held [in which the MQM undoubtedly would trouble Ms Bhutto's Pakistan Peoples Party], and that the 700 MQM activists in jail should be freed. "If the government's

reply is positive, we will resume negotiations," said the Mohajirs' chief negotiator, Ajmal Dehlvi. By giving more rights to the Mohajirs, Ms Bhutto knows she could lose her power base in Sindh, her native province. Yet if she does not, Ms Bhutto could lose not just a province but a country.

The army is worried that the lawlessness in Karachi is spreading like a virus throughout Pakistan. One senior air force general publicly urged Ms Bhutto to seek a political end to the city's ethnic fighting, and in Pakistan, which has a history of coups, when a general speaks, the prime minister must listen.

Peking offers icon of Mao to a feverish art market

TERESA POOLE
Peking

In China's burgeoning art and antiquities auction market, there are many questions no one wants to answer.

Which government department, for instance, is selling one of the most famous official paintings of Mao? This goes under the hammer today in Peking, estimated to raise more than 1.8m yuan (£140,000).

Where will Peking's cash-strapped Palace Museum cash the money for its successful 1.8m yuan record bid on Thursday for the 1,000-year-old Song dynasty painting *Pictures of Ten Poems* by Zhang Xian?

And, in a market where a pair of early 18th-century carved wooden wardrobes is expected

to raise at least 1.5m yuan, a Yuan dynasty ceramic pot is marked down at 2m yuan, and even modern oil paintings start at around 50,000 yuan, who are the mainlanders who can find this kind of money?

This week has seen auction fever in Peking. Three state-owned Chinese auction houses, Rong Bao, Hanhai and Guardian, have gathered some 2,800 artworks and antiquities valued at around 200m yuan for a series of auctions which continue over this weekend. In recent days, Christie's and Sotheby's have held their first exhibitions in Peking, to encourage mainland interest in collections of ceramics and jade jewellery from outside China which will be auctioned in Hong Kong at the end of this month.

It is difficult to discover who these mainland buyers are, because with crackdowns in

China against corruption and tax evasion, no one wants to admit to having large amounts of spare cash.

Just as mysterious are the sellers. The 1967 picture *Chairman Mao Goes to Anyuan* was the most famous painting of Mao to be released during the Cultural Revolution. The image of Mao striding across the hills was reproduced on stamps, badges and 900 million posters. Is the Chinese Communist Party now flogging off its propaganda heirlooms?

Ms Wang at Guardian said the majority of the paintings, ceramics, jewellery, rare books and furniture on offer at their auctions was being sold by mainland individuals who have woken up to the increased value of family treasures.

Up to 300 people are expected to register to bid at the Guardian market and, judging by experience, more than half the buyers will be mainland Chinese. Ms Wang identifies three types of mainland buyers: "The first is corporations buying for the collection of the company. Then there are private individual collectors, and mainland art dealers. The buyers are mostly young and middle-aged, because these are the people who now have the money. A lot of them are in the stock market or real estate business," she said.

Lillian Chu of Christie's said: "The history of collecting is in the Chinese blood." Christie's and Sotheby's both have representative offices in Shanghai and say that, at their top end of the market, there are about 10 mainlanders who take part in their auctions outside China.

"I believe that the trend is going to be that corporate art is going to start in China," she described the buying power as "quite surprisingly strong". In some cases prices have been higher inside China, particularly for paintings.

Chiang Lin-che, a Hong Kong furniture dealer, said most mainland Chinese buyers were looking for an investment. "There are a lot of people buying in China," he said. "They want to make money rather than own art. They pay attention to the value more than why something is a good piece, or the history of the piece. In China the most frequent question is 'How much is it worth?'

The key to the confusion lies in the sect's disbandment by admitting to ordering or agreeing to the acts," Mr Asahara was quoted as saying. "The sect's teachings are in danger of being destroyed. I was afraid of losing them, more than my own life. The trials of lesser cult members began a month ago, and have proceeded briskly so far, as guilty pleas and expressions of contrition have been rewarded with light prison sentences, often suspended. The case has reflected badly on the police who suspected Aum of murder as early as 1989, but acted against the cult only after this year's sarin attack.

There are other pressures on the police to make Mr Asahara talk. This week, a manhunt was launched in mountains north of Tokyo for a pair of wanted Aum members, two of seven still on the run. The alarm was raised after the discovery of a makeshift camp, along with 14 bottles of cyanide gas – the same gas used in a failed attack on a Tokyo station in May. The possibility arises that Mr Asahara may stand defiantly in the dock while fugitive disciples are still at large with quantities of deadly chemicals – another pressing reason to secure his confession in advance, and publicly disgrace the guru in the eyes of his loyal followers.

Nerve-gas trial looms over Japan

Richard Lloyd Parry in Tokyo looks ahead to another 'trial of the century'

As the trial of OJ Simpson reached its climax in Los Angeles, preparations were under way on the other side of the Pacific for Japan's own trial of the century. In three weeks, Shoko Asahara, guru of the Aum Shinri Kyo religious cult, will appear in court on multiple murder charges, including the sarin nerve-gas attack which killed 12 commuters on the Tokyo subway in March.

Like the Simpson trial, the Aum affair has become a national obsession, a daily staple of television and newspapers. But while OJ Simpson was pursued, arrested and tried under the glare of TV lights, the fate of Mr Asahara and his followers is largely being determined behind closed doors, amid contradictory statements about the guru and the plea he intends to submit.

Since his dramatic dawn arrest in May, Mr Asahara has been interrogated continuously about a string of grisly crimes attributed to the sect, including the subway gassing, an earlier sarin attack which killed seven people in a mountain town last year, and the murder of a lawyer and his family whose dismembered remains were uncovered last month. Tons of dangerous chemicals and guns have been recovered from the Aum commune on the slopes of Mount Fuji, and dozens of his followers have implicated him in the crimes. Few Japanese doubt that he was intimately involved in the planning and execution of the murders.

Thirty senior members of his cult have confessed to a part in the various killings. Fifty others face lesser charges, from libel to illegal gun-making, and a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Fumihiro Joyo, the cult's Aum spokesman, for alleged perjury in a three-year-old prophecy case. But, until now at least, the guru himself has denied wrongdoing.

That seemed to change this week, when Japan's public television network announced that Mr Asahara had confessed to all charges. The report was denied, not only by cult spokesmen, but by the National Police Agency. Then Mr Asahara's lawyer said his client had admitted to some, but not all of the charges. "I thought I could prevent the sect's disbandment by admitting to ordering or agreeing to the acts," Mr Asahara was quoted as saying. "The sect's teachings are in danger of being destroyed. I was afraid of losing them, more than my own life. The key to the confusion lies



Shoko Asahara: values his sect more than his life

trial, scheduled for 26 October.

Trials of lesser cult members

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Corruption inquiry launched over Juppé's Paris flat

STEPHEN JESSEL
Paris

Amid rumours of the imminent resignation of the Prime Minister, Alain Juppé, the French franc came under attack yesterday and prices fell on the Paris stock exchange.

His office denied the rumours, for the third time in six weeks, which were prompted by the disclosure that police had opened a preliminary inquiry into possible abuse by Mr Juppé of a previous position to allocate himself a luxury flat belonging to the city of Paris.

At this stage the affair stops short of being a major scandal but it is proving embarrassing and damaging to the Prime Minister. The political rumour mill has begun to grind out names of possible successors in the unlikely event that President Jacques Chirac feels able to do without Mr Juppé.

A collapse in support for the Prime Minister was confirmed by three opinion polls yesterday which showed that, in the space of a month, backing for Mr Juppé had fallen by 21 percentage points in one poll,

18 in a second poll and 16 in a third. They provided little comfort for Mr Chirac, whose own standing fell by 10, 11 and 13 points in the surveys.

Although tax increases, a public-sector wage freeze and disappointment over the failure of the government to achieve early economic success lie behind the steady drop in the two men's ratings, Mr Juppé is being further damaged by the controversy about the use of housing owned by the city of Paris.

He appeared to have beaten back one legal challenge arising from revelations that he reduced the rent of a city-owned flat, let to his son Lauret, by £1,000 a month while in charge of the finances at the Paris city hall when Mr Chirac was mayor.

Prosecutors decided that since Mr Juppé himself had not benefited financially, another heavyweight candidate would be Philippe Séguin, the speaker of the National Assembly, whose appointment would signal a decisive break with present economic policies and a marked shift to a Eurosceptic position.

Franc tumbles, page 20

Turkey's 'Old Wolves' win a share of power

HUGH POPE
Istanbul

Tansu Ciller has done it again, snatching victory from the jaws of political defeat and forming a minority government likely to see Turkey through to early parliamentary elections next year.

But Turkey's first woman prime minister was the first to admit that she had paid a high price to keep her post, a price that Western diplomats fear may damage the country's long-term prospects of rapprochement with Europe and hopes for economic stability under the latest IMF-imposed austerity plan.

"When I tell people about the events of the last days, they'll go into shock," Mrs Ciller told the *Sabah* newspaper. "I have come through an unbelievable game, I'm sorry to say."

Small scraps of political favour, it seems, were no longer enough to keep the old wolves of Turkish politics at bay. To muster the necessary parliamentary support, Mrs Ciller was forced to invite them to feast on what is left of Turkey's dysfunctional body politic. Bar-gaining reportedly involved not only policy commitments and ministries but also bureaucratic appointments and thousands of civil service jobs.

The 30-strong True Path Party cabinet will not take power before a vote of confidence next week, which it should get if Mrs Ciller resolves a strike by 350,000 public sector workers that has paralysed ports, railways and the sugar beet industry since 20 September.

But the political turnaround is already striking. The 1991 parliament that produced a centre-right coalition with Social Democrats promising to "turn

prison walls into glass" has delivered one of the oldest, most right-wing and narrowly oppositionist administrations.

The crisis started two weeks ago when Mrs Ciller, 49, was forced to resign after the newly-elected Social Democrat leader, Deniz Baykal, walked out of her government. A natural successor coalition with the Motherland Party leader, Mesut Yilmaz, her equally youthful rival for the future leadership of

and the 1980 military coup. All four share a fearful view that the world is plotting to cheat Turkey and split it between Turks and Kurds. They voice suspicion of an important customs union agreement with the European Union scheduled to take effect on 1 January.

The European Parliament is due to vote on 14 December to ratify the free trade deal, but has demanded reforms, including the lifting of Article 8 of the anti-terrorism law, chiefly used to imprison dissident writers on the Kurdish problem, and the release of six former Kurdish members of parliament.

Mrs Ciller has vowed that her priority is to rush through the reforms, as strong as her determination to ensure that Monday's decision in Azerbaijan on oil pipeline routes out of new Caspian Sea fields is equally favourable to options wanted by Russia and Turkey.

The initial signs are that US support will help her out on Caucasian and even central Asian pipelines, but it will be another matter to enact domestic human rights reforms in the face of an old guard whose minds were cast in the Forties. Mr Turkes, sometimes known as "the Chief Wolf", now holds the balance of power as he lurks on the edge of the government campfire. He sometimes speaks in favour of Customs Union, but is vague when asked if he has dropped his objections to lifting Article 8. On the problem of Turkey's 12 million Kurds, about one in five of the population, Mr Turkes refuses to consider anything but a military strategy that has only escalated a Kurdish insurgency that broke out in 1984 and has killed more than 17,000 people.

Turkey's centre-right, collapsed in a storm of personal insults

Since then the patriarchs have emerged to wield behind-the-scenes power: President Suleyman Demirel, 72; the left-wing former prime minister Bulent Ecevit, 69; the Islamist leader Necmettin Erbakan, 69; and the right-wing leader Alparslan Turkes, 78, whose political career began with agitato in 1944 to bring neutral Turkey into the Second World War on Germany's side.

Their re-emergence is extraordinary. These men's blinkered personal feuding in the Seventies led the country into terrorism, economic collapse

THE TIMES
ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF EUROPE

GREEK TRAGEDY
FRENCH FARCE
BALKAN DRAMA

THE AGE OF GREEKS

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international

White anger spills over in aftermath of OJ acquittal

TIM CORNWELL
Los Angeles

The talk radio shows in Los Angeles still rang with white anger over the OJ Simpson verdict yesterday. At Nicole Brown Simpson's townhouse, a printed sign read "OJ Must Die". Nearby a lone woman protested with a placard that read: "OJ Simpson, wife beater, wife killer."

Five days after the former football hero was acquitted by a black-dominated jury of the double-murder of his white ex-wife and her friend Ronald Goldman, race still intrudes at every turn, from virtual shoutings matches in television-show audiences to the letters pages of the *Los Angeles Times*.

In an interview with the newspaper *USA Today*, President Bill Clinton called on people not to use the "polarisation of perception" on the case to widen the gap between black and white. It would be a great mistake if "this became the beginning of some new division in our country", he said.

But a veteran television commentator on the current affairs programme *60 Minutes*, Andy Rooney, said yesterday he was so convinced of Mr Simpson's guilt he'd pay \$1m (£630,000) if another killer was found. Mr Simpson's acquittal was "the worst thing that's happened to race relations in 40 years", he said.

The fall-out from the Simpson case, beyond a nation venting its racial differences, is deeply confused. The Los Angeles Police Department technically is investigating mis-

conduct charges raised in the trial but its officers, and at least half the country, firmly believe they got their man.

The conservative presidential candidate Patrick Buchanan, who appeals most directly to the Republican Party's right wing, said the jury's vote must be accepted even if it is wrong.

Many whites seemed to take Mr Simpson's acquittal as almost a personal affront. Residents of the upscale and mostly white Brentwood neighbourhood where Mr Simpson remained

But the prosecutor in the trial, Marcia Clark, let loose against the jurors who have angrily denied allegations that they ignored the overwhelming evidence of Mr Simpson's guilt. "Liberals won't admit it, but a majority black jury won't convict in a case like this. They won't bring justice," she told a reporter. The Los Angeles District Attorney's spokesman immediately said Ms Clark had been speaking off the record.

Mr Goldman's family, who have bitterly denounced Mr Simpson as a murderer, are determined to pursue a civil lawsuit for damages. The family's attorney said legal papers had been served on Mr Simpson to lay the groundwork for a case.

Mr Simpson's lead attorney, Johnnie Cochran, pleaded for the matter to be dropped. "I don't want to be a part of it," he said. "We did what we had to do. We played by the rules of the game they set."

Bitter feuding continued yesterday between members of the Simpson defence team. The legendary defence attorney F Lee Bailey let drop that his fellow lawyer Robert Shapiro, who has publicly split with the so-called "dream team", had once suggested a plea bargain.

Mr Simpson's friends and advisers went on to frenzied damage control, saying he had never considered pleading guilty to a lesser charge, such as manslaughter. "From the moment all of us have been with OJ Simpson this man has persistently maintained his innocence," said Barry Scheck, one of the "dream team".

One conciliatory note was sounded yesterday by Nicole Brown Simpson's mother. "I don't hate," said Judith Brown. "Life goes on." After the Simpson children, Sydney, nine, and Justin, seven, spent a first night with their father, she said: "Blood is thicker than anything. He is their father."

Marcia Clark: Attacked
jury for ignoring evidence

closeted behind the gates of his estate, were openly hostile. "Somebody who got away with murder lives down the street," said one neighbour.

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If Quebec has the right to



One creed: This Cree woman believes she is part of a distinct society that has every right to break from Quebec

Photograph: Sabine Pusch

'First Nations' want to go it alone

Ottawa — Concerned that they will lose traditional rights in an independent Quebec, two of the province's most prominent native groups, the Northern Cree and the Inuit, have seized on the French separatists' rhetoric about the right of self-determination to play an independence card of their own.

As Matthew Coon Come, the university-educated grand chief of the Cree, has noted, the arguments to support an independent status for Quebec which are put forth by the Prime Minister, Jacques Parizeau, and his nationalist coalition—that Quebec is a distinct society with its own language, culture and land—apply even more so to the First Nations, as the native peoples describe themselves.

This week, the Inuit of Northern Quebec announced they would hold their own referendum on 26 October, four days before the general Quebec vote. The purpose, according to Inuit leader, Zebedee Nungak, is "to put Quebec on notice that the Inuit are not pushovers".

Mr Coon Come has also announced the Cree will hold their own referendum because only the Cree can decide for themselves what will happen to them.

Together the 8,000 Inuit and the 12,000 Cree claim almost

separate from Canada, they argue, they have an equal right to separate from Quebec and turn their substantial land mass into a province of their own attached to Canada.

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Together the 8,000 Inuit and the 12,000 Cree claim almost

two-thirds of the north and western parts of Quebec as their traditional land. (There are about 80,000 natives of all groups living in Quebec.)

The Cree land is the size of France and contains the site for the proposed gigantic Grand Bleu hydro-electric power dam, which has been opposed by the Cree on the grounds that their traditional hunting and fishing lands will be destroyed. Both areas contain valuable minerals and other natural resources.

Mr Parizeau and his

separatist partner, Lucien Bouchard, who heads the Bloc Quebecois Party in the federal parliament, have attempted to dismiss the native claims to self-determination, arguing that a sovereign Quebec would be indivisible.

The native debate seems to be only one of the separatists' problems as the official 30-day referendum campaign gets under way. Attempts by Mr Parizeau's government to stimulate nationalist sentiment—from an emotion-laden declaration of sovereignty to reports designed to show Quebec would be viable and prosperous—have failed to catch fire.

Mr Parizeau did make some conciliatory gestures towards the aboriginal population, offering some undefined form of self-government within an independent Quebec. But the native leaders were quick to realise he was not offering the kind of guarantees the native population now enjoys in the constitution. Nor did he offer to match the many health, education and welfare programmes now provided to the native peoples by Ottawa.

ed by the fact that there have been several changes in Quebec's borders since confederation in 1867. There is a body of legal argument which maintains that should the Quebec separatists win the referendum, they would only be entitled to the 1867 Quebec boundaries.

But constitutional analysis supports the native side. Many claim they have never ceded their sovereignty to the federal or provincial governments and demand to be treated as "domestic nations". They also claim the right of direct access to the Queen, and her protection, without intervention from Ottawa, a right they say is enshrined in treaties signed in the 18th century.

They have a point. Even one of Mr Bouchard's legal advisers wrote in an article for a law journal that "the native nations are in a position similar to that of the Quebecois when it comes to invoking international law in support of the claim that they have the right to self-determination." (The adviser was later dropped by Mr Bouchard.)

The question of self-determination is further complica-



Papal rebuke for America's absent fathers

DAVID USBORNE
New York

In a football stadium, at a race-track and today on the Great Lawn of Central Park, Pope John Paul is returning the adoration of New York's Catholic flock with plain-spoken admonitions on the disintegration of American society.

At a mass celebrated yesterday in the open sweeps of the Aqueduct Racetrack in Queens, the Pope at times sounded more like a candidate for the Republican right than a messenger of the gospel, decrying the collapse of the family and the failure of fathers to take responsibility for their children.

And in tones that to some might have seemed almost mocking, he noted yesterday that while New York presents itself to the world as the "zenith" of civilisation, the city has all but abandoned the weak, the disadvantaged and the unemployed.

"Not everyone here is powerful. Not everyone here is rich. In fact, America's sometimes extravagant affluence often conceals much hardship and poverty," he declared. "Have the people living in this huge metropolis lost sight of the blessings which belong to the poor in spirit?"

The Pope's reference to absent fathers may have been prompted by statistics released this week showing that, for the first time, more than half of New York's children are being born into single-mother families.

Prompting applause around the racetrack, he said: "Fathers of families must accept their full share of responsibility for the lives and upbringing of their children. Society must strongly reaffirm the right of the child to grow up in a family, in which, as far as possible, both parents are present."

The Pope, who has looked weary at most of his appearances, will, by the time of his departure from the Big Apple tomorrow, have touched almost every one of the rawest social issues in American political debate, including the growing resistance to immigration.

The opposition to abortion has become a central plank in the Pope's teaching, and is one of several issues on which a majority of American Catholics disagree. At Giants Stadium, in New Jersey, on Thursday night, he said: "When the unborn child is declared to be beyond the protection of society, not only are Americans' deepest traditions radically undermined and endangered, but a moral blight is brought on society."

Pretoria (AP) — McDonald's will have to call itself something else in South Africa, a court decided yesterday.

Soon after the fast-food giant opened its first restaurant in South Africa, a Pretoria Supreme Court judge ruled that a local businessman had a prior right to the McDonald's name. Judge B. R. Southwood, decided that the American firm had fallen foul of a South African law which insists that foreign firms must use their trademark or lose it.

The ruling could jeopardise foreign investment, boosted by the end of sanctions following the end of the Apartheid era. The United States is surprised, dismayed and concerned about the court verdict reached against McDonald's, the US embassy said in a terse statement.

The case will not stop McDonald's from selling hamburgers in South Africa, the company said. It will press ahead with construction, staff training, and development plans. The newly-completed Johannesburg outlet and another in Cape Town are due to open next month under South African franchises.

The dispute arose when George Sombon, who owns the local Chicken Licken chain, went to court seeking to bar Mc-

Donald's from using its name. Under a South African law dating from the days of white minority rule, any foreign company not using its trademark for five years could lose the right to use its name. McDonald's trademark had been registered in South Africa since 1968, but the company never opened a restaurant due to international economic sanctions.

A new Trademarks Act was passed in March that brought South Africa's economy in line with international norms. Mr Sombon, who has indicated he wants to open his own restaurants under the McDonald's name and use its trademarks, golden arches and all, filed suit before the new law's cut-off date.



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page 3



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD

INSIDE STORIES

2 Death is always seen from the point of view of the bereaved. But to be frank, it's the corpses who suffer the real outrage: they're the ones who've died, after all

9 There seems to be a notion that the countryside is a mere artefact, decorated with posts with leaves from garden centres that are stuck into holes in the ground

11 A new acronym is about to emerge kicking and screaming into the property world. Carla - the Campaign Against Residential Leasehold Abuse

13 Why shop at Heathrow and have the sickening realisation that everyone around you is heading for Kampala or Kiev while your next destination is the kitchen?

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Arts and Books

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The finished
product exists in
the mind, but
reality crawls
towards
consummation,
stopping now
and then
for a tea break'

have had builders in for the past few weeks, tearing out an old kitchen and installing a new one. The experience, as anyone who's ever had building work done, is an odd combination of fine judgements and frustration. Will it look better if that gap is four millimetres rather than two? Does Mellow Sage offer any chromatic advantage over Hunter or Lichen Green? Will the emotional effect of the whole work (*Domestic Interior without Figures*, Mixed Media, 1995) be ruined by the wrong door-knob? You cannot rush such decisions – they require agitated conferences, test samples, crouching down, eyeing up, standing back. At the same time, the impatience with delay

grows daily. The finished product exists in the mind, but reality crawls towards consummation, stopping now and then for a tea break. The experience made me wonder if such frustrations were experienced on more ancient building projects. Did Cheops grit his teeth as the works overseer explained that the suppliers had let him down again – they were six monoliths short and now the quarry was busy with an order for paving stones? Did the architect mollify him with soothing words? – "I promise you Pharaoh, it'll be finished by the time you die." Probably not, if only because Cheops had sterner practices of Parisian plasterers at the end of the 13th century bear a close resemblance to the union

rules of American plasterers in the 1970s – which suggests that the sites of the great cathedrals may have echoed to the sound of demarcation disputes and hotly defended perks. Gimpel also reprints a selection from the accounts of Autun cathedral which make for interesting reading. Much of it is pretty conventional: eight pounds and 16 sous to carpenters for cask wood cut in the chapter's forest; three sous and 16 deniers for the cost of lathing. But the odd item seems to hint at other matters. What lies behind "For treatment to a horse, five sous", for example? A good excuse, perhaps. "Sorry guy, I can't get the tiles round to you because the horse did himself a mischief on that last load. If you can see your way to paying the vet, of course... well..."

The more skilled the craftsman, the greater is their power. When Julius II got the painters to finish off a chapel built by his predecessor Sixtus IV, he cannot have imagined that the work would take four years, even though his plans were grandiose. At first things went well: Michelangelo signed the contract on 10 May 1508 and started work on the same day. Work was immediately slowed by problems with mould, but in the face of this difficulty Michelangelo displayed a reckless disregard for conventional

practice. "I do not ask anything of the Pope," he wrote to his father, "because my work does not seem to me to go ahead in a way to merit it."

Things soon soured. At one point the Pope threatened to throw the painter off the scaffolding after asking when the work would be finished and receiving the offhand answer: "When I can." Michelangelo himself expressed dissatisfaction with the quality of some of the work because of the pressure on him to finish quickly. Which is why I shall greet my own builders – all Michelangelo's in their field – with a contented smile and a cup of tea on Monday, even though they were meant to be finished yesterday.

Staring death in the face

'We can't handle death? Why should we be able to?' Tom Lubbock on a challenging exhibition at the National Museum of Photography



Top: two photographs from 'Cadaveri Eccelleni' (1994), by Max Jourdan, show fully dressed figures from Palermo catacombs; they are crumpling, but carrying on. Above: two of Rudolf Schäfer's from 'Portraits doux à la morgue' (1985), which wear unresolved, transitional expressions

When people say, as they will, that for us death is the great taboo, I sometimes think well, at least we've got one thing right. We can't handle death? Why should we be able to? Or rather, who is this "we"? The death taboo problem is always seen from the point of view of the bereaved, something they need to sort out. It takes "us" as the potential mourners – never as the potential corpses. But it's the corpses who suffer the real outrage; they're the ones who've died, after all. The living will handle the situation somehow, and generally go on living. But much good their solemn obsequies, fond memories and healing processes will do us dead.

True, the dead aren't around to complain. But an unburdened soul can feel its restlessness. The human on the Death Line, that someone

– are minimally represented. The dead come at us dead on. And since it's pictures we're dealing with, it becomes a problem about looking. Is it tolerable to look? Is it decent to look? Is it a duty?

The camera does curious things with corpses. Rather than stealing

with it, it puts them back. The photo's instant stillness suspends

questions of animation to catch a

look that might almost be alive.

Max Jourdan finds fully dressed figures in Palermo catacombs, crumpling a little but carrying on. Annet van der Voort shows preserved heads in anatomical specimen jars, looking not dead so much as awaiting

birth. Louis Jammes presents the

contents of Sarajevo body bags as solemn Gothic statuary. All hor

rorde cases. Rudolf Schäfer's

gallery of morgue portraits couldn't

be more provoking in the way they

wear those unresolved, transitional

expressions, where you can't but

intuitively sense signs of life. The

intimacy here is a little disquieting

but in the end friendly.

But now put yourself in the corpse's place. We living may want to keep our dead half-alive, half with us, friends – but do I, dead, deserve these imaginative attentions? Do I want strange life to be read into my fissoid or embalmed

muscles, to become the plaything

of other's fictions? To be dead is

always to be spoken of behind

one's back. The bereaved "want to talk". The deceased, with no part

in this conversation, might prefer

total anonymity.

There's much work too on the

business of mortuaries, their grisly

instruments and operations, bodies

matter-of-factly opened up, greying

skin, bloody sinks, a bin full of

shredded tair forms used for stuff

ing. In a sequence of pictures Krass

Clement follows his mother's old

body as she dies in a hospital bed,

as it's stripped, autopsied, sewn up

and finally fed into a furnace. This

is pretty strong. Why am I looking

at these "forbidden" things? (Why

are they?) So as to be disturbed by

them? So as to stop being disturbed

by them? To fully face and fully

accept physical facts of death?

But bere, too, the body's

depressing fate signifies differently

if you think of it as your own. The

wish to have one's corpse cased in

high explosive and blown to bits off

the face of the earth isn't one I

wholly share, but I can understand it. Once you've gone, you might as well vanish on the instant, remove yourself utterly from the land of the living and its prying eyes. It may benefit the surviving, as a way of "coming to terms", to outstare their recoil from post-mortem operations. But the contrary impulse to look away needn't just be queasiness, it respects a natural desire of the dead to disappear.

"The Dead" offers some singular memorials, too. From Nobuyoshi Araki, a picture sequence of rather disgusting looking dishes prepared by his dying wife: the first half (in colour) shows those eaten before her death, the second half (in gelid black-and-white) those frozen and eaten after it. Belinda Whiting does an early reading book, using simple words and a large sans serif typeface, alternating with family album photos, to give a child-like account of her daughter's short life and death aged three; the naivety doesn't read false, but as though adult language had been knocked out of her by grief. Thomas Wrede stages a remarkable *trouville*: images of the impact marks left on glass by birds flying unwillingly into windows, ghostly but recognisable birdlike forms made of dust and blood – beaks and feathers register clearly – and magnified enormously.

Photography has often been drawn to ghosts, but as for any afterlife, the possibility is absolutely excluded in "The Dead" – except in the surrogate form of being remembered or preserved by the living. But the idea should be entertained, if only because it could be a way of picturing the missing side of the story, the point of view of the dead; a way of identifying ourselves with them also. We can only imagine ourselves dead by imagining ourselves slightly, alive, albeit infinitely remote from all we were. Some sort of spook might allow this position to be represented, and it needs to be. Otherwise the dead become just figments of the living, involuntary characters in their stories, and our duties to the dead are only duties to ourselves.

"The Dead" is at the National Museum of Photography, Film & Television, Bradford (01274 727488) to 7 January 1996

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INTERVIEW

You don't get to be Hollywood's best-paid actress by acting coy. Just ask Demi Moore

By Daniel Jaffrey



I've always wondered what could be bought for \$12m apart from an office building or a small hospital. Twelve very big oobs will be the pay day for Demi Moore's next movie, which started shooting last month. It's called *Striptease* and, it will surprise no-one who has followed her career in the movies or the gossip columns, she is the star of a film in which women take off their clothes. But before we get to Moore naked, let's talk about the numbers.

Well, no; let's talk about Demi Moore first. The actress was in New York last week to promote her new movie, *The Scarlet Letter*, based on the Nathaniel Hawthorne classic. She has top billing and looks like she's always been Hollywood's number one, the best-paid actress in Tinsel Town. Her dark hair hangs down like some rare substance found only on other planets. Maybe that's how she spends her money – buying impossibly exotic hair products at \$1m a bottle.

Fame-wise, Moore is *nouveau riche*. It seems she's been on our billboards forever but she didn't constellate until 1990 when she starred with Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*. Before that, there was *Young Doctors in Love* (1980) and the *The Seventh Sign* (1988), among a dozen other obscurities that now surface only in games of Trivial Pursuit.

So she struggled early on and posed nude for *Oui* magazine (1982), but who hasn't? Now she has super-suit status in posh hotels like New York's Regency and she can talk about all the money. So, can she confirm the hype? Is she Hollywood's best-paid actress? "That's what they say." She laughs and plays with her alien hair, shrugging her shoulders with a touch of girlish embarrassment. "So far, tomorrow may be different." She sucks her bottom lip between her teeth – something she seems to do when her answers won't quite come quickly enough.

That's Demi Moore – nothing taken for granted and always a little on edge. This is an actress with the most competitive instincts and she wears her wealth like she's had it forever. Her fame may be *nouveau*, but her style is not. In the luxurious surroundings of the Regency, she's dressed in soft blue jeans and a black knit T-shirt. There's a plain wedding band on her hand. A classy pair of diamond earrings occasionally glint beneath her hair. On a gold chain around her neck hangs a matching diamond. When this isn't flashing, her eyes are. There is nothing ostentatious, and plenty that is graceful.

The huge sums she now earns may fascinate some people, but not Moore. She sees her pay days as a standard for other women. "The sum itself is inconsequential. The mark in time that women are finding an equivalent box office response to men is what's more important. The attitude changing is more important." In other words, she brought in the punters for *Disclosure*, not Michael Douglas, and she'll do the same for *The Scarlet Letter*. QED, Demi Moore gets the bucks and so should her fellow actresses.

It's hard to imagine who would dare to pay her less than a man, let alone suggest that \$12m may be too much. "The day that happened to me, when I got that deal, I was really grateful. It changed the business for all women." Moore says the fees for *A Scarlet Letter* and *Striptease* have set a new standard for female stars that the industry will now have to follow. "Tomorrow, it may be another woman earning more than me, and that's OK, because in turn, that feeds back to me."

Not to mention future Demi Moores like her daughter, who looks like she could already play her mother in the early scenes of *The Demi Moore Story*. Rumer Glenn is enjoying being with her mother in New York while her siblings are in Idaho with their father, Bruce Willis. She scampers around with Moore's PR people, a young kid in ponytails.

Moore has stressed repeatedly how much store she sets by a stable family. Her children often come on the set with her and she's been known to delay shooting if the children need her for something else. Moore says Bruce put it best when he told *Cosmopolitan* that everything else seems pretty stupid alongside the "beauty and joy" of having children.

It may sound like the familiar patter of phony PR-babble, but this isn't Moore simply doing the happy-families routine. Moore's father was a hard-drinking ad man working local newspapers across the western states. And she does not enjoy being reminded of those years. "Before I was 15, I'd never attended the same school for more than six months. When you change schools a lot, you

don't really grow up with a strong sense of yourself. At one school, I'd be popular; at another, I wasn't." That must have been fine preparation for facing a movie audience, and Moore has put the lesson to good use.

There were times when the ambition almost fell apart. Moore got her first real notice in *St Elmo's Fire*, a buddy picture in which she co-starred with Emilio Estevez. With typical chutzpah, Moore rode up for the audition on a large motorcycle. After the movie pushed her up a few notches in the Hollywood game, she entered a relationship with Estevez and became a serious party animal. That phase lasted as long as it took Columbia to tell her she had to get straight. Few stars have ever taken such advice as quickly as Moore. Her need to be a star seems to have driven back any self-destructive impulses.

At 32, she's raking in the loot and doing it for women everywhere. "I never thought 'being the best-paid' was something I had to achieve," she says. A bit more lip chewing the sparkling eyes thinking it over. "I'm grateful that the producers were willing to show their faith in what I would contribute to the film by paying me the money. It was not only showing a belief in me but in all women and what they see women are beginning to bring to this industry." The \$12m woman pauses for effect. "And it has been a long time coming."

Moore is pursuing this theme elsewhere in movies that she says explore the lives women have to lead, women like her mother, maybe. *Now and Then* is a case in point. Moore has co-produced the low-budget movie as an essay in female bonding. Critics are preparing to dismiss it as a "chick flick". She repeats the phrase with a little menace: "Chick flick, hum." She puts a finger in her ear and scratches, another Moore mannerism when she's thinking. "I'm not offended by the description. But I'll tell you the big surprise – men love the movie."

The film stars Moore, Melanie Griffith, Rita Wilson and Rosie O'Donnell – although they all play second fiddle to the girls who portray them as 12-year-olds. "I think men will be charmed by the movie," says Moore, wanting me to believe and flashing a smile of enormous wattage. "Even though it's dealing with no-guy stuff like relationships, the period – the Seventies – really speaks to all of us through the music and the clips of old TV shows. Even though the guys are supporting players, they can all relate to the search for love and affection."

Some say *Now and Then* is an act of redemption for *Disclosure*, where her portrayal of hard-nosed super-bitch Meredith Johnson was criticised by several other leading actresses. If Moore sees herself as flying a banner for women's causes, she has yet to convince the likes of Michelle Pfeiffer, who remarked that offering herself to Robert Redford for a million dollars in *Indecent Proposal* wasn't going to do a lot to further the cause of women, or Meryl Streep and Susan Sarandon, both of whom criticised her characterisation in *Disclosure*. Moore defended playing the latter role, despite its obvious sexism, as part of her groundbreaking agenda. More cynical observers saw it as just another rung on the way to the big bucks.

She leans back and the dark cascade of hair ripples over her shoulders. Now I see why English director Roland Joffe had to have her for *Hester Prynne*, the outcast heroine of *The Scarlet Letter*. Her face was beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion," wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne, describing Prynne. "She has dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off sunshine like a gleam. There's no sunshine in this hotel room but if there were, Moore's hair would fling it against all four walls at once. Hair, however, will not save her from the critics lining up to massacre *The Scarlet Letter*.

Imagine if Quentin Tarantino came to England and directed *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* as a romance in which Tess did not bang and all her enemies were annihilated by marauding Celts. That's about the kind of liberty Joffe has taken with *The Scarlet Letter*. The ending has been radically altered from the book. Moore has a saucy love scene with co-star Gary Oldman that certainly wasn't written by Hawthorne, and native Americans massacre most of Prynne's foes. In the movie, Oldman and Moore both do some serious over-acting.

Oldman has heard the criticisms of the changes and shrugs them off. Moore is much less relaxed. She feels compelled to repulse the charges as though her big salary makes her the poster girl for Hollywood's artistic values

– but then many have said *The Scarlet Letter* is her audition to become a more serious character actress. The reception the film gets is probably more important to her than Oldman.

"I think the book is very dense and not very cinematic," says Moore. "Had we been doing a TV mini-series, maybe we could have been more faithful." It's clear the rising fink irritates the actress. "We take the audience on such a sad and tragic journey of loss and pain that the ultimate message of Hester Prynne would have been lost if we'd stayed with the original ending."

Hawthorne scholars will bristle at the thought of literature lesson from Demi Moore, but that won't stop her. Above all, she is growing into the confidence that comes with being the A on the Hollywood A-list. In her future, Moore sees directing and writing and plenty more movies. When pressed, she will talk about her relationship with Bruce Willis but only to say they are steady as a rock.

Bruce Willis always looks like the kind of guy to shoot pool with and drink tequila and Moore looks like that's the kind of guy she needs. For now, it's definitely who she wants. *People* magazine put her on their "Ten worst dressed list" this year and she scoffed at them. "Bruce and I will not dress to the role people want for us," she says. "We're around our children a lot so we're not going to be in a tux and a gown the whole time."

And sometimes Moore will not be wearing anything at all, which brings us back to Demi naked. Pregnant and naked but for body paint on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, raunchy sex scenes in *Disclosure* and now a movie about getting naked for a living. Is she exploiting some of her more obvious assets? What does Bruce think? After all, they say Willis is a jealous guy. "I would never do anything that would embarrass either myself or my husband," she says. After that, it's a question of the context. *Striptease* is a great political thriller but it can't be done without some nudity. That's how Carl Hiaasen wrote it and this time we'll be faithful to the book."

She smiles. Moore is where she wants to be and now we'll wait to see how she exploits her dominant position. She knows she'll have to exercise careful judgement. The pinnacle she sits on now was once occupied by Kevin Costner, and he was not the first to show how gold can turn to dross.

DEMI CONSCIOUS: 'I would never do anything to embarrass myself or my husband...'

MAIN PHOTOGRAPH: Moore with Michael Douglas in 'Disclosure'

INSET (top to bottom): with her husband Bruce Willis (photo: Rex Features); with Woody Harrelson in 'Indecent Proposal' (Kobal Collection); and with Patrick Swayze in 'Ghost' (Kobal)

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arts reviews

television

Passengers (Channel 4)

Jasper Rees loses interest after three and a half seconds

Passengers is television for people with attention deficit disorder. The perfect slot for it would be 7am on Saturday morning, when most viewers who fit that description are tuning in. Unfortunately, its predominant areas of concern are sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, with a bit of organised violence thrown in. For the moment we still live in a society where these are not matters of burning interest to four-year-olds, so Channel 4 has cordoned it off in that area of its Friday night schedule where they are more traditionally aired.

The longest that *Passengers* allows any one shot to linger on the screen is approximately three seconds. Market research seems to have indicated that their target audience loses interest round about the three and a half seconds mark. After four they're yawning, and after five they're channel surfing.

So the editorial tactic is to keep it short and sweet: you flash a talking head on the screen, then show something else, preferably with not many clothes on, and then come back, then cut to someone vomiting or dancing or, for preference, both. Or you continue with the talking head, but film it from a different angle, usually a wonky or wobbly one. Most reports hop and skip so much they look like they were shot by a bare-footed cameraman on hot sand. Of course, some of them, like last night's stories from the Nevada desert and the Brazilian beach, genuinely work.

The hunt for items in which sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and violence all dovetail means that *Passengers* frequently features rap artists. They particularly favour overweight ones, because they're the most jump-cut-friendly interviewees. Like Thunderbirds puppets, they don't move their lips when talking. Unlike Thunderbirds puppets, they're incomprehensible, so dubbing their voices over footage where they could be saying something completely different is not a problem: they're a cliché to sync. "You know what I mean?" they keep on saying. In fact, the only time you know what they're saying is when they ask if you know what they're saying.

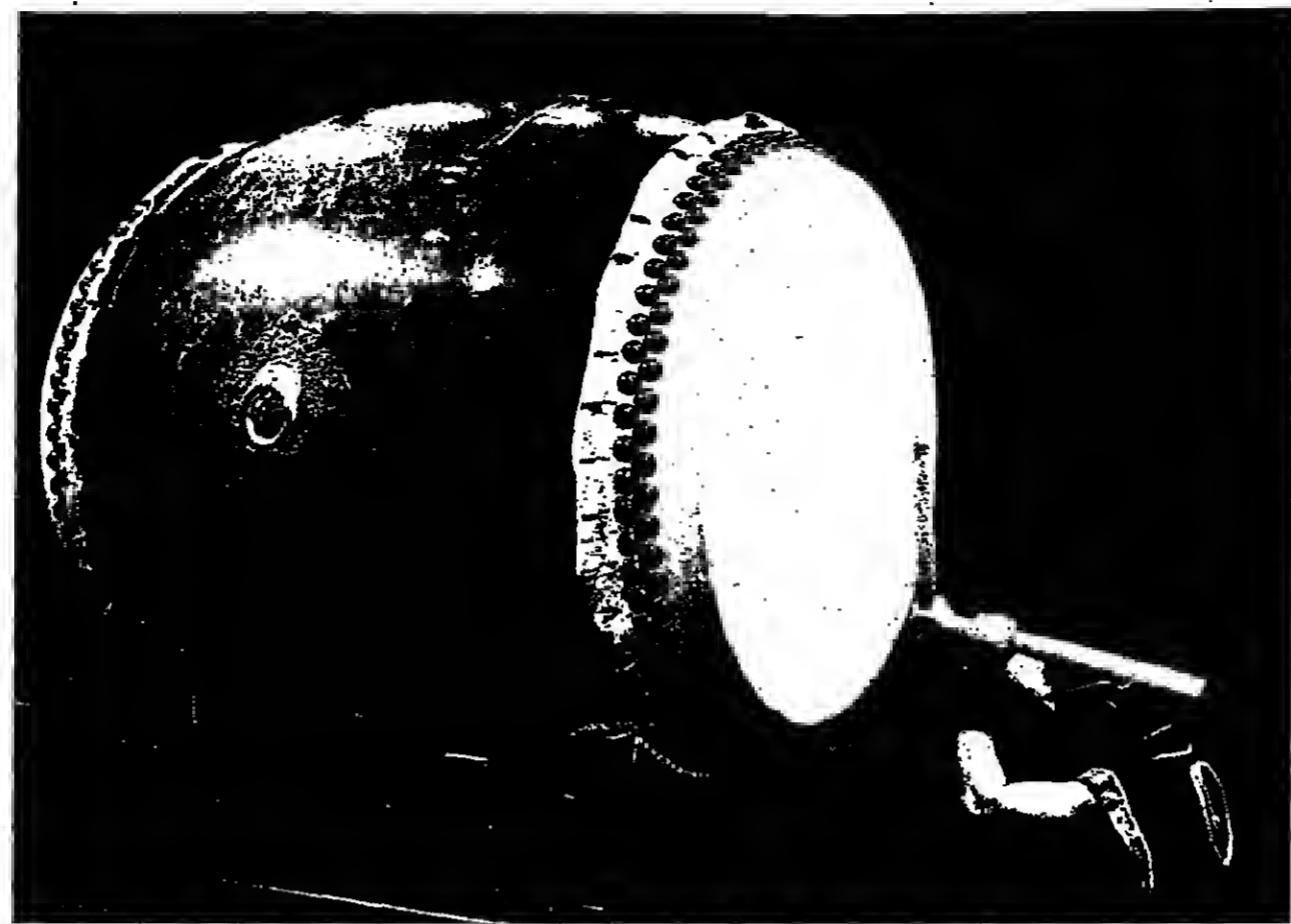
This week's fat rupper was ex-drug dealer BIG, also known as Biggie Smalls, or plain Christopher to his mom. *Passengers* has slightly less time for scepticism than *PlaySchool*, but here was an exception. Watching Biggie's mother wrap the rapper on the knuckles for never calling her showed that the programme doesn't take its subjects at their own estimation.

Elsewhere, we were in Brazil for a piece about a marriage agency that introduces well-stacked babes to well-fed Germans. Not a difficult item to illustrate, this. On the beach we found sunbathing Teutons slumped on deckchairs and leering at basically naked Latin show-ponies who lolloped up and down the sand on bronzed haunches. This could have been a probing report, because a marital pact in which the man gets great sex and the woman leaves poverty behind is actually licensed prostitution. But if *Passengers* has a cultural ancestor it's those straitjacketed old Pathé newsreels: it finds the story, then refuses to tell the half of it.

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music Wadaiko Ichiro Drummers, Hackney Empire

Big ones, little ones, whole tree-trunk-sized ones – if it's wood, they whack it. Martin Gordon's ears ring to the rhythms of the demon drummers from Japan



Photograph: Stuart Morris

The seedy grandeur of the Hackney Empire in London's East End makes an unlikely setting for mystical rhythms from the Orient but, as the Japanese saying has it, "Out of a gourd comes a pocky", the metaphorical pony in this case being the vociferously athletic Wadaiko Ichiro drum orchestra from Japan.

Following on from last year's triumphs at the Edinburgh Festival and Sadler's Wells, Wednesday's show was the first in a gruelling two-month tour with a revised set. The curtain rose to reveal a stage strewn with drums – small ones, big ones, bigger ones and, dominating all, the monstrous 1,000lb (or near metric equivalent) *taiko*, carved out of a single tree trunk. The ensemble bounded on to launch into the first of a variety of virtuous percussion syncopations that used all the dynamic and toot capabilities of the drums and drew upon the seemingly limitless power and agility of the 10-strong group.

An amalgam of apparent contradictions, the music of Wadaiko Ichiro sounds both utterly spontaneous and totally controlled, evoking primal urges while coming on like some globalised Glitterband. Generous helpings of wit leavened the performance of these samurais of swing – the tiniest of pauses contained a snatch of Japanese folksong and a flung handful of petals, a brief lacuna before the two-fisted assaults upon the drums resumed. Dynamics had obviously been carefully thought out, both for individual pieces and for the performance as a whole – a mournful *shinobue* bamboo flute introduced a scene shift, a *shamisen* lute led the way for a taste of traditional red-wigged *butoh* dance, accompanied by some

noh-style vocalising that thankfully (call me a philistine) avoided the drunken Scotsman-like excesses of the *noh* theatre vocabulary. A delicate series of solo passages on assorted percussion, bell frames, Buddhist gongs and wood blocks presaged the final onslaught upon the three-metre tall *taiko* drums. The audience demanded four encores, which were provided with relish, ceasing only when the house lights went up.

The *taiko* drumming tradition dates back hundreds of years: first used in religious ceremonies, it has been liberated by such contemporary ensembles as the Kodo drummers and Ondekozza, of whom Wadaiko's leader, Ichiro Inoue, was formerly musical director. Finding their regime too strict (prescribed bedtimes and no women), he formed his own rival company based upon more eclectic lines and, indeed, Wadaiko Ichiro performances veer between stony Eastern inscrutability and *West Side Story*-style gang rumbles, conveying a distinct rock 'n' roll sensibility.

Another Japanese adage informs us, "Where there are geese and women, there is noise." There were no geese and only four women in the group, but Wadaiko Ichiro caused a serious commotion nevertheless. These high priests of rhythmic noise continue to thrash their drumming way around the UK for the next two months. From the sacred to the profane and back again at top speed, with maximum syncopation – not to be missed on any account.

Tonight 8pm Hackney Empire (booking: 0181-995 2424). Tour details on 0171-580 9644.

CLIVE BARDI

jazz / film

The Cabinet of Dr Caligari

Phil Johnson on a silent film given the live music treatment – or vice versa

Though *Caligari* (directed by Robert Wiene, Germany, 1919) is a canonical film classic, ever present in the must-see lists of world cinema, one can't help feeling this is a view more honoured in the breach than the observance. Though it famously deals with somnambulism, it's also a film with an almost unequalled ability to send its own audience to sleep, and this was the first time in three or four viewings that I managed to stay awake throughout. Yes, the expressionist sets are wonderful, but for how long can one look at a set? The modernism of the décor is at odds with the Grand Guignol acting style, and the narrative is less driven than parked in a lay-by for most of the time. Wiene, one suspects, was no Fritz Lang, and the scratchy print and indifferent projection at Midland Arts Centre did not flatter his masterpiece.

Indeed, at one point, the light of the projector burnt through the film and a frame melted before our eyes, like the apocalyptic (but pre-printed) ending of Monte Hellman's *Two-Lane Blacktop*. As far as representations of silent cinema go, this was a brand-new concept: as well as seeing the film and hearing a specially commissioned soundtrack, we could actually smell it, too. While the projector was switched off, we all turned and looked expectantly at the musicians. Would they improvise against a blank screen? Well, no, as it happens. They waited in silence until the necessary splice had been attended to.

The music, composed by the New York bassist Mark Dresser, accompanied by Michael Moore on clarinets and saxophone, and Denman Maroney on piano, was more diverting than the film. Unlike, say, the Matrix Ensemble's masterly accompaniment to Hitchcock's *Blackmail*, which is keyed to the relentless momentum of the narrative, Dresser's music provides a kind of atmospheric commentary on the text. This makes sense as the film is less dependent on narrative than the spectacle (such as it is) of the post-Cubist Gothic *mise-en-scène*. Cue, therefore, eerie noises of double-bass glissandos, wind-assisted squeaks and moans, and the plinky-plonk of piano wire to create percussive effects. Pianist Maroney spent most of his time under the bonnet of his instrument, tinkering with the engine of the keys and hot-wiring a series of disconcerting noises that sometimes sounded like fingers scratching down a blackboard. Moore, who was part of the wonderful Cusone trio with Han Bennink and Ernst Reijseger, was particularly fine, billowing up Brecht-Weill tango lines with great finesse.

In the few moments of cinematic climax, as when the somnambulist Cesare (looking worryingly like Robert Smith of The Cure) goes on the rampage, or the marvellous closing asyntone scene, the music made a fittingly hysterical mood-enhancer to the images but, really, it was an unequal match. "Dresser 3: *Caligari* 1" would seem a fair estimation of the result.

Repeated at the Purcell Room, London SE1 (0171-960 4242) on Monday, 7.30pm

KEY

overview

EXCELLENT

GOOD

OK

POOR

DEADLY

critical view

All You Can Eat is kd's first album since the soundtrack to the disastrous *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* in 1993 and her first solo since her breakthrough best-seller, *Ingerine*.

Andy Gill was disappointed. "Inert, not erotic... immense natural talent being squandered." Others disagreed: "The album's one failing is that she doesn't write pop tunes... but these are her most assured works to date," said Q. "A hull on, snot me now, mellow-man midtown of orchestral quavering and blissed out pondering on the nature of love [and sex]," raved NME.

Warner Bros 9362-46034-2. Alas, no tour for now.

Whatever the reservations, *All You Can Eat* certainly beats Simply Red's *Life* as album of the week.

THE ALBUM

KD LANG

THE OPERA

RUSALKA

John Lloyd Davies's revival of David Pountney's visionary staging of Dvorak's little-known operetta, *Rusalka*, designed by Stephen Lawless, opens Saturday 11 October.

Edward Seckerson enjoyed it immensely: "A great production with a smashing performance from Susan Chilcott, vigorously conducted by Richard Hickox." "Enriches the eye, exercises the mind and makes the heart beat faster... it seems there is no opera so brimful of melody," said the *Financial Times*. "Bewitching and love-writhing," declared the *Guardian*. "Powerfully dramatic," thought the *Times*.

Further performance at the London Coliseum on 12, 17, 24, 27 Oct. Booking: 0171-632 6300.

One of the undoubted stories of the David Pountney / Mark Elder / Peter Jonas production of *Rusalka* at the ENO.

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The Playhouse Theatre, London SE1 (0171-839 2400).

All that's needed is a bit of *Red* and the *Butterfly* to make the *Material Girl* cross-eyed.

THE FILM

LAND AND FREEDOM

Richard Gere's overcooked Ian Hail travels to Spain to support the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War. As Ashcroft suggests him to date.

Steve Johnson praised it for sharing George Orwell's "commitment and anger, his warmth and humanity". "A moving story of hopes and follies, mainly relevant to the years after communism's collapse," said David Hare in the *Times*. "Directed with a sense of living immediacy," declared the *Financial Times*. "A stirring, informative film of considerable passion, power and intelligence," said *Time Out*.

Curzon West End (0171-369 1722) and selected cinemas across London.

Winner of the International Critic's Prize at Cannes. Make sure you see it on a big screen.



DICKIE FANTASTIC
on the schmooze

"What are you about to see?" begins Rowena, our hostess, with stern solemnity, "is not only a breakthrough in Head and Shoulders advertising, but a milestone in haircare advertising in general." She pauses to allow this to sink in, and a flurry of expectation sweeps through the audience.

"In a moment," adds Rowena, dramatically, "when you meet our new Head and Shoulders celebrity, you will see what I mean. Lights!"

I never thought I'd find myself getting thrilled at a Head and Shoulders launch

breakfast. I had assumed that all the hair-care advertising milestones had already been covered (waterfalls, frantic TV studios, fields of daisies, etc), so I can only surmise that the new Head and Shoulders celebrity must be someone astounding: perhaps a bald man – perhaps Ian Hislop. I turn to the others in the screening room. They are almost exclusively attractive young ladies from the hair-journalism industry – and I feel a little bit like the Ugly Person at the Good Looking Convention. I turn to the lady to my right. "What could this

stone be?" I ask. "Well," she replies, "there have been rumours for weeks now in the industry. Some say that it may be... no, let's just wait and see." The lights go down, and the advert begins. It quickly transpires in a frantic TV studio.

"Live TV," begins a woman called Emma Forbes, "can be pretty nerve-racking, and what you don't want is the extra worry of something like dandruff."

She pauses while the camera sweeps majestically across the studio floor.

"Because," continues Ms Forbes, "cameras could pick up on dandruff." Ten seconds later, it is all over. "Ah," says the lady to my right. "Now I see..." "What?" I splutter, confused. "What milestone? What?"

Then we are shown the advert again. This time, I keep my eyes peeled for milestones, but still no luck. When the advert ends, a smattering of applause breaks out. I clap along – not wanting to be exposed as the one person in the room too dumb to identify the milestone – and we are shown the advert a third

time. On this occasion, I opt for the lateral approach. What are the people in the background doing? What colour are the walls painted? But still nothing. Then the lights go up, and we are all invited to take breakfast in the next room with Emma Forbes.

I pass Rowena in the corridor, just as someone is saying to her, "Well, it certainly is darling," and take my place at the breakfast table. Emma Forbes is to my right, and I scrutinise her, just in case I pick up on an in-the-flesh milestone.

"Well," says Rowena, "thank you all

for coming. Does anyone have any questions for Emma?"

"Well," begins a woman. "I bet you were surprised to be asked to do this advert, what with your hair being shoulder length." "It was a bit of a shock," replies Emma.

I turn to the lady next to me. "You know that milestone," I murmur, casually. "Was it the shoulder-length nature of her hair, rather than the long-hair thing?" She laughs. "Yes!" she says. "What did you think?" "Oh, nothing," I reply, a little sadly.

Blitzing the muse

DJ Taylor on the literary legacy of battle

Imagination at War:
British Fiction and Poetry 1939-45
by Adam Piette
Papermac, £10

Some large claims get made in Adam Piette's study of what he calls "the consequences of wartime isolation on the private imagination". The first turns up in the blurb, which suggests that the Second World War "represents" – it means "was", but never mind – "the most traumatic experience that British culture has undergone this century, and that the story of that crisis has until now remained essentially unwritten." It has? I seem to remember a long essay by Malcolm Bradbury, Andrew Sinclair's *War Like a Wasp*, Alan Munton's *English Fiction of the Second World War* and even Derek Stanford's frosty memoir, *Inside the Forties*, one of which appears in Piette's 11-page bibliography.

Piette's second claim deserves rather more serious consideration. This is that the war, fought on a scale and with an intensity previously unknown to the western mind, had a dehumanising effect on the literary imagination. In particular, the vastness, complexity and horror of a six-year struggle, fought on innumerable fronts, fatally injured the ability of the writer to turn it into art. Hamstrung by incomprehension, or simple ignorance, the typical literary sensibility, Piette argues, was reduced to a kind of piecemeal reportage, always liable to be channelled into prescriptive (and therefore inaccurate) treatments of what was essentially untreatable. In effect there were recognisable literary forms for dealing with, say, a fire storm, no variation on which could convey the enormity of the real event. Out of this gap between private experience and its public representation grew "some obscure guilt within British culture about its own isolation from the real horrors of the war" which has "traumatised" our post-war culture.

Post-war British culture certainly has its fair share of neuroses, but one wonders whether the link is quite so straightforward as this. Ominously, perhaps, Piette hardly tries to establish it. In a series of closely argued chapters on potent symbols such as the war in the desert, the Blitz and propaganda (where he adduces the existence of a "propagandized intelligentsia, isolated within false notions of fiction..."), his forte is simply a piling-up of the evasive and unsatisfactory responses forced upon art by conflict. Moving on to the specific, he has a good chapter on the theatricality of Evelyn Waugh's war fiction, and notes some telling linguistic links between Julia's spiritual sufferings in *Brideshead Revisited* and Waugh's own experiences in Crete.

While all this works well enough within the parameters Piette has set for his enquiry, it is hard not to feel that these boundaries are unreasonably restricted. In his discussion of war fiction, for example, he confines himself to books written during the war, mostly by serving soldiers. This severely limits his source material – most soldier novelists (Anthony Powell is a good example) were too exhausted to write anything – and ignores novels from the home front by, for instance, JB Priestley, Pamela Hansford Johnson and Monica Dickens. Various arguments are jeopardised by over-statement, notably the confident assertion that before the war Evelyn Waugh "had never been serious about anything" (Waugh's letters after the break-up of his first marriage, his opinion of Catholicism and his book about Mexico suggest otherwise). Even reading Piette's line on the "complexity" of the war's assault on private histories, its tendency to make descriptions of warfare "completely inarticulate", and the idea that "the Blitz was too extraordinary for words" one wants to shout back that nothing is too extraordinary for words, because in the last resort words are all we have.

Above all, Piette's war/trauma link is overly reductive. One of the greatest traumas of post-war British literary culture was the suspicion of a gang of right-wing novelists that they had won the war but lost the politics. The great novel sequences of Waugh and Anthony Powell are exercises in teleology, in which the origins of post-war social change (or what Waugh and Powell assumed to be social change) are projected back into the Forties. Whatever the evidence to the contrary, Waugh believed that the Second World War turned England into a socialist holiday camp. Piette has some useful points to make, and his textual readings show a sharp eye for detail, but in its refusal to consider wider issues of this kind, his book is too self-limiting for its own good.

Yesterday's hills

Umberto Eco's new novel offers a tantalising conceit, a pageant of wars and a maddening conclusion.

By Robert Winder

Photograph: Glynn Griffiths

No doubt about it, Umberto Eco is some kind of a phenomenon. In one bound – with *The Name of the Rose* – he brought semiotics and medieval theology to a mass market and became, in the process, the very image of a modish European professor. He could mention St Augustine and Walt Disney in the same sentence. Wonder of wonders, he brought a commercial twinkle to the ivory tower.

There are no signs of an end to it. No fewer than three sizeable new volumes by this prodigious Italian academic are currently on offer. There's a new novel – a bulky meaning-of-life enquiry about a shipwrecked nobleman in the 17th century. There's a bold work of linguistic philosophy, *The Search for the Perfect Language* (translated by James Fentress, Blackwell, £20), which explores the history of the way the world speaks with reference to Genesis, Herodotus, Leibniz, Swift, Dante, Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Vico and (of course) many others. And as if this weren't enough, there's a tidy volume of essays on mass market culture, in which Eco the journalist dishes out opinions on such subjects as the abuse of rhetoric, the meaning of Charlie Brown and La Cicciolina (*Apocalypse Postponed*, edited by Robert Lumley, Flamingo, £6.99).

Scholars are quick to find his scholarship a touch frivolous and are happy to put him down as "horror of horrors" – a "populariser". Literary critics, meanwhile, can hardly resist finding his lectures too preoccupied with windy historical lectures to survive as exhilarating dramas. The latter, alas, will not want for ammunition when it

comes to his new novel. A seafaring adventure crossed with a philosophical inquiry, it documents the last days of a European castaway called Roberto, who fetches up on board an empty ship just one tantalising mile from dry land. But the island might as well be on the other side of the world so far as Roberto is concerned: for one thing, he can't swim; and for another, it lies just on the other side of the international dateline. Eco presents the time barrier as an obstacle every bit as palpable as the reef that lies between Roberto and safety. Those hills that seem so close are yesterday's hills (today they could be shrouded in mist); that great sunset is a product of yesterday's weather (today it could be pouring). Our hero is well equipped with telescopes – by happy chance, the ship turns out to be virtually a floating research laboratory of 17th-century science. But he realises that to find out what is happening on the island he must wait until tomorrow. He is trapped, as it were, by time as well as space.

It is a nice idea, and we can see why Eco was attracted to it. As in *The Name of the Rose*, where a medieval Sherlock Holmes used his superior knowledge of logic and theology to hunt down a dark-age serial killer, Eco is able to ruminate, in the context of a life-or-death adventure, on the precariousness of human life and the arbitrary nature of human knowledge. But *The Name of the*

Rose could afford to digress in a way that the new work cannot. There, we had a murderer on the loose, and each excursion into classical thought was pregnant with possible clues. Here, there is not quite so much at stake. Roberto spends more time reviewing his life – an admittedly colourful pageant of wars, sieges, courtly adventures in espionage and love – than he does on his own particular predicament. As a result, the book feels more than usually like an account of something that has already happened. There isn't a feeling that things could go either way: it is indeed a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and after a while the adventure itself (which begins brilliantly) feels notional. The world of thought takes such priority over the world of action that even when Roberto is taking his first ever swimming lesson, the emphasis is not on the experience itself, but on a long debate to do with the rotation of the stars.

Actually, the whole business about swimming is seriously run. For some reason Roberto does not feel up to making a raft – the classic castaway solution. Instead, he laboriously learns to float. And here is what happens: "Two or three times he tried turning over, and he grasped a principle, indispensable to every swimmer, namely, when you have your head in the water, you must not breathe." It might be beyond the imagination of readers to believe that Roberto – who was adrift for two days on a plank before attaining the relative safety of the empty ship – needs to learn that you can't breathe under water.

The novel purports to be an examination of the journal kept by Roberto as he stares out from his lonely vantage point in the Pacific Ocean. As a narrative technique this is very appealing. It allows the author to skip over absurd coincidences and lulls in the story with a scholarly smile, and encourages the reader to speculate freely. But it is a method better suited to brief, succinct parables. Eco loves Borges and Calvino, and imitates their quizzical tone of voice and eye for insoluble conundrums. They, however, knew that brevity was the soul of this type of wit. Unfurled at Eco-length, the mysteries seem portentous. "The story is as clear as it is dark," he writes. "So here I am," he has Roberto think, "floundering myself with the illusion of an illusion." And so on.

At the end, after 500 pages of philosophising, Eco can't resist adding one of those what-does-it-all-mean epilogues in which he points out, pseudo-mischievously, that it is all meaningless anyway. Roberto's manuscript, he admits, might well be merely "mannered exercises". His experience leads him to the conclusion that he is insignificant – a trivial compound of stray atoms – and this leads him to a proper appreciation of his true love. But Eco swiftly subverts this by pointing out that Roberto "did not have the makings of a philosopher". It is a dashing gamble to insist that what we have just read is, more or less, a waste of time. Readers can be forgiven if they don't laugh.

Stuck on the misery-go-round

Hugo Barnacle fights his way through the Murdoch Zone

In our world, it is a matter of record that the lesser country houses often changed hands, even during the gentry's heyday, and in the post-war period they were mostly abandoned, demolished or put to non-domestic uses. Those that survive as homes tend to be inhabited by business types. But in the Murdoch Zone, a world strangely like our own and yet also strangely different, none of this applies.

In the Murdoch Zone, there may be cardboard cities and congeated motorways, but young Edward Lannion is still living at Hatting Hall as his family have done for centuries, and just up the hill his neighbour Benet Barnell is still master of Pendean by the same divine right.

Barnet was a civil servant before he inherited, but neither of these gentlemen does a stroke of work nowadays except for writing never-to-be-completed books.

Edward an historical novel, Benet a study of Heidegger. Both own, besides their country places, vast Kensington pads with, can you believe, off-street parking. Neither has a financial care in the world. Remember, the world in question is not the real one.

Even odder, from Benet's garden at night you can still see all "the innumerable crowding stars of the Milky Way", a feat rendered impossible anywhere else in southern England these 30 years past because of the long-necked sodium lamps strung along every byway. And even though the local rector visits the

Jackson's Dilemma
by Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £15.99

parish only once a month, the Georgian rectory still belongs to the church, not to a car-phone salesman or a US diplomat.

The novel's plot concerns a boisterous traditional figure in tales of romance among the quality. The girl doesn't literally leave Edward standing at the altar, but she does send a cryptic note, the night before the wedding, to say it's all off, and then vanishes. This is the cue for Edward, Benet and their circle to indulge in an operatic misery-go-round, with everyone hurting "I love you" at everyone else, weeping buckets and, inexplicably, debating the role of mysticism in the development of Western thought.

Virtually every character, we find, has been orphaned at an early age. This too was once a common device in popular fiction because it allowed bright young things the independence to have adventures. It derives from the childhood fantasy of parentless freedom, and lends this novel a deeply juvenile tone, which is reinforced by the writing style.

There are lots of exclamations, lots of italic emphasises, lots of words and phrases placed in tweed inverted commas for no good reason, and at the end, after a rash of arbitrary surprises, when even the humble bookshop

assistant turns out to be a millionaire in disguise, there are lots of guest lists for celebration feasts and, no doubt, lots of jelly and trifles for happy-ever-afters. It reads like the work of a 13-year-old schoolgirl who doesn't get out enough, or else like a cruel parody of Iris Murdoch.

But who is Jackson? He is a supernatural being in the form of a homeless person who materialises one night in Benet's London doorstep, offering his services as a handyman, and taken on after many refusals. He has no first name, claims to be 43 but could mean 43 lifetimes, and allegedly radiates a mysterious charisma. Murdoch hints that he might really be Shiva, Caliban, the Fisher King, one of the Tibetan Mahatmas, Jesus Christ, or a reincarnation of Lt-Col TE Lawrence, DSO, late of the British Army Arab Bureau.

No, seriously. He could even be all of the above, though the scarring on his back favours the last two possibilities. His dilemma is whether to give the hulter, Marian, a note from her secret Australian lover which might wreck, or rectify, everything.

In the Murdoch Zone, money may grow on trees, preferably the "centuries-old trees" of one's Capability Brown garden, but life still holds more questions than answers. "Where is the Ultimate and what is it?" asks Murdoch. "Where is Knowledge?" Certainly nowhere to be found in this book, which never begins to make the remotest kind of sense.

Transports of magic

Colin Greenland is hoodwinked by a novel of multiple illusions

The Prestige
by Christopher Priest
Simon & Schuster, £15.99

better collaborators than adversaries." Borden is the one who started it. Righteously disrupting a bogus but benevolent seance staged by the temporarily impoverished Angier, he accidentally injured the pregnant Mrs Angier. Ever after, Angier has dogged his career, spoiling his tricks.

Priest's plot employs two entirely separate supernatural devices, which perhaps is a shame, because it tends to suggest a universe of caprice and permeability that is the opposite of the locked, fatalistic cosmos he really wants to describe. All the same, the point is well made that Borden, the carpenter's son, has a natural talent which Angier, the aristocrat, can only imitate by artifice. Borden's most celebrated illusion, the trick that takes him to the top of the thaumaturgical tree, is one he calls the "New Transported Man". Shutting himself in one cabinet, he immediately steps out of another 20 feet away, while the first collapses, empty. For his own version, Angier must commission a vast piece of machinery utilising the spectacular new power of electricity, and built by Nikola Tesla, who makes a bizarre guest appearance as a mad scientist in his lab perched above Colorado Springs.

The narrative is a compilation of autobiographical documents from the principals in both centuries: the theme is duplication: replicas, impostors, adulterers. It is about self-deception and being in two minds. Even the feuding pair, as each later privately acknowledges, "might have made

The Island of the Day Before by Umberto Eco, translated by William Weaver, Secker, £16.99

comes to his new novel. A seafaring adventure crossed with a philosophical inquiry, it documents the last days of a European castaway called Roberto, who fetches up on board an empty ship just one tantalising mile from dry land. But the island might as well be on the other side of the world so far as Roberto is concerned: for one thing, he can't swim; and for another, it lies just on the other side of the international dateline. Eco presents the time barrier as an obstacle every bit as palpable as the reef that lies between Roberto and safety. Those hills that seem so close are yesterday's hills (today they could be shrouded in mist); that great sunset is a product of yesterday's weather (today it could be pouring). Our hero is well equipped with telescopes – by happy chance, the ship turns out to be virtually a floating research laboratory of 17th-century science. But he realises that to find out what is happening on the island he must wait until tomorrow. He is trapped, as it were, by time as well as space.

It is a nice idea, and we can see why Eco was attracted to it. As in *The Name of the Rose*, where a medieval Sherlock Holmes used his superior knowledge of logic and theology to hunt down a dark-age serial killer, Eco is able to ruminate, in the context of a life-or-death adventure, on the precariousness of human life and the arbitrary nature of human knowledge. But *The Name of the*

Rose could afford to digress in a way that the new work cannot. There, we had a murderer on the loose, and each excursion into classical thought was pregnant with possible clues. Here, there is not quite so much at stake. Roberto spends more time reviewing his life – an admittedly colourful pageant of wars, sieges, courtly adventures in espionage and love – than he does on his own particular predicament. As a result, the book feels more than usually like an account of something that has already happened. There isn't a feeling that things could go either way: it is indeed a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and after a while the adventure itself (which begins brilliantly) feels notional. The world of thought takes such priority over the world of action that even when Roberto is taking his first ever swimming lesson, the emphasis is not on the experience itself, but on a long debate to do with the rotation of the stars.

Actually, the whole business about swimming is seriously run. For some reason Roberto does not feel up to making a raft – the classic castaway solution. Instead, he laboriously learns to float. And here is what happens: "Two or three times he tried turning over, and he grasped a principle, indispensable to every swimmer, namely, when you have your head in the water, you must not breathe." It might be beyond the imagination of readers to believe that Roberto – who was adrift

for two days on a plank before attaining the relative safety of the empty ship – needs to learn that you can't breathe under water.

The novel purports to be an examination of the journal kept by Roberto as he stares out from his lonely vantage point in the Pacific Ocean. As a narrative technique this is very appealing. It allows the author to skip over absurd coincidences and lulls in the story with a scholarly smile, and encourages the reader to speculate freely. But it is a method better suited to brief, succinct parables. Eco loves Borges and Calvino, and imitates their quizzical tone of voice and eye for insoluble conundrums. They, however, knew that brevity was the soul of this type of wit. Unfurled at Eco-length, the mysteries seem portentous. "The story is as clear as it is dark," he writes. "So here I am," he has Roberto think, "floundering myself with the illusion of an illusion." And so on.

At the end, after 500 pages of philosophising, Eco can't resist adding one of those what-does-it-all-mean epilogues in which he points out, pseudo-mischievously, that it is all meaningless anyway. Roberto's manuscript, he admits, might well be merely "mannered exercises". His experience leads him to the conclusion that he is insignificant – a trivial compound of stray atoms – and this leads him to a proper appreciation of his true love. But Eco swiftly subverts this by pointing out that Roberto "did not have the makings of a philosopher". It is a dashing gamble to insist that what we have just read is, more or less, a waste of time. Readers can be forgiven if they don't laugh.

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books

Bung ho, old top!

Peter Parker finds anxiety, guilt and laughter in the correspondence of a lovable Laureate

This week I had my fiftieth birthday," John Betjeman wrote in the *Spectator* in August 1956. "I started reviewing my past life first through a magnifying mist of self-pity - never quite made the grade, not taken seriously

in the *Times Literary Supplement*, Penguin Books, the Courtauld, the Warburg, the *Listener*, the University Appointments Board, the Museums Association, the Library Association, the Institute of Sanitary Engineers. I thought of the many people at school with me who were now knights and politicians. I wanted to cry."

By the end of his life, Betjeman had undoubtedly made the grade, serving on innumerable committees, in constant demand as a journalist and broadcaster, knighted and appointed Poet Laureate. He may not have made it to the Institute of Sanitary Engineers, but Penguin eventually published a selection of his work. If other poets of the century have been more admired, none has been more loved, and it was rightly said at his memorial service in Westminster Abbey that his death had "eclipsed the gaiety of nations".

In spite of the esteem and affection in which Betjeman was held, and in spite of his propensity for epistolary ebullience ("Bung ho, old top!"), this second volume of his letters is darker than the first. Fame brought its own burdens, complications in his personal life brought anxiety and guilt, age brought illness and death. The popular image of Betjeman derives from his frequent appearances on television: a shambling figure in mackintosh and battered hat making agreeable tours of town and country, sharing his delight in England and Englishness. Although making documentaries was perhaps Betjeman's favourite job, the notion of him as an amiable *fleuron* with time on his hands is rapidly dispelled by this book. Candida Lycett Green even suggests that the amount of work he took on exacerbated the symptoms of Parkinson's Disease.

Much of this work involved correspondence: by the late Sixties he was receiving some 300 letters a week. He insisted upon replying to every one and employed a succession of secretaries, finding these among young women, with whom he shamelessly flirted, and members of the clergy who had been in a "bit of trouble". He spent as much time writing to "dud poets and self-pitying pests", as one secretary characterised many correspondents, as he did to architects, planners and other miscreants. "I have written thirty-three letters today," he once told his daughter, "which is why this one is so dull." I doubt that it was for ever the briefest notes reproduced in this volume are enlivened by Betjeman's zest for life.

As with all well-edited volumes of letters, Lycett Green's add up to a sort of biography. This second volume is particularly welcome since Bevis Hillier's authorised biography, *The Young Betjeman*, takes us only to 1933. The 50-year embargo placed on the poet's letters to Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, the woman with whom he shared much of his life after 1951, will undoubtedly hamper the task of writing about the older Betjeman, and Lycett Green acknowledges that the absence of these letters leaves a "chasm-like gap" in her own book. She has nevertheless managed to bridge this in her excellent interlinking narrative, providing a frank but sympathetic account of her father's parallel relationships with the two most important people in his life. "Naturally I was jealous when he first got fond of you," Penelope Betjeman wrote to Lady Elizabeth when she became concerned about her husband's health in the early Seventies. "But over the years I have realised that from FHS's point of view, at any rate it has been a wonderful thing for him, as you are literary and I am not really, and you have provided the sort of companionship he needs and never really gets from me." Although Lycett

John Betjeman: Letters, Vol. 2, 1951-84
edited by Candida Lycett Green
Methuen, £20

Green comments that "the arrangement worked well and ninety-nine per cent of the friends of all three accepted it", there is evidence in some letters of strain and upset, and it cannot have been easy for any of those involved.

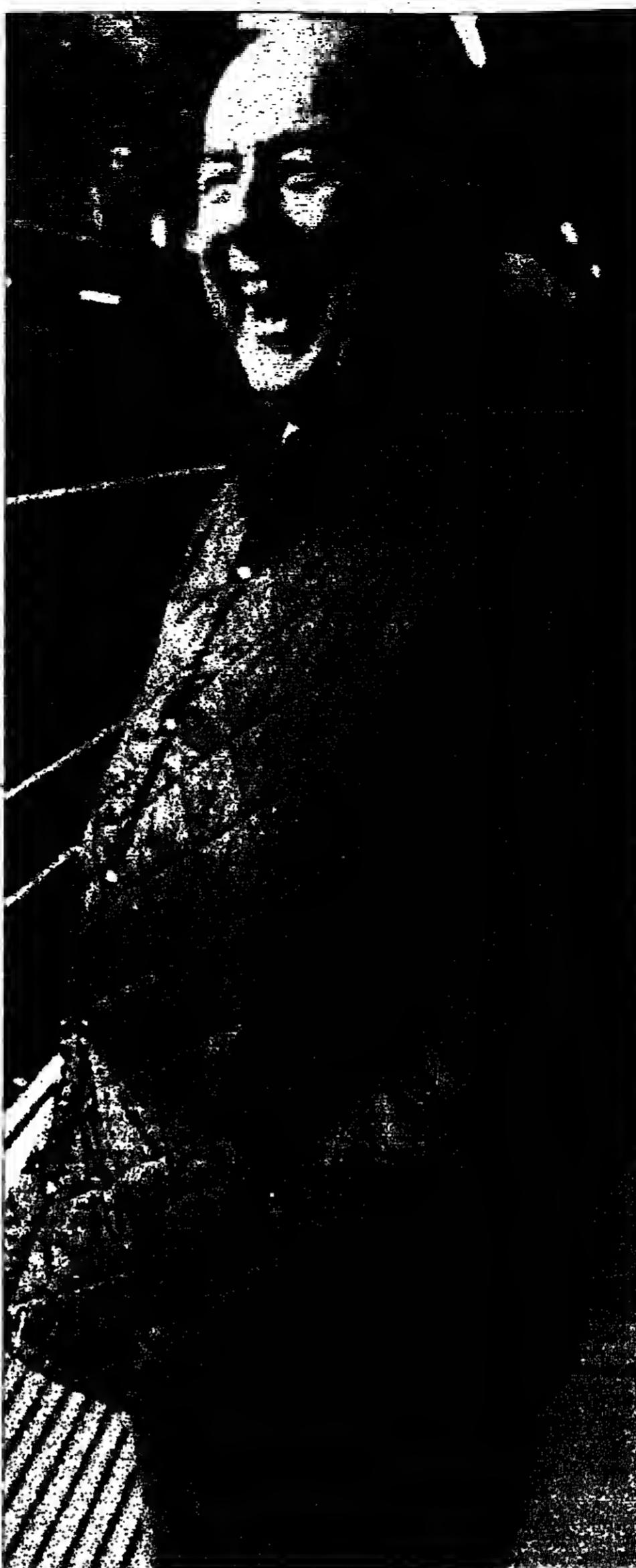
Certain aspects of Betjeman's life are beyond the scope of this volume, of course. Many letters to Mary Wilson are included, but they reveal little about this important friendship, which remains as it always was, "completely private". Mystery also shrouds Betjeman's relationship with his son, Paul, who appears to have gone to America at the earliest opportunity and remained there. "It was definitely harder for Paul to accept my parents' idiosyncrasies than it was for me," writes Lycett Green. "JB often behaved exactly in the same way to me as he did to Paul - but I took it to be the joke it was. I just told him to shut up. I don't think it was possible for my brother to do so." The only surviving letter to Paul bears bleak witness to the difficulties between father and son.

Candida Lycett Green's account of her father's increasing debility and death is almost unbearably moving. "He had a thing about going back to the pram," she writes, "and preferably being wheeled about by Myfanwy Piper." He ended up being wheeled about in a chair, and eventually died at home in his beloved Cornwall, with Elizabeth Cavendish at his side, "Stanley the cat asleep on his tummy", and his teddy bear, Archibald Ormsby Gore (archaeologist, strict Baptist, and very easily shocked), tucked under one arm.

In spite of Betjeman's private sorrows, the abiding memory most people have of him is of laughter, and there is a great deal of comedy in these letters, much of it endearingly silly in an Edward Lear-like way. His whimsical humour and his sheer exuberance have often told against him, particularly with people who assume that to be serious one has to be solemn. Nikolaus Pevsner, with whom Betjeman later had cordial relations, was initially anathematised as an exemplar of cheerless *mittel-European* scholarship. "It is no good trying to write a comprehensive, impersonal catalogue," he advised a contributor to his series of *Shelf Guides* to the counties of England. "That is already being done in Pevsner's *Buildings of England*, and does not tell you what the place is really like."

This commissioning letter is a model of its kind, as are his letters to the producers and directors of the many documentaries he made for television. "I don't think 'Tely' is an art," he wrote in 1964, "but it is good illustrated journalism and the more one can show people good buildings ... the more there is an opportunity to make people use their eyes so that they can reject the flashily modernistic with which this country is afflicted. It is all one can do." That "all" proved to be a great deal - with his infectious enthusiasm, he probably made people more aware and protective of architecture and landscape than any one else this century.

Although Lycett Green's textual editing is occasionally fussy (expanding every emphatic "v" to "very") both underestimates the intelligence of readers and holds up the onward, effervescent rush of the letters), her footnotes are both amusing and to the point, providing a wealth of additional information. Betjeman represented a very English sort of amateurism in the original and best sense of the word, and it is perfectly appropriate that this engrossing and touching book should be a labour of love rather than one of dry scholarship.



John Betjeman: endearingly silly

Photograph: Graham Wood (Hulton Deutsch)

Who's reading whom?



Christina Odone is editor of the *Catholic Herald*. Her first novel, *The Shrine*, will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in January

I've been hooked on Graham Greene ever since I read *The Heart of the Matter* when I was 21. At the moment I'm re-reading *The Quiet American*. All Greene's themes are there: fascination and horror at the trusting naivety of the Quiet American; the gnawing need

of his tough, cynical central characters to find life's spiritual dimension; and the recurrent questions: What is a good life? What is a good man? Writers today bypass big themes and concentrate on verbal pyrotechnics, but Greene pares everything down to the essentials.

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The Extremely Visible Man

Christopher Priest welcomes a new life of 'probably the most influential writer of the modern era'

Because he died before this century was half over, it's easy to neglect the idea that HG Wells is the probably most successful and influential British writer of the modern era. He has no current equivalent, and none seems likely to rise up in the next five years to take his place as pre-eminent 20th-century writer.

His achievements were immense. He had a vast popular audience for whom he spoke, who expected him to speak for them, and who of course gave him his constituency. He became the confidant and consultant of statesmen. He single-handedly created modern science fiction. He was the lover of some of the most intelligent, articulate and forceful women of the century. He wrote more than 50 notable novels, and twice as many non-fiction books and pamphlets. He inspired two generations of readers, and with his imagination gave his dreams to the world.

In spite of this, he is now remembered, outside the relatively small school of Wellsian scholarship, for much less: his early scientific romances, notably *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*; and, most likely through the medium of television, the film of *The Shape of Things to Come*. Some will recall a well-turned phrase or two ("the war that will end war" is one of his, as is "the open conspiracy"). Wells is a neglected writer and thinker these days, now that the sheer force of his personality is long gone from us. Who now settles down to read, say, *Joan and Peter*, or

HG: The History of Mr. Wells

by Michael Foot

Doubleday, £20

The Holy Terror, or Boon - and who, if reading them today, can pick up the *def* references, or appreciate the political positioning and the galumphing parades?

Michael Foot, in this own biography, quotes that Wells, to his dying day, was "a servant of truth, a champion of youth, and a man who could not live without the companionship of women". Of these, the first is paramount. Truth, and his quest for it, dogged Wells's intellectual life.

Slave to him and master of him, truth constantly dazzled his vision, especially when he tried to be true to himself. It made him into a prophetic novelist (predictions of trench warfare, tanks, the atom bomb), a brilliant historian (*The Outline of History* is his masterpiece) and a crusading if eccentric journalist. But towards the end of his life, his unyielding obsession with the truth frequently made him sound like a crank.

He was born in Kent, where Socialism was also born, and he was always happy to celebrate the association. Michael Foot begins his biography thus, using brisk and economical English of the kind we do not normally associate with his political utterances. In fact, the book is neither verbose nor divergent, and sticks remarkably well to the sound like a crank.

its theme of Wells as Socialist writer, his life examined through his books.

Wells grew up in Bromley, a cricketer and a housekeeper, later reduced to shop-holders. Throughout his childhood he was a voracious reader and his dream of the stars, but he was indentured at an early age into the dullness of drapery. He spoke in a high-pitched Cockney accent which he never completely lost. By sheer determination he got himself to Kensington Normal School, where he studied under Huxley, and soon after began not only his first love affairs but also his books. This year is the centenary of *The Time Machine*, not actually his first book but the one that broke through and made him famous, and soon enough, rich.

Other scientific romances followed, and to many people these are still his best books, but Wells was restless. In 1900 he took a step into political and social prophesying, with his book *Anticipations*, and after that he took himself much more seriously.

The particular insight Michael Foot offers is the way Wells would force an argument to express his ideas, and frequently seem thereby to be in dispute with himself. His books often came in pairs: the first would describe the perils ahead, the second would offer a prospect of overcoming the worst and moving forward beyond immediate danger. The doomsayer and the visionary were combined in Wells, a unique fusing of contradictions. In a similar way, his enlightened advocacy of

free love could be seen by cynics as a male wish to "liberate" women sexually for his own ends.

When he was travelling to discuss world affairs with Roosevelt and Stalin, his critics said that he was trying to "build a better world for the ordinary man, but treating the ordinary man as the ultimate beneficiary, not as a participant in the process".

The complexity of Wells's personality was much of what made him attractive to women. Rebecca West, who argued with him constantly about feminism, and with good reason, said in old age that she had loved him all her life and reproached herself for leaving him:

"One had, in actual fact, the luck to be young just as the most bubbling, creative mind that the sun and moon have shone upon since the days of Leonardo da Vinci was showing its form."

A similar sentiment was expressed by Orwell, who remembered "this wonderful man" who told you about the planets and the bottom of the sea, while you lived in a world of "pedants, clergymen and golfers". That relationship too was a difficult and finally bitter one. The two great writers met a couple of times, Orwell unrepentant for his earlier claim that Wells could not understand the modern world. Wells convinced that Orwell had tried to poison him with curry and fruit cake. But this was at the end of Wells's life, when the bubbling creative mind was slowing. Foot clearly loves Wells and admires his work, and the wholeness of Wells is here.

All you need to know about the books you meant to read

By Gavin Griffiths

This week:
The Sound and the Fury
by William Faulkner
(1931)

Plot: In one of the most technically adroit and emotionally overwhelming American novels of this century, Faulkner uses four viewpoints to unfold a grim story of family self-destruction.

The first three narrators are brothers and each, in turn, mourns and rages at the loss of sister Caddy who has escaped the barren existence of the family plantation in Mississippi.

Benjy Compson is the "idiot" implied by the Shakespearean title ("a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury"). He has no sense of time or narrative sequence and his fragmented version of events shimmers with sensuous unhappiness: only the name "Caddy" brings him solace.

The second section moves from the present (1928) to Quentin Compson's last day alive, 18 years earlier. A buttoned-up Harvard freshman with a passion for order, his mechanical language expresses with neurotic precision his repressed incestuous desire for his sister. His yearnings are aggravated by her sexual promiscuity. Unable to return to an innocent past, he arrests time by drowning himself in the river.

Returning to the present, the mean-spirited voice of Jason Compson snaps its way through paragraphs of self-pity and recrimination. Like his brothers, he has never escaped the ossifying influence of his parents. Father Compson is a nihilistic drunk who twists his children to his emotional needs, Mrs Compson expends her energy cultivating minor ailments and brooding over the remnants of her respectability. Jason's response is to turn his spite on the departed Caddy and her abandoned daughter.

The final section is shared between an impersonal narrator and the black servant, Dilsey, whose ability to love unconditionally and to endure without complaint lifts her "above the fallen ruins of the family".

Style: Four "styles" recreate the mental pulses of the four different narrators, but underneath Faulkner cannot hide his natural prose which, like Hardy's, gains both strength and integrity from its awkward stabs at lyricism.

Theme: Faulkner called it "a dark story of madness and hatred". Peripherally, a demonstration of the Old South's desire to destroy itself, it is essentially a polyphonic dirge bewailing lovelessness. The iron grip of the parents cripples all the children: Benjy needs Caddy as he needs sunlight and water; Quentin needs to possess her and extinguish the flame of her personality; Jason needs to revenge himself on his parents by destroying her daughter. Caddy, before her final sad escape, seeks love in pointless sexual liaisons. All through the novel, the shifting viewpoints enforce a sense of intense claustrophobia.

Chief strengths: As the fog of Benjy's monologue dissipates and the stark geometry of the story clarifies, Faulkner's vision has the numbing momentum of Artic tragedy. He achieves the sort of universality in Mississippi that Hardy managed in Wessex.

Chief weakness: Although the indirect presentation of Caddy is artful, she is conceived a little too sentimentally as a "natural innocent".

What they thought of it then: Faulkner had difficulty appealing to a public that enjoyed the more straightforward nostalgia of Wolfe and Fitzgerald.

What we think of it now: Faulkner is admired in the States and in France. In Britain, he is associated with white colonnaded Southern mansions, with wistaria on the outside and hysteria within.

Responsible for: Turning the Deep South into an industrial plant for literature: Flannery O'Connor, Tennessee Williams and Eudora Welty owe Faulkner a hefty debt of gratitude.

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A voyage on the gong-tormented sea

Jan Morris finds the glitter and glory of Byzantium brought to life in a 'tumultuous' history

OCity, city, eye of all cities, cried the chronicler Nicetas Choniates in agony, contemplating the sack of Constantinople in 1204. "Thou has drunk to the dregs the cup of the anger of the Lord". A lament less heartfelt runs all through this elegy for the civilization, the third and final volume of Lord Norwich's noble history of Byzantium. The book is full of pity and regret, is infused with a kind of worldly tenderness; and ends in a display of tragic glory when at last, on Tuesday, 29 May 1453, the Muslims storm the walls of Constantinople and put an end to it all – an end, in the author's view, to "the most spiritually-oriented temporal state the Christian world has ever known".

Not that the book is a gloomy read. Anybody who has ridden with Norwich through his previous tumultuous volumes will remount with pleasure for this last hack home. The pace is easy as always, and as we pass among the spectacularly varied scenes of war, intrigue, theological debate, marital kerfuffle, sacrifice, revenge, blazing anhidoos and lordly pride, our guide calms our passions with an infinity of curious asides and grace notes. It is history of an old school, gentlemanly kind – no gimmicks, no show-off vocabulary, just a grand story told with true grandeur.

The narrative is unashamedly partisan. Lord

Norwich vehemently disagrees with Edmund

Gibbon about the nature of Byzantium ("base and despicable"), partly because he considers it a genuinely holy organism, but chiefly perhaps because he so loves its art, its architecture and its learned culture – he believes the Anastasis fresco in the church of St Saviour in Chora in Istanbul to be "perhaps the supreme masterpiece of all Christian art". During the four centuries covered by this volume, the Byzantine Empire was almost incessantly under attack, from fellow-Christians as from infidels. I very soon fell into the author's habit of cheering on the Byzantines. The Muslims don't sound so bad, but the vulgar forces of the Catholic west, with their greedy half-literate princes and their arrogant Popes, storm and squabble down the generations like a pack of street-thugs.

I simply, of course, The drama of Byzantium's decline is nightmarishly complex, with its constantly shifting cast of Bulgarians, Angevins, Seljuks, Germans, Bogomils, Pechenegs, Catalans, Turks, Sicilians, Mongols and hairy comods. Norwich simply presents us with the facts, logically, chrono logically, together with maps, genealogical tables and an apparently never-flagging zest. He can be forgiven for lifting, now and then, substantial chunks from his previous major histories of Venice and Norman Sicily: the wonder is that he manages to lead us through these historical tangles without ever once, not for a moment, being a bore.

Even the esoteric theological differences

Byzantium: the Decline and Fall

by John Julius Norwich

Viking, £25

which so disastrously divided eastern and western Christianity are explained with clarity and patience: the *filoque* controversy, for instance, concerned with the question of whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from both the Father and the Son, or from the Father only; or still more obscurely, the matter of the Hesychasts, and whether they could in fact, by techniques of meditation, see for themselves the divine light of the Transfiguration. In less fastidious hands these disputes could be incomprehensible or preposterous. Norwich makes of them interesting matters of politics as of faith.

Mind you, just occasionally the convolutions really are rather comical. I was nagged by a feeling of *déjà vu* when I read the footnote on page 263 warning us that the city of Magnesia mentioned in the text was "not Magnesia ad Sipylum, the modern town of Manisa near Izmir, but Magnesia on the Meander, some thirty kilometres east of Kusadası: until I remembered a note in one of Beachcomber's columns years ago to the effect that the M'Ho Ho mentioned in a Colonial Office report was not the M'Ho Ho near Zumzum, but the M'Ho Ho near Wodgi.

Lord Norwich will not resent the reference. His tragic story is enlivened everywhere with humour and surprise. Besides the towering figures at the centre of the narrative, the Emperors, the scholars, the theologians, the generals, a host of fascinating lesser characters is sighted along the way. There is Bolkan the Zuphan of Rascia. There is Hunyadi the Voyevod of Transylvania. There is the unfortunate princess Adelaide of Brunswick-Grubenhagen, brought all the way to Constantinople, poor soul, to wed the future Andronicus III, and conclusively dismissed as "a German lady of insufferable daintiness". Fifty-eight men called John compile the index of this book, including nine Emperors, four Popes, three Tsars, five Patriarchs, two Despots, an ex-King of Jerusalem and John the Bastard of Thessaloniki.

But however amused and intrigued he is himself by this wild profusion, Norwich never loses sight of his great theme. We know from the start that Byzantium is doomed. For 400 years the Byzantines struggle to survive, harassed on all sides by Christians and Muslims alike, sometimes achieving victories, sometimes postponing disasters, but irretrievably weakening down the generations. The spectacle suggests the slow sinking of some mighty and indomitable battleship, fighting to the last, flaming to the dark as her magazines explode, her steering falls and the shells fall like waterspouts all about her. Cynics might say that nothing so became

Byzantium as its fall the 55 days of heroic resistance to the Sultan Mehmet II which ended with the last of the Emperors, Constantine IX, disappearing for ever from the battle as from history. "Byzantine" has become a word more often pejorative than admiring, and the notion of Constantinople as a heroic bulwark of Christian values is generally familiar only to the Greeks – to this day Tuesday is an unlucky day throughout the Hellenic world. Lord Norwich has taken upon himself to straighten the record, and to give the martyrdom of Byzantium its proper place in European history.

What he has done too, for me anyway, is to translate a dream into literary substance. The idea of Byzantium has haunted the western imagination for generations, but for most of us it has been hardly more than a drifting fantasy – a lovely arch or a lyrical mosaic, a daze of Klimt, a snatch of Yeats. Norwich's great trilogy has dispersed ooze of this magic, but has given it humanity too. Mehmet the Conqueror and Khaireddin the Torch of the Faith, the Palaeologus and the Hesychasts, in these pages we recognize them as fallible human beings after all, just like you and me.

Well, a hell like you and me...

Above: the Anastasis fresco in the church of St Saviour in Chora, Istanbul, 'perhaps the supreme masterpiece of all Christian art'

Putting new skin on original sin

Jerome Burne considers a comprehensive attack on the fundamental doctrines of Freud

This is a very superior demolition job. It's like going backstage after being held in thrall by a particularly elaborate gothic opera. The dramatic personae – Dora, Anna O, Frau Emmy and the rest whose case histories put flesh on Freud's theories – are not quite what they seemed out front. Carefully and relentlessly, Webster introduces previously ignored evidence to show that Freud's catch-all category of hysteria was a misdiagnosis for conditions as various as temporal lobe epilepsy, Tourette's syndrome and rheumatism. Not only that, but none of them was actually cured – Anna O, for instance, the "founding case of psychoanalysis", ended her life in a sanatorium, an addict and as disturbed as ever.

The imposing sets turn out to be lashed-up jobs. The theory of dreams is full of holes – why do we need to have elaborate repression mechanisms to disguise sex when we dream about intercourse all the time? – while the Oedipus complex is upside down: in real life it is the children who are at risk from the incestuous desires of the adults. As for the director, his professional behaviour was appalling – rushing into print with claims about cures, both with cocaine and via analysis, that he knew to be totally untrue. Not to mention producing the most ludicrous plots – masturbation as a form of neurological poison and babies, faeces and the penis being all one as far as the Unconscious is concerned.

If this is just what has been visible our front, the backstage machinery makes Heath Robinson look like a candidate for the design museum. Take Wilhelm Fliess, the one-time confidant and collaborator whose bizarre theories of links between genital problems and the nose – the cure was to snort cocaine – have always been something of an embarrassment. Psychoanalytic supporters gloss over him as an aberration but Web-



Why Freud Was Wrong:
Sin, Science and Psychoanalysis
by Richard Webster
HarperCollins, £25

ster shows how Fliess's pseudo-scientific theories – the cosmos explained in terms of the numbers 23 and 28 and so on – used just the same sort of infinitely flexible definitions and unsupported speculations that were such a distinguishing feature of Freud's own system.

Webster does a masterly job of weaving together a number of the recent revisionist accounts of Freud's work, most of which concentrate on a particular aspect, into a damning indictment. But this is only the beginning. Webster's sights are set on an even bigger target. His next step is to show how, far from being a radical and rational account of the wellspring of human behaviour, the central Freudian idea was very old-fashioned Judaeo-Christian theology dressed up in new medical and technical clothes.

What Freud actually did was to re-

Acid from the tree of life

A new study of Darwinian theory strenuously defends the great evolutionist. By Ray Monk

Sigmund Freud: wrong

Imagine an acid so corrosive that it could eat through absolutely anything. What would you keep it in? Glass bottles and steel containers would be no more use than paper bags are to hold water. And, if you came across a dollop of this "universal acid", imagine what a trail of destruction it would leave in its wake. Such a substance would present an enormous problem: nothing would be safe from it. Perhaps in time, it might destroy the entire world.

Such is Daniel Dennett's central metaphor for Charles Darwin's "dangerous idea" of evolution by natural selection. "Bearing an unmistakable likeness to universal acid", he writes, Darwin's idea "eats through just about every traditional concept, and leaves in its wake a revolutionized world-view, with most of the old landmarks still recognizable, but transformed in fundamental ways".

Not that Dennett is appalled by this prospect; on the contrary, he celebrates it. For, unlike the fantasy of a universal acid, Darwin's dangerous idea is, he believes, demonstrably and unavoidably true. The danger it brings, then, is something we will just have to put up with, and what it destroys we will have to learn to live without. This includes not only the Biblical story of creation, but all idea of a personal God, all non-natural notions of aesthetic and ethical value, and even any conception of human mind, human consciousness or human agency that is incompatible with the assumption of natural selection as the fundamental explanation for the "tree of life" in all its variations.

It is a self-consciously hard-line view, and one Dennett defends with all the considerable rhetorical power (and even charm) at his disposal. He writes well and can turn a phrase better than most contemporary philosophers. Moreover, he explains the often difficult issues



Charles Darwin: right

Darwin's Dangerous Idea: Evolution and the Meanings of Life
By Daniel C Dennett
Allen Lane, £25

involved with a determination to be as clear as possible, which gives him a distinct advantage over his rivals. Against this, however, is the fact that the view he is advancing is one to which many people have a deep-seated revulsion. "Reductionism" is, to many, a dirty word, and the writers Dennett attacks – the zoologist Stephen Jay Gould, the physicist Roger Penrose, and the linguist Noam Chomsky – have found a large and receptive audience for their works precisely because they seem to offer, in one form or another, a non-reductionist view of the human mind, one that sees us as something more than the outcome of a set of blind, meaningless steps on the evolutionary path.

As Dennett realizes, he has his work cut out to convince us that nothing these – and other – writers have said makes any kind of dent in Darwinian orthodoxy.

He felt compelled to make the attempt, however, because he found that his own work on the philosophy of mind – which marries Darwinian evolution to cognitive science to produce a thorough-going materialist version of Darwinianism – had, many felt, had been discredited. Irritated at being regarded as insufficiently up-to-date, Dennett decided to meet the challenge head-on and refute, one by one, the views that try to "contain" Darwin's idea in order to safeguard something – our minds, our language, life's rich variety, or whatever – from its corrosiveness. In this way, the book might be regarded as a massive footnote to his earlier *Consciousness Explained*, one designed to ward off this powerful source of objections to his materialist theory.

In other hands, this might have been a rather tiresome exercise in polemical axe-grinding, but through a lively style, the use of inventive metaphors and the odd personal revelation, Daniel Dennett, for the most part at least, keeps his readers engaged and potentially sympathetic to his cause.

As a piece of popular rhetoric, the book's chief flaw is that its driest and most difficult passages are near the beginning, where Dennett explains his conception of natural selection as a series of "algorithmic processes", mechanical, step-by-step procedures of the sort of which a computer programme is made. He probably lingers too long on this occasion for most people's taste, and not long enough on the reflections of the "meanings of life" promised in the book's subtitle. "Is something sacred?" he concludes by asking. "Yes, say I with Nietzsche. I could not pray to it, but I can stand in affirmation of its magnificence. The world is sacred." Let's hope that Daniel Dennett will in time provide another massive footnote, explaining what he means by this remark.

Watery draught of Vichy

Brian Moore's late fiction is anorexically insubstantial. By Christopher Hawtree

Contrary to popular belief, a reviewer prefers not to have wasted his time. How much better it would be if one could recommend that you rush out and buy Brian Moore's new novel, rather than that you catch up with the rest of his output. To those who know Moore's fascinating, sometimes elliptical early novels, there might be a residual curiosity in observing his persistence with the sparsely-told, unballasted thrillers which began four novels back. *The Colour of Blood* was effective enough, and *Lies of Silence* certainly kept one reading, even if it has largely vanished from the memory, as fast as did *No Other Life*.

With *The Statement*, we are taken to another thinly-detailed locale, this time France and the sinister aftermath of Vichy collaboration, something which government and Church alike find it convenient both to deny and to perpetuate. Alas, such chicanery

The Statement
by Brian Moore
Bloomsbury, £14.99

leaves one indifferent, for its agents are no more substantial than the mere initials allotted to hunter and hunted. In these pages, the man responsible for the massacre of Jews is no more real than a Klaus Barbie doll. How much more thrilling, how much more electrically there was to Moore's prose, when he did not set out to thrill.

One can pick out almost any of his novels as an instance of this. Even a lesser work, such as *Cold Heaven*, which turns upon a corpse reaching out, Hammer-like, for its wristwatch, manages to offer some metaphysical speculation upon miracle and reality as well as having great sport with the

contemporary clergy (never has golf been so sinful). Even better was *The Great Victorian Collection*, which that connoisseur of dreams, Graham Greene, read several times. Brief as it is, the myriad objects (replica? fake?) which a minor academic dreams into existence outside his Carmel motel, make for a farce which finds the space for greed, ambition, deceit, adultery: a shimmering view of the American scene, and more. Above all it achieves a novelist's most difficult task: the reader's immediate suspension of disbelief. America, and Canada, perhaps, find Moore at his best, as in the first-person narrative of *I Am Mary Dume*, whose deceptively Cosmo-style opening is transformed into a searing account of the Upper East Side ladies who lunch, the mundane enlarging upon itself, by way of psychoanalysis and sex, to form an empty well of horror.

These novels linger on the shelves, drawing one back, but it is difficult to say that much about *The Statement*. Here are such stock elements as a truculent café-owner, with a hint of Gorden Kaye about him, and exploding motor-cars. All this is offset by the occasional meditation along the lines of: "If I die tonight will I be forgiven? Will God balance the things I did to save France from the Jew communists against my sins: women, the friends I betrayed, the hold-ups, the frauds?"

Alas, so perfumy a narrative cannot bear these weighty, troubling considerations. Moore appears to be working against his own, variegated grain. It's difficult to resist the suspicion that he has been as ill-advised by his controllers in persisting in this vein as he was to pose for a cover photograph in a gaudy raincoat. Presumably, the intention is Maigret or Harry Lime; the effect is that of a man about to pull it open.

Darkness between the sheets

Harlem Renaissance author Dorothy West published her first novel in 1948. This is her second. By Marianne Brace

A small girl is missing. But no one in the crowd connects her with the child nearby, who is clearly lost. They know the missing infant comes from a coloured district, while this one is blonde and blue-eyed. Feeling foolish and embarrassed, someone finally asks the girl whether she is coloured. She says: "I don't know, she said after thinking it over, because she didn't." Shelby is born of a hundred years of inter-racial couplings, beginning with masters siring children on their slaves. Her own great-grandmother, Gram, is a nonagenarian Southern belle, living with coloured descendants who look white.

Dorothy West's *The Wedding* is set in 1953, in the Oval area of Martha's Vineyard. This is home to smart coloured-society, and no family is smarter than the Coles.

The Wedding
by Dorothy West
Abacus, £9.99

It's their daughter, the now grown-up Shelby, who is about to marry. Colour here is a social barometer, but the nuances of race are so subtle that the uninitiated "sometimes wasted an entire summer licking the wrong boot". Characters shade from honey through butternut to "black". Light skin tones are proof of good breeding, but secretly everyone craves something darker between the sheets.

The Wedding recalls Eudora Welty's *Delta Wedding*. The writers are absolute contemporaries – West was born one year before Welty in 1908. But in the prepara-

tions for Dabney's nuptials, Welty shows us the white South defeated but still beautiful while West lets us see what happened to its slaves once they were free. Like Dabney, Shelby is marrying an outsider – in her case a white jazz musician – causing minor shock waves to ripple through the black bourgeoisie. The embittered Gram has high hopes of this union, dreaming of a pure bloodline and burial in a whites-only cemetery. However, Shelby's mother feels her daughter is marrying beneath her; Shelby's adulterous father believes that because of him his daughter cannot trust any coloured man; sister Liz thinks the virginal Shelby fears sex a dark man symbolises.

Flashbacks trace the Coles family history from its genesis in euphoria and despair. The ex-slaves work to better themselves;

the impoverished whites struggle to survive. Gram's daughter knows that "marriage to a man who could feed her was her only escape ... The men with money were white trash; who had robbed the aristocrats of their sovereignty, and she would rather marry a coloured man who knew he was dirt beneath her feet".

Despite its big themes, this quiet novel never quite reaches epic proportions – though it has many of the characteristics of epic. It ends in tragedy and reconciliation, and also in something like wish-fulfilment: "Colour was a false distinction; love was not." There are many enjoyable insights into a world where washerwomen and cooks spawn professors and doctors. But West holds the reader at a distance, offering an invitation to a wedding we hear about rather than see.



Simian, purse-lipped, stabble-chinned and by some way the coolest man in mid-Sixties New York, Lou Reed of the Velvet Underground gazes at the world with a stoned, empathetic innocence in the pages of "The Velvet Years: Warhol's Factory 1965-67", a collection of photographs by Stephen Shore, a not-especially-talented lensman who was nonetheless allowed to sit in on the avant garde hangings and frolings at No 231, East 47th Street, where Andy Warhol and his crew of sol-distant superstars yelped and

twittered and made terrible movies and some great music. The faces will be familiar to Warhol fans – John Cale, Edie Sedgwick, Nico, Paul Morrissey; some of the adventures recounted by the participants less so. Like the way the Velvets' drummer Maureen ("Moe") Tucker was invited to type out Warhol's novel, *A: A Novel* for \$50 a week, but refused to type the word "fuck". "Oh Moe, you're not typing the curse words," said Andy petulantly. They were, they discovered, both Catholics.

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Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst



Starcarbon by Ellen Gilchrist (Faber, £6.99)

Ellen Gilchrist's women live the American dream to the max. When they're not screwing cowboys, they're visiting therapists; when they're not snacking on fried chicken, they're drowning their talent in Chivas Regal. Gilchrist's latest update on the lives of the Manning and Hand families is a ride through familiar territory, but it lacks some of the edge which, in her previous books, made her such an astute chronicler of the rich bitch.



A Period of Adjustment by Dirk Bogarde (Penguin, £5.99)

As the author is almost a fictional character himself, it's hard not to read a Dirk Bogart novel without picturing him in the leading role. In this, his fifth novel, he appears as William Cadicott, an upright Englishman who, when faced with the death of his youngest brother from Aids and his own imminent divorce, falls in love. The resulting drama is played out against a suitably charming backdrop of Provengal farmhouses and Riviera hotels.



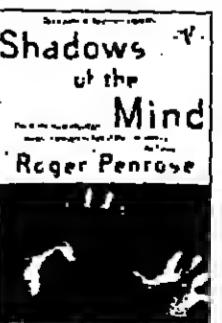
Virginia Woolf by James King (Penguin, £9.99)

The greatest achievement of Virginia Woolf's life, according to this sympathetic biography, was to stay alive as long as she did. Each day was a battle for survival, and she felt more confident writing her books than living her life. Her favourite topics – the destructiveness of men, the burdens of the past, and the fragility of life – not only cheered her up, but bought her enough time to become what she always wanted to be ... the Grand Old Woman of English Letters.



Unsent Letters by Malcolm Bradbury (Penguin, £6.99)

Mannered epistolary squibs, whose forced humour (eg "The Golden Bowl" by Henry James) is reminiscent of *Punch* at its creakiest. Bradbury's choice of targets – academic conferences, foreign researchers – is tired, and his tone annoyingly superior. Autobiographical fragments, such as making the front row ill by nervously twiddling with the gas tape when lecturing in a science hall, hint at the book that might have been.



Shadows of the Mind by Roger Penrose (Vintage, £7.99)

Hawking's Law of Scientific Bestsellers (sales halve for every equation included) is boldly ignored by his fellow mathematician. The first indigestible chunk of algebra occurs on page 28 and it soon gets worse. This work on the gulf between mind and computer makes scant concession to the non-scientist. And Penrose allows a distressing number of exclamation marks to escape from his formulae into his prose.

Escapes

INDEPENDENT WEEKEND | SATURDAY 7 OCTOBER 1995

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country

INSIDE STORIES

Be brutal

My garden is a jungle. What should I do? Anna Pavord advises page 10

Get hip

As worn in *Pulp Fiction*: six of the best hipster trousers page 13



Go east

Off the beaten track in the former Soviet Union pages 18 and 19

Change gear

You can buy a supercar for under £20,000 page 21

Get out

Our regular guide to places to go and things to see this weekend pages 14 and 15



A little local trouble

A weekly round-up of rural rumpuses

Plans for a new town in the East Devon countryside are being strongly opposed by local councillors. The county council proposes a town of 3,000 homes at a location thought to be at Broadclyst, outside Exeter. Their plan is in line with government proposals for 99,000 new dwellings in the county between 1991 and 2011, to accommodate people moving to the country and Exeter commuters. East Devon Council, and local conservation groups, believe only 79,999 homes are needed, which would avoid the need for the new town.

An elderly couple at Branscombe, Devon, had a lucky escape this week when a bullock tumbled down a cliff and crashed into the wall of their chalet. Charles and Doreen Jordan were watching TV when the cow smashed into the wall, dislodging the bath. The animal then ricocheted on to the beach, where it was found unharmed.

The trouble with trees

Droughts, gales, pollution... they can survive all these. The big enemy of British trees is tidy-minded humans, says Oliver Rackham

One of the great summers of the century has drawn to a glorious close. It leaves behind, on Britain's wild trees, a profusion of fruit seen only once or twice in a human lifetime. Oaks and beeches hang heavy with acorns and beech-nuts; crab-apple, sloe, chestnut and the rare service and wild pear bend beneath their burdens; hawthorn and rowan blaze with crimson and scarlet, hazels have so many nuts that the grey squirrels have not yet devoured them all. What has become of the woes, natural and man-made, that have afflicted trees in this century?

These woes make a long catalogue. In the 1920s drought and caterpillar plagues so ravaged oaks that it was predicted the oak had no future in Britain. Elm disease ravaged elms in the 1930s. Foresters in the 1950s thought it their duty to exterminate ancient woodland and replace it with planted trees. Farmers were encouraged to grub out woods and hedges. Elm disease struck again in the 1970s. Next came the great drought of 1975-76 and others in the 1980s, along with rumours of deterioration from acid rain. The great storms of 1987 and 1990 were followed by cleaning-up operations more destructive than the storms themselves.

Not all these are new – the Victorians grubbed out woods and were worried about air pollution and Dutch elm disease – but the 20th century has unquestionably been more destructive.

Are matters worse in 1995? After one of the four great droughts of the century, the trees that are chiefly suffering are recently planted ones, which have not rebuilt their roots after being dug up; also beeches and sycamores, most of which are planted trees put in the wrong place. Among oaks, the great dieback of the 1920s was not repeated in the 1970s; although some oaks have fared badly in dry years since, 1995 looks like being a good year.

Many storm-damaged woods – where not subsequently ravaged by tidy-up – are full of horizontal trees which have now got used to the new direction of gravity and will be objects of wonder and delight for centuries to come. Trees whose tops were broken in 1987 have fared better in subsequent droughts than intact trees. Green walls of young elm again border elm-lined lanes; elm disease still smoulders on, but regrowth is usually gaining on it. Ancient woods, which 20 years ago I said were irretrievably wrecked by replanting, have come back to life as the original trees recover from felling and poisoning.

Acid rain has done many evils: nearly 400 years ago it was recognised as dissolving Old St Paul's Cathedral. But I doubt whether it has killed any trees in Britain since the decline of heavy oil as a domestic fuel 30 years ago. Nor is it

doing hidden damage: if it were, foresters would be complaining that annual rings were getting narrower year by year, which is not happening. Trees in the last century withstood air pollution more severe than any that occurs now. Studies on lichens show that rain in polluted areas has been getting steadily less acid. Epping Forest is now less polluted than when Battersea and Bankside power stations breathed fire and brimstone and steam locomotives puffed into Liverpool Street Station.

Much of the trouble lies not in the trees themselves but in people's expectations of them. The myth has got about that the countryside is a mere artefact, decorated with posts with leaves that come from garden centres, are stuck into holes in the ground, and last for a definite length of time before they succumb to "old age". Trees are not allowed to be themselves, living things each with its own agenda in life. They are expected to conform to the destinies that people foist upon them, and to the standards of appearance which people invent for them.

Writers define in advance what they consider to be a healthy tree. They decide that the normal state of any tree (unlike people or cats) is perfect health. When trees fail to live up to this standard, they claim that there is a problem, invent a cause and demand a remedy. The reality is that trees are mysterious beings that we can never fully understand. They are not immortal; they flourish from no known cause and often die unpredictably.

Many complaints about trees' condition concern trees that have been planted, rather than growing naturally. Every planted tree has been dug up and moved to a different site: a drastic operation from which it may never have recovered. Disproportionately many trees broken or uprooted in storms were the result of planting earlier this century – like the seven oaks of Sevenoaks, planted in 1902.

People who plant trees inevitably put many of them where nature did not intend that sort of tree to grow. When beeches wither on Cheshire chalklands, Monterey pines topple in Cornwall, or Sitka spruce languish in Lincolnshire lime woods, these are examples of nature getting her way.

I do not want to be complacent, but remind readers that trees are living things and often resist the assaults of nature and mankind. Human intervention can be counter-productive; trees often do not like having money spent on them. Tidiness is the enemy of young and old trees: the young are swept away under the name of "scrub", and the old are burnt as "unsightly" or suffering "disease".

We should not assume that by planting trees we shall recreate for the future the qualities we value in the trees of the present. Planted trees tend to be boringly identical and to lack the irregularities –



Despite the drought, 1995 has been a good year for oaks, like this one in Hatfield Forest, Hertfordshire

Photograph: Brian Harris

mossy crooked boughs, corkscrew trunks, hurls, holes – which make up the personality of trees, their beauty and value as a habitat.

In the 1970s the European Union introduced a regulation that young trees sold commercially had to come from certified sources. Everyone buying an oak or ash has to have one that is expected to grow into what foresters then regarded as a good timber tree, irrespective of whether that is what the buyer wants. Much of the significance of oaks and ashes is that they are different, and it is time this regulation was repealed.

Ancient trees have traditionally been preserved in English parks as objects of beauty, veneration and delight. And they are something more: the home of creatures ranging from owls to rare beetles to rare lichens to mistletoe. They are irre-

placeable: 10,000 200-year-old oaks are not a substitute for a single 500-year-old oak. The tidy-minded Continentals have swept away nearly all their ancient trees, and we should continue to cherish ours and to resist our own periodic fits of tidy-mindedness. We also have a duty to cherish trees in late middle age, such as oaks 250 years old, which will be the ancient trees of the future. Parks and avenues

should grow and develop, not be set back periodically to what they are thought to have looked like when new.

The writer is the author of *The Illustrated History of the Countryside* (£25, Weidenfeld), which won the Sir Peter Kent Conservation Award and the Natural World Conservation Book prize.

'Blinding yellow-white, the nearest of the pots are within arm's reach, yet they are in another world'



DUFF
HART-DAVIS

have always thought of potters as true country people. The clay they mould is the stuff from which we spring, and to which we must return, and contact with it puts them close to the roots of creation.

So it is with Alan Caiger-Smith, who not only has a show on in London, but also has just published an account of his own career and craft. The book describes how he founded a pottery in Aldermaston, Berkshire, in 1955, and how for nearly 40 years he struggled not only to keep afloat commercially, but also to master new techniques with which he became obsessed.

Appropriately enough, the pottery was housed in an 18th-century building made of soft red brick, itself baked clay. The working area was permanently coated in pale clay dust, and a rickety wooden staircase led up to the showroom – a treasure-chamber full of brilliantly coloured pots, bowls, mugs and jugs ranged on shelves that disappeared far into the shadows.

A small, wiry man, Mr Caiger-Smith lives in an ancient farmhouse close to the River Kennet, and his book reveals the joy he finds in working with his hands, whether throwing a pot, painting a bowl or merely splitting willow logs, which long experience has shown him are best for firing the kiln.

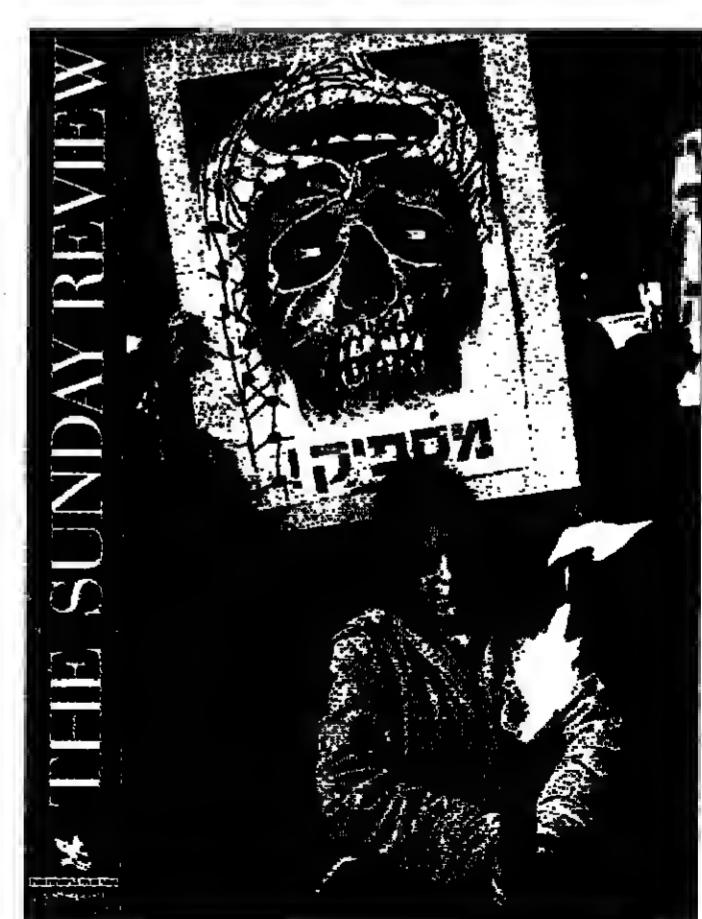
His description of firings reads like a chapter from a thriller. The process begins at 4am, and the heat in the kiln builds steadily over the next 15 hours or so as logs are fed into it faster and faster by a team of stokers. "However often you have fired the kiln before," he writes, "you can't help being amazed that logs of wood could generate such a dense mass of heat held in by tons of glowing bricks with the pots out blinding yellow-white in the midst of it. The nearest of them are in arm's reach, yet they are in another world."

In a lifelong quest for ideas about techniques, Mr Caiger-Smith travelled to Egypt, Spain, Morocco, and far into the past in pursuit of authors such as Cavalier Cipriano Picolpasso, who wrote authoritative treatises on the potter's art 400 years ago. Only in the matter of his own teaching does he not come clean. He will say that over the years he learnt from his ever-changing team of half-a-dozen assistants, that he was their inspiration.

He is at his best when considering the creative process. He describes potters not as creators but as "makers", who know that "their ideas are not absolutely their own, but are brought about by some interchange between their minds and a source beyond their control". To him, every act of making is "a reverberation of the great wind" which has moved through the universe since the beginning of time.

How agreeable, how rewarding, to spend time in the company of someone so practical, so good with his hands, and yet so articulate about the mysterious forces that have made him a master of his craft.

'Pottery, People and Time', £28 from Richard Dennis Publications, Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset TA19 0LE. The show is at the Richard Dennis Gallery, 144 Kensington Church Street, London W8 4BN (0171-727 2061), until 14 October.



The world's holiest city is also its most divided. As Israel celebrates the 3,000th anniversary of King David's capture of Jerusalem, Abbas's photographs capture the soul of "a golden basin full of scorpions"

Plus: why anorexia is spreading among the under-10s

And a tyrant on trial: Hastings Banda interviewed

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

gardening



Janis Leggott has grown most of the trees in her garden from pips. Now she finds it hard to throw any of them out. "I do like a crowded garden but I want it a bit more organised"

Photograph: Glynn Griffiths

CUTTINGS



The *Electoral Reform Society* recently released the result of the Royal Horticultural Society's members' ballot on the future of the Society's famous Lindley Library. The ballot attracted four times as many voters as had ever before voted an opinion on an RHS resolution. The idea of moving the entire library to Wisley, the scheme originally mooted by the Society's president, Sir Simon Hornby, came last in the ballot, attracting 2909 votes, 18 per cent of the total. Members have been surprised therefore to find that in the stop press report on the ballot in the October issue of the members' journal *The Gardener*, the Wisley option had apparently acquired an extra thousand phantom votes. The figure that appears there is 3909. "An unfortunate printers' error" said an RHS spokesman. Of the 16,000 votes cast, 52 per cent were in favour of libraries in London and Wisley, with all the historic, rare books and pictures remaining in London and a more practical scientific collection being built up at Wisley. Thirty per cent voted in favour of the entire collection remaining in London.

More news on the loquat front, Eric Thorpe of Birchington in Kent writes to say that 15 years ago he bought some yellow, plum-like fruit in Andorra. "The chef at our hotel said they were *reine*, but since this translates as medlar, he was clearly mistaken. The chestnut-like seed has produced a 12-13ft tree which last year had a bunch of inconspicuous blossom. About a month ago, I pruned a large branch which revealed a cluster of three yellow fruit, then ripe. Our unusually mild spring might have led to fertilisation of the blossom. We live in a fairly frost-free coastal area, but are subject to cold north-east winds."

This week, John Coke of Green Farm Plants, Bentley, Farnham, Surrey, has been holding an end of season sale of choice and rare herbaceous plants, small shrubs and half hardy salvias. Today is the last day (10am to 6pm) and plants are at a 30 per cent discount. The nursery is not easy to find: if lost, call 01420 23202.

Candra Mogg of Miserden writes to say that the iron gate I liked so much in the garden at Miserden Park, Gloucestershire (*Independent*, 5 August) was made by a local blacksmith, Michael Roberts of Anvil Barn, Miserden. Any one who would like to commission something similar, call 01285 821244.

Too much of a good thing

WORKSHOP Janis Leggott has a small backyard garden that is out of control. Anna Pavord offers advice

We have a very small back yard which needs rationalising. We kept adding plants without much thought and now everything seems overgrown and in the wrong place.

At the moment we have the following trees, mostly growing in pots and mostly grown from seeds or cuttings: 2 pomegranates (1ft and 2ft), 4 oaks (about 2ft), 3 Leyland cypresses (1ft to 3ft), 2 lemon or orange (3ft), 2 holly (6ft), blue fir (1ft), Christmas tree (1ft), wild cherry (3ft), apple (2ft), laburnum (2ft), flame tree (3ft), jacaranda (2ft), date palm (1ft), loquat (6ft), 2 small leaved box (2ft), 2 large leaved box (2ft).

The back of the yard faces north and the whole yard is overlooked by another house sideways on. In the winter there is no sun at all. We've made three beds and in the back bed are two roses, 'Albertine' and 'Mme Alfred Carrière', which I can't seem to get under control.

Earlier this year we put up some trellis on a west wall where we have another rose, 'Masquerade' and a Clematis montana 'Grandiflora' which is running amok. We also have a pieris, a passion flower, honeysuckle, a large peony, two spiraea, a golden rod, some hebes, lavender, and so on.

The yard measures about 18ft x 20ft. It seems a lot of plants for something that size, but I do like a crowded garden. I just want it a bit more organised."

When, with a proud sense of parenthood, you have watched a plant right the way through the happy stage to its sixth or seventh birthday, it is very difficult to bin it. This is the crux of Janis Leggott's problem. She can scarcely pass an apple core in the street without scooping up the pips to sow at home. As she explains in her letter, the loquat, apple, date, citrus which stay out all winter, pomegranates and cherry were all grown from pips. The pomegranate came home with her from a holiday in Majorca. The citrus trees, beautiful healthy specimens with not a trace of sooty mould, came from her mother, who is also an inveterate pip sower. The disease is catching.

Added to this problem of temperature is another more tangible one: the clematis. It is not so much growing as galloping. It has inundated itself up on the west trellis in such a way that it now overhangs the border underneath and practically obliterates the planting there. It has bolted around to the back wall too, where it has happily tangled with the two roses that Ms Leggott mentioned, making them impossible to prune and causing, there too, a vast overhang of growth. Two big clumps of nerines underneath are swamped and sulking.

Taking things out of a garden is as important as putting things in. Ms Leggott had correctly identified her problem: she's drowning in growth. That's better than the other way around. "Start with the clematis," I advised, feeling that

she would find it easier to be brutal with a plant that she had bought, rather than raised herself from a cutting. By choosing a type of clematis that is a rampant grower, Ms Leggott has added to her difficulties. The clematis needs to be shown that it can go so far and so further.

The stopping point should be just where the border starts on the east-facing wall. Any clematis growth that strays over this unwritten frontier ought to be chopped off. There is plenty of room for it to grow the other way, where concrete comes right up to the boundary and tendrils can hang down from the trellis without causing havoc underneath.

This will free up the back boundary for some necessary attention. It's impossible to get in to work on the roses at the moment because of the web of new growths. Standing there like an ostrich with my head buried in the green, I could see that there was quite a lot of dead rose wood that needed cutting out. The new growths of the rose were either waving high up in the air above the boundary wall, or were falling forward into the yard, getting in the way of everything else. If the roses are to stay, they have to be brought to heel and stuck flat against the wall. They at least, though, will only need pruning and tying in once a year.

"Albertine" is a rambler. This means that you should treat it like a raspberry, cutting out old growths at ground level each year and tying in the new growth in its place. This new growth should be springing from ground level too. But because ground level had become a dark and murky place, this wasn't happening with Ms Leggott's 'Albertine'. The new shoots were breaking at the top of the wall – the only place where they felt they could find light and air. There were just two old stems at the base. One of them needs to be cut out. I would leave this until January and then cut down the second old stem after the rose had flowered, which it does in early summer.

The growths were badly mildewed, characteristic of 'Albertine' and not made any better by the fact that it is growing here against the wall. Mildew is less of a problem where wind can blow through a rose, as it might do on an arch or other open structure. But Ms Leggott thought the flowers worth the mildew and did not intend to tie herself to a spraying routine. I agree. To control mildew, always worse in dry summers than damp ones, you need to spray at two-weekly intervals from May until October. That is a boring chore. But I would think hard about introducing so disease-prone a rose as 'Albertine' into a small garden where every plant is necessarily seen in close-up.

But what about the forest that Ms Leggott had mentioned in her letter: the oaks, the jacaranda, the fir, the apple, the bollies, the Leyland cypresses, all grown from nothing, all watched over anxiously for years and years? Outsiders are often curiously blind to the merits of one's own children. But the four oaks, bravely growing in five-inch pots, need to be somewhere where they can spread their wings. So do the five conifers and the cherry and the apple. Take them to a charity plant sale. I suggested. That way they may find a more suitable home and help some good cause at the same time. The plants would not have been raised in vain.

That still left a fine picture, the two citrus, pomegranate, a yew (not mentioned in the letter) and four box trees clustered together on the concrete (the base of an old air raid shelter) in the middle of the yard. Two of the box trees and the yew could be clipped into good topiary pieces and kept in pots at a manageable four feet tall. But three pieces of topiary would be enough. The other two box bushes might also go off to a plant sale.

With these gone and an axe taken to the tall gangling broom that was the original proud occupant of Ms Leggott's first tentative little bed, made about ten years ago, you would be better able to see the stars of the garden – the magnificent citrus trees, the jacaranda grown from seed brought back by a friend from Zimbabwe, the fine pieris untrammelled by excess baggage. But there are many people who would not mind having Ms Leggott's problem, which is not that she cannot grow things, but that she grows them too well.

WEEKEND WORK

When leaves start to fall, stretch netting over garden ponds to catch them – an easier proposition than trying to fish out decomposing masses of vegetation in spring.

Lift dahlia tubers when

the first frosts hit the plants. There has already been stiff frost in the Inverness area of Scotland. Cut off the blackened stems and leave the tubers to dry in the open air for a day before cleaning off loose soil and storing. Dust-

ing with flowers of sulphur stops tubers going mouldy. The simplest way is to put tubers and sulphur in a polythene bag and shake gently. In an ideal world, daffodils for naturalising in grass would have been planted in September. The recent rains have at last made the ground slightly more malleable. Deep yellow "Golden Harvest", creamy white "Mount Hood" and the pinkish "Mrs RO Backhouse" are all good starters.

Blue *puschkinia* will also naturalise successfully. *Puschkinia* are like small bluebells, about six inches high, and flourish in sun or half shade. They bloom between March and May. They would be lost in long grass, so try edges of lawns, rockeries or on the margins of mixed borders.

Weeds are growing fast in earth that is still warm. Bury them by mulching thickly with compost, or cut them off with a sharp hoe. Watch out for bindweed amongst permanent plantings of shrubs or between soft fruit such as raspberries and blackcurrants. Glyphosate kills it, but you may need to persevere with more than one application.

Clean out greenhouses, scrubbing them inside and out with a disinfectant that will shift pests that thought they had winter board and lodging there. Cleaning the glass helps plants inside to get as much light as possible through winter. Scrape moss gently away from greenhouse roofs. It often collects alongside glazing bars.

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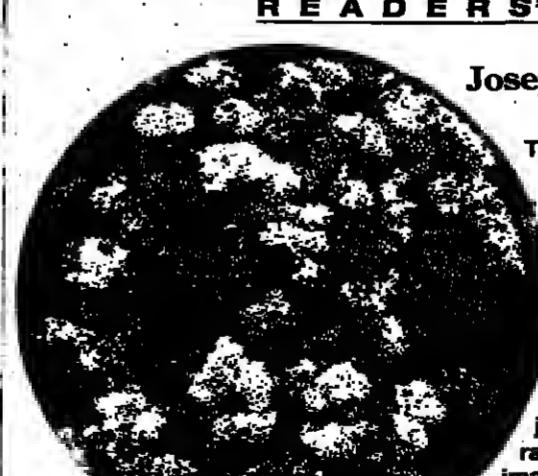
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Climatic

Flat owners beware: a grumpy freeholder can be big trouble

By Anne Spackman



Extending their badly worded lease proved both expensive and stressful for Alison Vickers and her husband, Tim Wainwright

Photograph: John Lawrence

A new acronym is about to emerge kicking and screaming into the property world. Carla – the Campaign Against Residential Leasehold Abuse – is being born out of the anger and frustration felt by flat owners towards their landlords. The Leasehold Reform Act became law two years ago, but some landlords are using it as a stick with which to beat their leaseholders.

It goes like this. You are the owner of a flat where the freeholder charges exorbitant prices for repairs and slaps on a 12 per cent fee. When you complain he sends you a solicitor's letter and adds the cost of that to your bill. Now you decide to use the leasehold enfranchisement process to be rid of him. You employ a surveyor to value your freehold and write to inform your landlord that you are starting enfranchisement proceedings. You might then expect a period of difficult negotiations leading to a settlement in the leasehold valuation tribunal. But the chain of events could be far more unpleasant. You may be informed that the freeholder is about to embark on repairs costing as

much as £100,000. The sum might wipe out the funds for the freehold purchase.

For a year, the *Los Angeles Times* has received the threatening Section 146 notice. This is the point at which flat owners must band together fast. Free-

owners must band together fast. Freeholders are increasingly using this tactic, according to lawyers, surveyors and advisers who specialise in leasehold property. It is expected to be highlighted in the annual report of the

lighted in the annual report of the Leasehold Enfranchisement Advisory Service, due to be published this week.

The biggest threat for the leaseholders is that if they refuse to co-operate with the works, the freeholder may start proceedings to forfeit their lease. Once that has happened, the individual cannot take part in an enfranchisement action unless he or she applies to a court. In addition the freeholder's solicitor usually threatens to inform the mortgage company as well.

Tim Curran is a surveyor specialising in leasehold reform work and is the author and publisher of the manual *Buying Your Freehold or Extending Your Lease*. He has analysed eight enfranchisement cases and found the average

cost of buying the freehold is £763 per flat. The cases include converted houses in suburban London, Brighton and

in suburban London, Brighton and Bournemouth.

works best in small blocks, where the tenants are genuinely committed. Two-thirds of those involved in the enfranchisement process live in blocks of six flats or less.

David Marcus, a leading property lawyer with Franks Charlesly, is acting for a number of people who are alleging their landlords have instigated expensive building works so that the tenants will not have enough money to pay for the freehold. He says: "The issuing of a Section 146 notice does not prevent you putting in a claim to enfranchise, but you must do it before the Section 146 notice expires. That means you have to move fast."

But where do you turn for advice? Few solicitors and surveyors have genuine expertise in the leasehold laws. Peter Haler of the Leasehold Advisory Service says: "Not a day goes by in which we don't take a call from a solicitor or surveyor who has taken on a case

and doesn't know how to do it.

Mr Haier says more and more people are applying to buy their freehold, encouraged by the first batch of cases settled under the new act. One growing group of applicants consists of residents of sheltered or retirement housing schemes, where the service charge is often a bone of contention. The first such case, due to be heard in Birmingham on 16 October, involves the Coniston Grange development in Kenilworth, where elderly residents have had their lift closed down and their emergency alarms switched off in a long-running dispute with the freeholder.

Tim Curran says one effect of the Leasehold Reform Act has been to make prospective flat owners study their leases more carefully. Most first-time buyers are questioning any lease with less than 90 years to run. Almost all those applying for lease extensions

years, which was also badly worded, made the flat virtually unsellable. They asked Mr Curran to negotiate with their freeholder – the Borough of Hammersmith and Fulham – and ended up paying £5,500 for the extension. The fees rose as a result of the rewording of the lease and the fact that they had to pay their purchaser's legal costs. "If you can get the whole thing sorted out before you are trying to sell," says Tim Wainwright. "We were somewhat naïve. Now we're renting and it's bliss."

Now we're renting and it's bliss."

The Department of the Environment has commissioned research into the operation of the new leasehold reform laws. In the meantime, aggrieved leaseholders may turn to Carla in the hope that there is strength in numbers. Those contemplating buying a flat might well adopt the motto, look before you lease.

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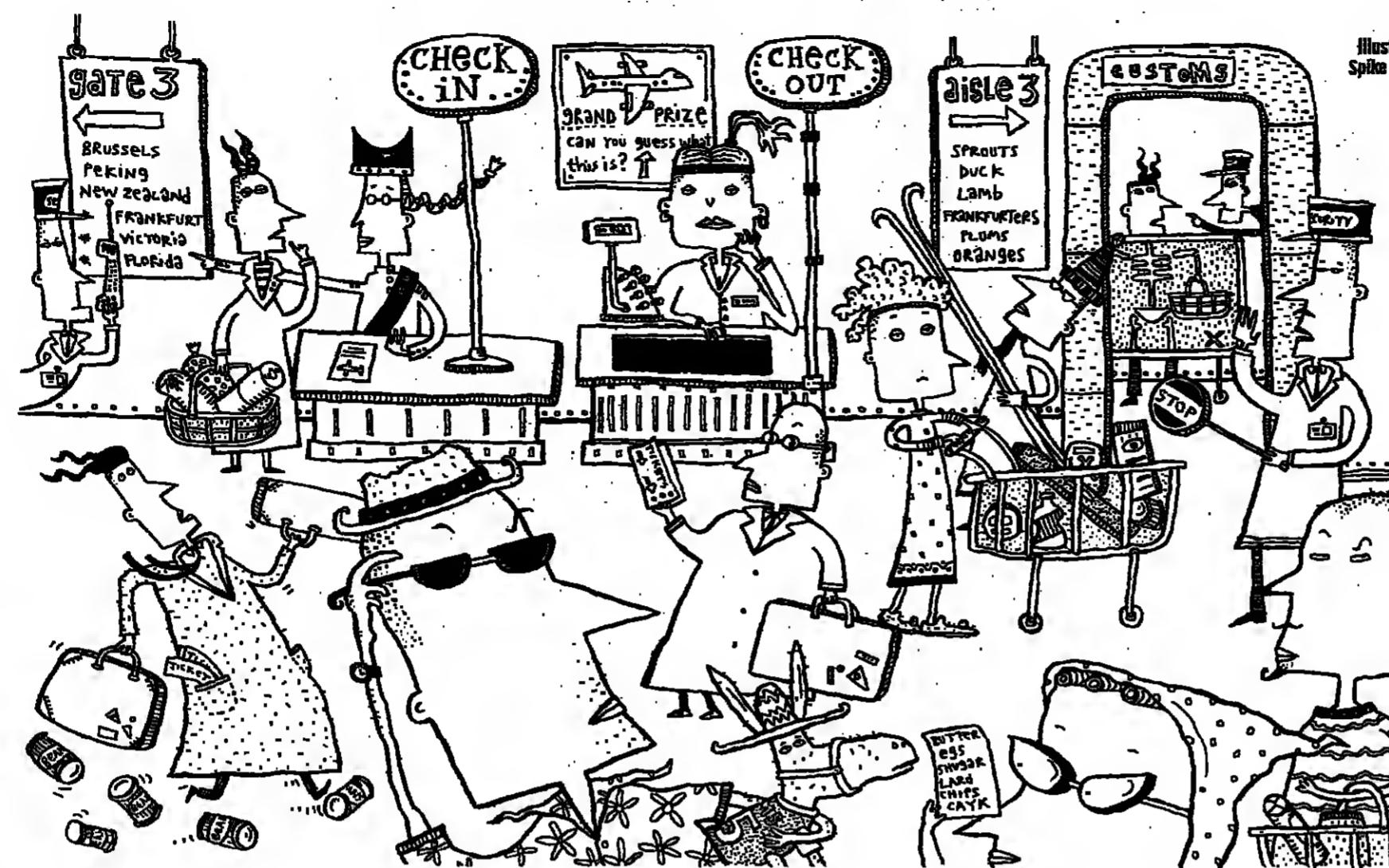


Illustration: Spike Correll

Six of the best hipsters

1 Joseph, £99
The stretch suede-effect camel trousers are beautiful to the touch, and a good shape. Sure to be a winner with those currently obsessed with all things camel. From Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London SW1, and Joseph branches at 77 Fulham Road, SW3, and 26 Sloane Street, London SW1

2 Whistles, £130
Fake fur prints are another big theme for our autumn/winter wardrobes. These dalmatian-print tights look as if they once belonged to Jimi Hendrix and have a truly foxy edge. They are lined for extra comfort and have a side zip. From Whistles, 27 Sloane Square, London SW1 and branches. Enquiries on 0171-730 9819

3 Gucci, £215
The zip of these stretch hipsters is barely longer than an inch so there is a danger of revealing just a little too much. The acetate/viscose fabric is nicely delicate, but likely to snag. From Gucci, 33 Old Bond Street, London W1 and 18 Sloane Street, SW1. Enquiries on 0171-629 2716.

4 Agnès B, £82
When Uma Thurman did the twist with John Travolta in *Pulp Fiction* her strides were by Agnès B. Reaso enough to buy these: with front zip, two pockets and side vents at the ankles. Not as low slung as the others featured. From Agnès B, 235 Westbourne Grove, London W11 and 35-36 Floral Street, WC2

5 Red or Dead, £51
Not your everyday trousers, unless you are a motorbike courier, or someone seriously into clubbing. They zip up at the back and the leg is tapered with quilting down the sides. Also available in white. From branches of Red or Dead nationwide. Enquiries on 0171-937 3137

6 Kookai, £69.99
These have a boyish appeal, but are possibly too stretchy: every lump and hump is on display. They're made from a polyester/wool/Lycra mix. A matching jacket is also available for those who want that ultra hip manly suit. From branches of Kookai nationwide. Enquiries on 0171-937 4411

Check out? I've only just checked in

Heathrow has ways of making you shop. By Simon Calder

You, like me, probably go to airports to catch a plane. But Sir John Egan, Chief Executive of BAA, would like us to go to Heathrow for our shopping. His company makes more out of retail concessions than it does out of providing for cosy aeroplanes. This week he unveiled the latest shopping mall-with-a-runway-attached, the new International Departures Louge at Heathrow's Terminal One.

And impressive it is. Going shopping "airside" is not your normal Saturday shopping experience, since you need an air ticket, a passport and a once-over by security to reach it. But when you get through, the scene is comfortably reassuring - big, bright, busy, and indistinguishable from a hundred other shopping malls. With barely a plane to be seen, the main clue that this is an airport is the low price of cigarettes.

Airside has long been an over-indulger's paradise. Since the first duty-free shop opened in Shannon in the west of Ireland to cater for transatlantic travellers, the smoking, drinking, perfume-splashing passenger has been able to fill those long operational delays with cut-price shopping. From Biggin Hill to Buenos Aires and Stansted to Sydney, the shopping flyer or

should that be the flying shopper?) is blessed with opportunities.

Shannon's duty-free is still there, selling Baileys' Irish Cream by the crate to blearily-eyed Russians; Aeroflot's planes are among the few that still need to refuel for the transatlantic hop. But at Britain's airports, targeting the bargain-hunting shopper has become an exercise in retailing science. The marketing begins on the tube or train to the airport, with reminders about how much you can save compared with the High Street price. And in case you miss all the chances to buy before you fly, the airline is sure to wheel the trolley down the aircraft aisle with all those untaxed goodies. Airtours, Britain's second-biggest tour operator, is even offering pre-purchase of duty-free: book your bottle of scotch when you reserve your flight in the sun.

The eagerness of airports and airlines is all to do with the huge profits to be made. Stripped of duty, the base price of a carton of 200 cigarettes is around £3. Sell them for £13, and the punter still makes an unhealthy saving on the normal price, while you make a killing - and none of those troublesome health warnings, either.

But Brussels is looming on the horizon. EU legislation should see the ending of

duty-free concessions within Europe by the end of the century, and with it the whirl of windfall profits. So Sir John and his retailing organisation - sorry, airport operating company - aims to diversify the shopping mix, away from the traditional booze'n'bags beano towards more mainstream retailers. At Terminal One, you can buy boots from Clarks and Clorets from Boots. Selfridges competes with Liberty and The Scotch House (selling clothing, oot whisky, though if you want the latter then Whiskies of the World is the newly opened place for you, with 240 varieties). There's also a new "Beauty Centre", for pre-flight pedicures. It all adds to the choice for the traveller with time and money to spare. For those who are late for the Frankfurt flight, the retail arena may seem another hurdle to leap. But Sir John says the new shops are a boon rather than an impediment for the business traveller. "We've given the businessman his Saturday morning back. He can buy his shirts and his shoes and his ties here, and not have to waste his time oot Saturday morning going to the High Street."

The High Street could also lose out if local people start regarding airports as out-of-town shopping malls, and switch their custom to the ever-increasing number of

shops "landsidé" (i.e. before passport control). But attracting people to these stores is a trickier proposition, and not just because duty and VAT are levied. Why battle with suitcase-brandishing travellers when all you want is a quiet Mooday morning shop? Why pay the high rates charged for airport car parks? And why risk the onset of envy as you realise that all these people are heading for Kampala or Kiev while your oot trip is back to the kitchen?

My experiment to see if I could shop sensibly at Heathrow was oot a huge success. To try to buy your essentials at the airport is a bit like going shopping in Moscow used to be: a retail lottery that you always seem to lose. The only part of the airport with anything like the range of "normal" shops is the first-floor corridor between Terminals One and Two. Besides a dry-cleaners and a closed-down branch of Magics, the thinly stocked Circle C minimarket is the closest you get to real retailing life. This week's bargain is Yeoman lager at 44p a can - undercutting the cheapest beer in duty-free, but not quite an enticement to abandon Hounslow High Street. Yet perhaps the peculiar attraction that airports hold will help Sir John's missioo: you can't go plane-spotting at the average Arndale Centre.

WILL HEATHROW TEMPT THE SHOPPERS OF HOUNSLOW AWAY FROM THE HIGH STREET?



HARRIET HOVANESSIAN



PHYLLIS LAWRENCE



KIRTI KUMAR



MARJOLEIN BOS

"I wouldn't have thought the airport's got much to offer in terms of shopping facilities. If it had something Hounslow hasn't got, like a really fabulous supermarket, then yes I would probably go there."

"No, I wouldn't go there, no. We've always shopped here, it's just convenient. At the moment it'd be hard to get anyone to come here (the high street's being dug up), but when it's all sorted out it'll be good."

"The shopping facilities here are excellent, but at the airport not everything is available. And here in Hounslow the market means there's so much competition that prices are low."

"I'm an air hostess so I'm at the airport many times, and I don't think the shopping is as good as it is here. I sometimes go shopping at Heathrow, but the choice is better here. The best place in the world for shopping is the States, it's much cheaper than England."

Photographer: Andrew Lamb. Stylist: Charlie Harrington



Well-heeled Europeans will be ploughing through Old Masters in Baden-Baden, Germany, this week, in what Sotheby's claims as the biggest fine art auction in living memory. The Margrave of Baden, cousin of Prince Charles, is selling 25,000 heirlooms - paintings, furniture, ceramics, silver, textiles - crammed until now into all 105 rooms and corridors of the Neues Schloss, one of the family's three castles. The 15-day sale, until Saturday 21 October, is expected to raise £13m.

The House of Baden is selling its family silver because of a decline in the engineering and forestry industries, that made it rich. Meanwhile, to London, impoverished Brits have a chance to pick up cheap tribal art from former colonies that made Britain rich.

The current Africa '95 season of events and exhibitions has sparked a new interest in tribal art. If prices are to rise, then Christie's South Kensington's bi-annual minor sale, Tuesday (10.30am), should see some competitive edge. But it may be some time before the new wave

of interest raises prices across the board. A Nigerian Benin cast, brass Queen Mother head is in the sale without estimate - which means that less than £100 is expected. (It is their Queen Mother, by the way, not ours: she wears a conical beaded cap).

Such castings were made by the "lost wax" method, in which the narrow cavity vacated by molten wax is filled with molten brass. An example dating from 1500 or earlier is expected to fetch £60,000-£80,000 at Christie's bi-annual major tribal art sale in December. Why the difference in value? South Keo's Queen Mum head is the product of a Benin craft revival that began supplying the western art market in the Fifties. It is not regarded as pukka tribal art but "airport art", a reference to airport souvenir shops.

American collectors, who provide more than 60 per cent of the Lodon auction income from tribal art, will not touch such things. Which is good news for British collectors. There are some wonderful things for sale.

A big, confident Nigerian Gomai pottery vessel with

oaked female on the shoulder, probably made in the Forties or Fifties and expected to fetch £400-£500. Two Peruvian pots of the Chimú people, who flourished AD1200-1400, are without estimate, as is a North American Indian head "glengarry" or smoking hat, probably made for Victorian travellers.

Christie's third annual sale of German and Austrian art is on Wednesday (2pm) and seems to have become one of the season's fixtures. Nowadays, museums are eager to fill gaps in their German Expressionist collections while they are still cheaper than their French equivalents. Last year's sale produced artists' records for Schmidt-Rottluff, Liebermann, Jawlensky, Corinth and Kirchner.

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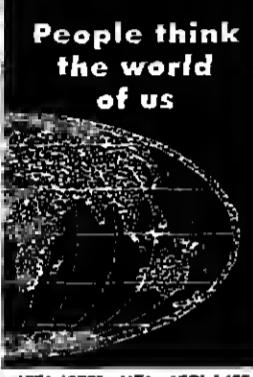
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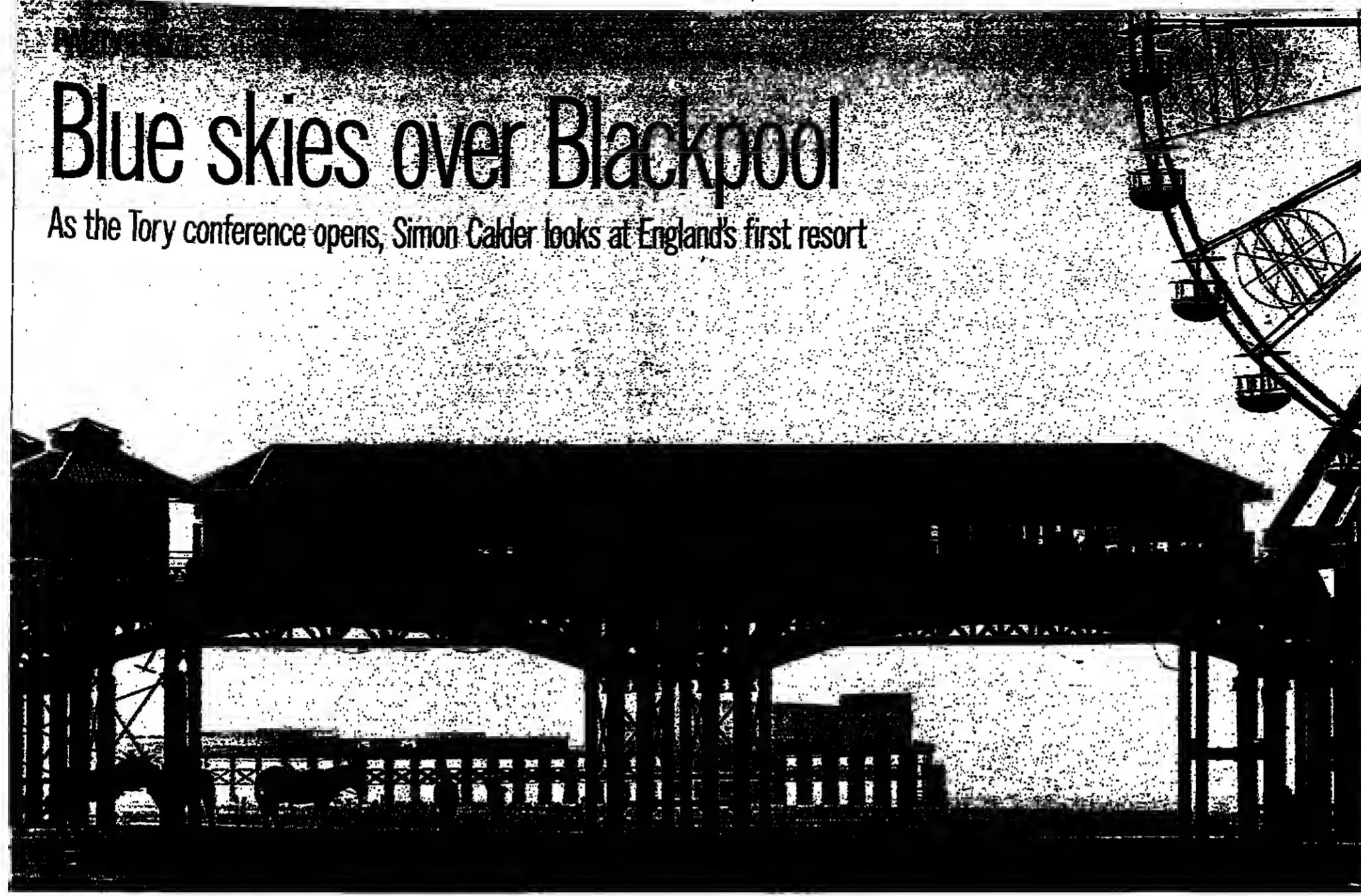
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Blue skies over Blackpool

As the Tory conference opens, Simon Calder looks at England's first resort



One face of Blackpool's seaside entertainment – as archaic as Labour's 1983 manifesto, but the town also offers plenty of hi-tech pleasures

Photograph: Edward Webb

Cross-dressing, intrigue at number 10 and an acceleration in the rate of descent: these are some of the things that Conservative delegates can look forward to as they assemble in Blackpool this weekend. The first thing you see, as you approach the Lancashire resort across the flat Fylde peninsula, is the tip of the Tower.

But much more impressive than Blackpool's midget Eiffel is the spectacular tangle of metalwork next door. The Pepsi Max Big One is claimed to be the world's largest and fastest roller-coaster, and its absurd angles and scarlet swirls of steel dominate the skyline. Politicians wishing to experience that sinking feeling should trudge through the amusements at the Pleasure Beach, past fine old timber roller-coasters that look as archaic as Labour's 1983 election manifesto. Like that document, traditional entertainment has fallen victim to Nineties' techno-glamour. Candidates for the Big One stump up a deposit of £3.50 and are funnelled through futuristic tubes and loaded into rocket-like cars (sit on the back benches

for the best view, as well as advance warning of each twist and turn that awaits you).

The next three minutes are tougher than a John Humphries interview on the *Today* programme. First you are winched tortuously slowly to the 235-foot-high summit, before a succession of unlikely g-forces grab you and drag you downwards at 85mph. After the initial plunge, you rebound upwards faster than you can say "opinion poll", and go on a hair-raising tour that seems to take you around half the town before depositing you again in a quivering heap.

A more sedate ride can be procured for as little as 70p on one of the town's trams. Last weekend, the world's first electric street tramway celebrated its 110th birthday. These creakily charming vehicles have stayed on the rails through every U-turn in transport policy. While the rest of Britain was ripping up tram tracks, Blackpool was exploring every design possibility in electric traction. So today you can ride on an open-air tram, a double-decker, and even an illuminated tram – which this year is

sponsored by the North West Lancashire Health Authority.

The trams rattle along a seafront that is Thatcherism run wild. The Golden Mile came into being at the end of the 19th century, when the traders were turned off the beach and moved into the gardens of houses on the Promenade. Unrestrained market forces led to the creation of a sticky strip of vendors, selling candy floss, rock and the ultimate Blackpool cliché: the kiss-me-quick hat.

A move towards sophistication has seen part of the Promenade subtitled Ocean Boulevard (watch out California), but since July last year most attention has been focussed on the huge hangar of a building just across the road.

Number 10 is looking a little shaky. It is the last stop on the 90-minute orbit around the World of Coronation Street, Blackpool's newest attraction. Hilda Ogden's trio of flying ducks draw you into a orgy of nostalgia about Britain's best-loved soap opera. Even those who shun the serial in favour of *Westminster Live* and *Panorama* will enjoy the tale of how a terrace

in Salford became a national addiction. Sound-and-vision bites are augmented by appearances: life-size holograms of Jack and Vera and Elsie Tanner ("The Street's Scarlet Woman") – and they don't mean socialist) materialise before you. The running commentary by Ken Barlow and Rita Sullivan is as patronising as any party political broadcast. But inside the wobbly exterior of number 10 Coronation Street, the Kabin newsagency, your dream of appearing in the programme can come true. Stand against a true blue background, and the wonders of colour separation overlay let you take part in a scene from the serial. Your speaking part is edited in, your name added to the credits and £10 prised easily from your party funds for the souvenir video.

Blackpool will put on its own show at 6.25 tonight, and every evening until Guy Fawkes' Night. Tory luminaries will find the Promenade blocked by thousands of lightseers on a six-mile stretch of seafront. The profits of Norweb, the privatised regional electricity company, will be boosted by £60,000. The cost of what is officially Britain's biggest tourist attraction is offset by sponsorship: this year, Carlisle's very own trucking legend Eddie Stobart has paid for fibre-glass models of his trucks to be up in lights.

The Secretary of State for National Heritage may wish to celebrate Blackpool's tourism ascendancy, but Virginia Bottomley may be less impressed by the pinnacle of the resort's nightlife. Not Little and Large, nor the blue banter of Roy "Chubby" Brown, but Funny Girls on Queen Street. Even when the Tories aren't in town, it is hard to pick the men from the girls in this riotous club. The theory and practice of transvestism is the theme at Funny Girls, and all the staff from the cabaret artistes to the glass collector are men in drag. The show outrages until 11pm every night, and this week its regular clientele of thrill-seekers will be boosted by a marginal constituency of journalists and politicians, seeking to make the most of their stay and getting thoroughly exhausted in the process. To paraphrase the late Harold Wilson, a week can be a long time in Blackpool.

TRAILS OF THE UNEXPECTED

More than just a football team and railway junction. Welcome to Watford

Who in their right mind would want to visit Watford? The traffic system is a nightmare, for a start, and the town hardly sounds a place to see the best of Britain. Yet this old Hertfordshire market town has Tudor almshouses, a superb park, one of the finest of all Victorian churches and – not least – was the birthplace of the Fig Tree Legend.

Catch a train to Watford Junction, which is easy because of the frequency of the service. Leave by the main entrance and turn up Clarendon Road. This was originally fronted by Victorian villas, a few of which survive, sandwiched between gaudy office buildings.

At the top, covering beside the orbital nightmare that is the inner ring road, is Beechen Grove Baptist church. Recent refurbishment means that its vivid red-brick exterior of 1877 causes unsuspecting pedestrians to leap in surprise. Cross the road and admire the Palace Theatre, a testament to Edwardian showmanship. Opened in 1908 as a music hall, it has played host to such stars as Little Tich, Marie Lloyd, Stan Laurel and even a young Charlie Chaplin.

Turn left down the high street and stroll past two excellent bank buildings, first a Lloyds of 1889 and then an Edwin Lutyens gem for the



How to get there

Watford Junction station has direct connections from London Euston, Milton Keynes, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Why you should go in the next fortnight

The Watford Artslink Festival begins today and runs until 22 October.

Watford's most famous supporter, Elton John.

Retrace your steps and just past King Street turn left towards the parish church of St Mary's. Facing it are two beauties: the old Free School of 1704, built for "the teaching of 40 poor boys and 14 poor girls of Watford in good literature and manners" and the Bedford almshouses of 1580.

By the south-east corner of the church is a tomb which gave birth to the Fig Tree Legend. The story goes that a wealthy woman was determined to prove there was no God. She ordered seeds to be placed in her coffin on the understanding that if no tree grew after her death, then God was indeed dead. A fig tree duly sprouted, which for many years attracted sightseers. Shame to ruin a good story but the tree, in fact,

Who to ask

The town does not have a tourist information centre. You can call the local council on 01923 226400, extension 2940, or ring the East Anglia Tourist Board on 01473 822922.

To tour the Church of Holy Rood

Call Father Bernard on 01923 224085 for details.

sprang out of the church vault. And it did not survive the severe winter of 1963.

Leave the church, averting your eyes from the hideous car park, and walk up Exchange Road. At the junction with Market Street is the wonderful Church of the Holy Rood – if it wasn't in unfashionable Watford it would be under permanent siege by tourists. The inside takes your breath away. It was designed by J F Bentley, the architect responsible for Westminster Cathedral. He was fortunate to be working here for a rich local benefactor, Mr Holland – a man so wealthy that he had his own personal railway station.

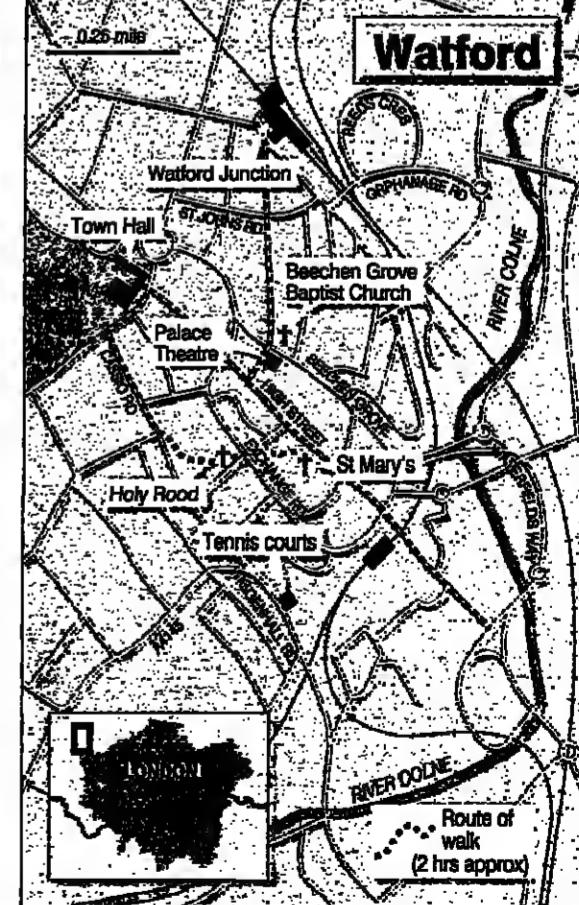
Holy Rood was officially opened in 1890 and Bentley continued working on it until his death in 1902. The detail, colouring and craftsmanship

offer a sensuous feast for the eye: the vaulting in the chapel and baptistery, the marble and tiles by the altar, the elegant light fittings. Nothing was skimped – not even the squirrel at the foot of the pulpit.

After such bravura, a period of repose is needed. Meander through the side streets and into Cassiobury Park. For centuries the grounds were home to the Earls of Essex who had enough clout to stop the railway coming through their property – which is why the line between London and Birmingham curves gently around Watford. The earl's Cassiobury House was pulled down in 1927 but the park was spared.

Leaving the park, stroll up Rickmansworth Road. On the left is the Peace Memorial Hospital, a neo-Georgian building, now empty, like the subway towards what is effectively the top end of the High Street. It is difficult to believe that the pond in front of you was once frequented by horse and cattle. Pass underneath the flyover which bizarrely crosses over the high street and on the right is the final delight, a grouping of Elizabethan timber-frame houses now occupied by a jeweller. On the left is Clarendon Road and the way to the station.

Andrew Davies



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Snow's up
By Chris Gill
skiing correspondent

In a season when many British skiers are going to find existence in an Alpine ski resort painfully expensive because of the continuing slide of the pound against the Austrian, French and Swiss currencies, the question of where to ski on the cheap assumes wider importance.

Anyone who keeps an eye on exchange rates (or who studies brochure prices) will be aware that Italy, in contrast, has become cheaper. But there is no doubt that for rock-bottom prices, you need to head east.

Bulgaria and Romania have a worthwhile edge over other budget destinations – on average, a one-week package in a three-star hotel is likely to be £50 to £90 cheaper than Andorra or a cheap Italian resort. But it's the on-the-spot prices that are strikingly low. Lift passes in eastern Europe work out at around £50 to £60 a week, against £80 to £90 in Italy and £100 to £140 elsewhere in the Alps. Ski school, too, is cheaper than elsewhere – although precise comparison is complicated by variations in hours of tuition. Equipment hire, curiously, is not cheaper than in a cheap Italian resort.

Day-to-day incidental expenses are low, too; but not as low as they once were – it appears that locals have realised they can jack up prices without losing business. This is particularly true in *après-ski* bars and nightclubs. You may find beer at 50p a bottle, but it's more likely to be £1 to £2.

Apart from prices, there is another factor at work: there isn't a lot to spend your money on. Mountain restaurants are best viewed as pit stops for rehydration and sustenance; the range of food is limited and the quality low, though many visitors seem to find the appallingly primitive loo the main drawback. *Après-ski* expenditure is likely to be limited to straightforward drinks. Ruinous early-evening tours of patisseries and clothes shops are not a problem.

The most popular resorts are Poiana Brasov in Romania and Borovets and Pamporovo in Bulgaria. None offers very extensive or difficult skiing, none offers much to do other than ski, and all rely heavily on low cost to attract custom from the West; but there are differences between them.

Poiana Brasov consists of hotels dotted around a spacious wooded plateau, and little else. The ski area is very limited, and the lifts hardly adequate, even in low season (weekend queues are serious). But the locals are friendly, and tuition is good.

Borovets is similar, but has more of a village feel, partly because there are bars and restaurants dotted around – there is quite a lot of *après-ski* action. The ski area is eastern Europe's biggest, although with only 40km of pistes it is smaller than practically any area you will find in the Alps; and it is almost all of intermediate difficulty.

Pamporovo is smaller, quieter and less commercialised. Its ski area is about half the size, and practically all easy.

Eastern Europe sounds a good bet for family holidays. Some of the resorts, too, suit people with small children; the nursery at Borovets' Hotel Rila gets good reports. Far outweighing these considerations, to my mind, is the sad fact that medical facilities in Bulgaria and Romania are as primitive as the restaurants and the loos. I personally wouldn't want to expose my kids to the risk of being hospitalised in Brasov.

So, is it the people, the light or the architecture that makes Pecs the prettiest place in Hungary?

By Darius Sanai

The old couple on the train said that Pecs was the most beautiful town in Hungary. "It's the light," she said, leaning forward and straightening her long floral skirt, "it's like the Mediterranean."

He, hugging a salami as if it were a baby, pushed his glasses back up his nose and contradicted her. "No, no, it's the people. The people are so happy because they live there. They know they're living in the best place in Hungary." The two proceeded to exchange a series of heated mutters in Hungarian. "Anyway," the salami man said, looking defeated, "it's really beautiful."

Pecs is Hungary's southernmost city, a four-hour train ride due south from Budapest, not far from the Croatian border. It's in a beautiful setting, squeezed up against forested hills on one side, the other end of town blending into vineyards which produce some of the country's best Chardonnay.

It is one of the most culturally enriched cities in Europe: established initially by the Romans, conquered by the Magyars, then seized by the Ottoman Turks and finally settled by Germans 300 years ago. It's also in a forgotten corner – so far south it's largely free of the crowds of German and Austrian tourists who are turning the towns of the Danube Bend and Lake Balaton into a kind of central European Costa Brava.

Everywhere in town, there were girls and women carrying small bunches of flowers. At the Széchenyi Tér, the central square, two young women in matching silk blouses and perfectly white skirts were sitting on a bench, each holding a small bunch of pansies. "We wait for boyfriends," said one, giggling a little and flicking back a lock of chestnut-coloured hair. "You're giving them flowers? Yes, why not? Flowers are beautiful, no?"

I wandered around for five days with an innocent look on my face, thinking this could be the one and only time in my life a woman would give me flowers. But it didn't work. Because of its southern



Pecs tends to leave visitors architecturally bemused: 16th, 17th and 18th century buildings are elegantly jumbled together

Robert Harding

location, Pecs is considered the "Mid" of this landlocked country, and since the fall of Communism a café culture has sprung up. In the Rozskaert, a garden café nestling in the shade of lime trees by the imposing cathedral, I had a superb venison goulash, flavoured with fiery paprika, and some glasses of Egri Bikavér, Bull's Blood wine – the only red wine strong enough to match the food.

The central square is dominated by what used to be one of the finest mosques in central Europe, the mosque of Gazi Kassim Pasha, built by the Ottoman Turks in the 16th century. It has since been turned into a Catholic church, but it was plainly a mosque from its domed outline and structure, and is all the more

striking for this. The Hungarians generally destroyed all traces of the Ottoman invasion. The town square tends to leave visitors architecturally bemused. Buildings from the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries are jumbled together. The main cathedral, the Dom, is an imposing neo-Gothic structure with four huge towers

and a remarkable collection of ecclesiastic robes, crucifixes and rings stretching back to the 11th century in its crypt. The Little Mosque is the only fully preserved Turkish monument in Hungary; its interior contains intricate murals and tapestries, and antique carpets. Pecs is nearer to Istanbul than to Brussels (though the locals won't thank you for telling them this) and here you really feel this. The city has one of the most extreme climates in central Europe: sweltering summers and winters with winds blowing in off the Steppes of Russia. I had three days of warm sunshines and two days of freezing rain.

The town's wealth of museums provided a more than adequate distraction from the weather. One is dedicated to the artist Victor Vasarely; another, the Zsolnay, is lined with case upon case of antique porcelain, and an archaeological museum of prehistory in the region. "Prehistory" is deemed to stop with the Magyar conquest in the late 9th century – the Magyars being the ancestors of today's Hungarians.

How to get there

British Airways (0345 222111) and the Hungarian airline Malév (0171-439 0577) each fly twice daily between Heathrow and Budapest. The lowest official fare on both airlines is £213.50 including tax, with an extra £10 in either direction for travel on Friday, Saturday or Sunday. Agents can usually undercut these fares: Hamilton Travel (0171-344 3344) has a fare of £165 return on Malév's morning flight. To reach Pecs, the simplest option is the train from Budapest; the journey takes around four hours for a fare of £12.

How to get in

British passport holders no longer require a visa for Hungary.

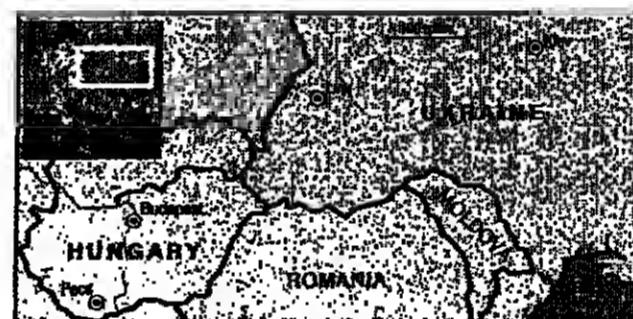
Where to stay

Darius Sanai paid £20 a night for a single room at the clean and pleasant Hotel Vig Apad, near the station at Martirok utca 14, 7623 Pecs (00 36 72 31 33 40).

Who to ask

The Hungarian National Tourist Office is at PO Box 4336, London SW1B 4XE; call a premium-rate number, 0891 171200, for recorded information.

Moving to more modern times, the Donauschwaben, the Swabians of the Danube, arrived in Pecs 300 years ago. They were skilled farmers sent by the Austro-Hungarian empress, Maria Theresa, to fill the empty spaces left after the Ottoman retreat. There are still almost 200,000 of them, and they produce most of the wine in the rolling hills to the south of Pecs. Because of its isolation, this district is one of the most beautiful wine-growing areas in Europe. Renting a car from Pecs, I spent a day and an evening happily tasting Chardonnay and Riesling in Villany, a little village just south of the town. "Mmm, melons and peaches on the palate," I remarked ponderously. "No, that's Chardonnay, this is Riesling," hissed my companion.



something to declare

Visitors' Book

Tram Museum, Prague

"A very good collection. You must come to Britain and see some double-decker trams which used to run until 1952. RIP."

– Donald Hargood, Chislehurst (whose entry is followed by a sketch of a London Transport tram)

"Could do with system maps showing the history."

– Roger Long, Chislehurst

"Keep on saving them."

– John Preston, Lowestoft

"My favourite is the Mayor's tram, done out like a sitting room. I'd like to have one in the back garden for tea-taking."

– CH, London

"Save the world – use a tram."

– Anon

Travel writing competition

The first deadline of the academic year is fast approaching: entries for 1995 Student Travel Writing competition must reach us by 14 October. First prize – two round-trip tickets to Sydney provided by Campus Travel, and the latest edition of the *Rough Guide to Australia*. Second prize – Two Young Europe Special airpasses from Lufthansa which allow extensive travel on the airline's network. Ten runners up will receive the latest *Rough Guide* to Venice.

To enter, write an account – no more than 500 words – of a single incident in your travels this summer, on the subject "A misunderstanding".

Entrants should submit one article only, typewritten and previously unpublished, to Student Travel Writing Competition, *Independent*, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL by 14 October 1995. The results of the competition will be published on 28 October.

Entrants must be full-time students, aged 25 on 1 September 1995 and enrolled at UK universities or colleges.

The competition is not open to employees – or their relatives – of Newspaper Publishing plc, Rough Guides or Campus Travel.

The judges' decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into.

EUROPEAN DEPARTURES

To ensure our clients' comfort and peace of mind, all international air travel is on scheduled flights and Western aircraft. Intourist Travel Ltd (0171-538 8600) seek to emphasise how times have changed since holidaymakers were packed into chartered Tupolevs for flights behind the Iron Curtain.

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The company also offers a 12-day cruise of Ukrainian waterways from Kiev south to Odessa. Highlights include a day with the Cossacks in Zaporozhye and a visit to Mikhail Gorbachev's former dacha in the Black Sea resort of Foros – where the president was held during the August 1991 coup. The price is £935, and includes flights with Austrian Airlines via Vienna.

Eastern Europe will become more accessible by air from 29 October, when the new winter schedules bring more flights from Gatwick to Bucharest and Moscow with British Airways (0345 222111), as well as a new daily service from London's Heathrow to Prague by British Midland (0345 554554).

Fares to Prague are relatively high at present: discounts are hard to find – the lowest published fare on British Airways or CSA Czech Airlines (0171-255 1898) is £214. Major Travel offers about the best at £207. If you are prepared to travel on selected CSA flights – notably the Sunday morning departure from London – the fare falls to around £160.

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Aba Simbel (by road) £69
Pashawar (by road) £129
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road test

Vauxhall Vectra



Does the new Vauxhall Vectra look any different from the Vauxhall Cavalier? You'd be forgiven for thinking not. Most people simply wouldn't spot the difference. Its door mirrors constitute the sole stylistic flourish, blending so effectively into the bodywork that they appear to have sprouted from it. That, however, is it. But Vauxhall knows that people will not buy the Vectra to make a style statement. They want a convenient car, and that's just what this Vauxhall is.

Leaving aside the fact that its driving position leaves too little room between thigh and wheel rim (an error Vauxhall is racing to correct), the interior of a Vectra is very pleasant – airy, comfortable and particularly thoughtfully designed. You will, for instance, find a device to carry a pair of opened Coke cans in the centre console, and another drinks holder beneath an armrest bridging the front seats. You will find plenty of places to put things, easily manipulated controls, a crisp, powerful stereo and much else. Just as pleasing is that the Vectra is well mannered, something you could not say of its predecessor. The Cavalier just didn't get along with humpy roads, which would have it bucking and jerking as if it were made for a different road network. Couple this with an awkward gear change, a clutch that made smooth progress a hard-won goal and engines that tended towards the coarse, and you had a car that felt cruder than it really was. The new Vectra sees all these problems fixed, and the Cavalier's strong points – sound performance, fair economy, good roadholding, robust construction – firmly built upon.

Pounding the motorway is likely to be the Vectra's most frequent task, for this is the quintessential company car. That it will often be passenger-less is just as well because the interior is not as spacious as it should be. The Renault Laguna and the Toyota Carina offer more. Its best-selling rival, the Ford Mondeo, does not however, but that car still has the edge over the Vauxhall in several areas. Keener steering, a superior gearchange, a much better driving position, a slightly more convenient, if less attractive, facia layout and snunter performance are among them. The Vauxhall strikes back with anti-lock brakes, a smoother ride, a more inviting cabin, and more quiet and more homogeneous looks.

If the message you're getting is that it's a close run thing, then you're right – the standard among this class is high. Vectra, Laguna, Mondeo, it doesn't matter which you buy, because you'll be getting a damn good car. And something better than a Cavalier.

Richard Bremner

Specifications

Rivals

Vauxhall Vectra 1.8i GLS £14,780 Engine: four cylinder, twin overhead camshaft 16v, 1796cc, 113bhp at 6,400rpm, 125lb ft of torque at 2,400rpm. 5-speed man. gearbox. Performance: 0-62mph in 12.5 seconds, top speed 125mph. Fuel cons. 32mpg

Citroen Xantia 1.8i SX £13,980 New 16-valve engine fixes the sluggish acceleration and noise of older models.

Ford Mondeo 1.8i GL £14,465 Beats Vauxhall on performance and but less comfortable.

Renault Laguna RT 2.0 £13,035 Roomy, very comfortable, easy drive, strong roadholding.

Rover 416 Si £13,895 Worth considering, but not quite the all-rounders that the others are.

A supercar for a snip (£19,000)



The Maserati 3500 GTI £19,000 from Pullicino Classics. Photo: Philip Meech

By James Ruppert

Most of us have not got the cash to match our driving dreams. Supercars are indulgent, impractical and above all expensive. Even a millionaire might think twice at stamping up the £635,000 plus VAT required to put a brand new McLaren F1 on the road. However, by rummaging around the used car market, thinking laterally and buying wisely it is still possible to join the supercar club for less than £20,000.

To qualify as a supercar, a vehicle must be hand built and have a name to conjure with, so romantic monikers with a sporting pedigree such as Ferrari, Lotus, Maserati and Porsche all help. Styling will be sleek and sexy, which means a low body profile combined with an attention-grabbing profile.

The engine is likely to be where the luggage and rear passengers are usually kept, so you won't have much room for the shopping. And, of course, the performance (that you will never be able to use) on the right side of 150mph.

If we feel nervous buying a modest used hatchback, then we should be utterly terrified of the prospect of a supercar. Not only is there plenty that can go wrong, it will also go wrong in the most expensive way possible. Open the bonnet and stare in awe at the V12 quad camshaft heart of the monster, could you tell if it was firing on only 11 cylinders? That Rosso Red paintwork may look gorgeous, but are there any indications that underneath lurks some equally red rot?

Either buy from a respected specialist in the marque, or use one to check the supercar over. It takes years of experience to spot a second-hand supercar that won't bite back in terms of repairs or dangerous mechanical disintegration.

Research your marque: buy the expensive coffee table books, join the owners club and become a supercar bore. Then you will know roughly what you are looking at, and what you should find is three things: history, history, and history. If there isn't plenty of evidence that previous owners have lavished a fortune on the thing and have the bills, service records and receipts to prove it, don't bother. The real secret to paying so little for the privilege of owning a supercar, is to choose the right model.

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No one thinks they could afford a Ferrari, but there are two Ferraris, in particular, which commit the supercar sin of being vaguely practical. Both the 308 GT4 and its successor, the Modial, have a 2+2 configuration that does not please the purists. To everyone else these cars just look like slightly longer Ferraris. And there are plenty around, too. Pullicino Classics in Wandsworth, London, has a large selection of exotics. When I visited, a blue 1979 308 was for £18,995. Further afield at Edmund Harris in Oxfordshire was a pair of Mondials – an early 1982 "8" model at £15,000 and a later 1985 QV for £18,950.

When it came to seeking out equally charismatic Italian machinery I did not have to stray from Pullicino's premises. Among their Maseratis was a temptingly cheap 1978 Kybalzi at £8,950. Looking more the supercar part was a 1960 Maserati 3,500 GT for £19,000 and a pair of Lamborghinis – a left hand drive Urraco P250 for £17,000 and a flashy Eighties Jalpa for £2,000 more.

But there is no reason to shop exclusively for Italian cars. Britain builds supercars, too. The Lotus

Esprit Turbo is cheap enough when new and almost a giveaway when used. A reputation for poor build quality and a dated design has not helped values, but canny buyers get one of the best handling and fastest supercars ever. At Barry Ely's small east London premises there were two immaculate examples, a 1989 Turbo in white with red leather selling for £16,495 and another finished in red that was two years older and £2,000 cheaper.

France's only supercar is the Alpine V6 Turbo and everything about it is right, except the parent company's name, Renault. What supercar snobs are missing is 150mph performance, the classic rear engine layout, and the distinctive looks that keep everyone guessing as to what exotic model it is. Eurotec Classic Cars, in Warrington, Cheshire, had a 1989 model for just £10,950. Purchased new it would have cost close to the £30,000.

By contrast, everything about a Porsche is right, from the heraldic bonnet badge to the purposeful styling and supreme build quality. It is the 911 which turns all the heads, and

many models from the mid Eighties can be bought for less than £20,000, although the top-of-the-range Turbo is a borderline case at our hypothetical budget. However, why choose the obvious when Porsche's forgotten supercar, in the shape of the 928, is so very cheap. Its conventional V8 water cooled engine, radically (for Porsche) mounted at the front of the car, did not convince many buyers. Yet it is a stunningly competent car and even main dealers such as Dick Lovett in Swindon price the cars realistically. A 1988 Sport was going for £16,500 and a 1990 S4 was priced at a smidgen over £20,000 (£61,000 new). It is fast, reliable and utterly intoxicating.

Best of all though, a 928 is a supercar that you can use every day. The trouble is: would you be able to afford the running costs?

Dick Lovett 01793 615888
Pullicino Classics 0181 877 0157
Edmond Harris 01933 778 0221
Barry Ely Sports Cars 0181 558 3221
Eurotec Classic Cars 01929 400711

Amid all the brouhaha over the launch of the new MGF, one important fact has been overlooked: the new MG proves that Rover can make cars on its own again.

The MGF is the first go-it-alone

Rover since the Montego, 11 years ago. Every Rover since, and a few before, were based on Honda. Different body styling sometimes; different engines, occasionally; and leather and wood, invariably, to try to transmogrify dull little Japanese cars into stately English ones. But, in every case, from 200 to 400 to 600 to 800, every new Rover has essentially been a tarted-up Honda.

What's doubly pleasing about the MGF is that it is such a good car; a more impressive engineering achievement than any of the Honda-Rovers. The Honda-Rover

alliance, let us not forget, was never more than a marriage of convenience. Like most such liaisons, it gave Honda a way into Europe, preparatory to building its own factory and own cars here (in Swindon).

And for Rover, it was an engineering lifeline, thrown when the company was deep in the financial mire. Never mind that Honda refused Rover access to first-grade engineering information, nor that most Rover-Hondas have been based on ageing Hondas rather than new-wave models. Without Honda, Rover may very well have gone into oblivion.

BMW's take-over means it won't. And the excellence of the MGF means it doesn't deserve to. The MGF presages an era of new Rover-Rover cars, with a bit of

help from BMW. They will be front-drive saloons, use mostly Rover-developed engines and Rover suspensions, and use bespoke Rover-designed bodies. They will not be based on BMWs, let alone Hondas.

Most importantly, they should also bring some brand consistency back to Rover. The Honda-Rovers are competent cars: reliable, easy to drive, handy, uncomplicated. But they stand for nothing how can they do otherwise, when they are the products of two makers with such contrasting philosophies?

The upshot is that Rover's image, so strong 30 years ago, now stands for little. Rover's management hasn't helped. Changing the name earlier this year of the Metro to the Rover 100, complete with chrome grille, is not consistent

with trying to position Rover as an upmarket marque: one that should stand above ho-ho-ho (meaning Ford and Vauxhall).

All – or nearly all – car makers can make good cars cheaply; that was one of the industrial achievements of the Eighties. But what distinguishes Rover from Honda (or for that matter Kia, Daewoo, Hyundai or any other of the Third World arrivistes) is its tradition. It has a heritage.

BMW is one of the acknowledged masters of brand protection and promotion. If you drive a BMW 3-series, you simply drive a BMW. It is an important difference. If you drive a Rover, who knows what you're driving? What is the commonality between a Rover 100 and an 800? There is none, other than that both cars are nutcrashed

in their respective sectors, and that they have chrome grilles and the same badges.

BMW will help change that. It wants to emphasise the traditional values of Rover. It wants Rovers to be very British again, rather like four-wheeled versions of a Savile Row suit. It wants Rovers thought of as cheaper Jaguars. This is an attractive proposition, and an attainable one.

With the MG, Rover has proved that it can build great cars by itself again. It has also proved, with the Rover 100, that it fundamentally misunderstands the minutiae of marketing and brand protection. BMW can help a little with the former, and a lot with the latter. We may, once again, be on the verge of a great chapter in the history of the nation's car maker.

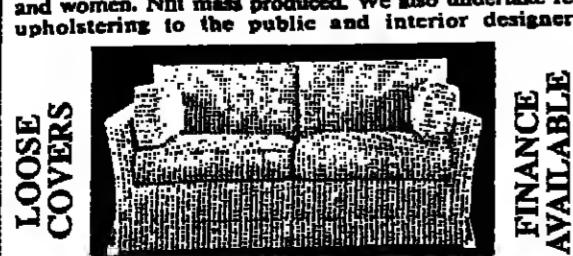
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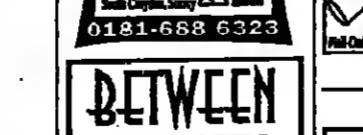
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For richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health

Justin Urquhart-Stewart continues his series on financial planning at various stages of life with a trip down the aisle

The strains of the church organ are still echoing while you look at the recently arrived photographs of the wonderful day. Only then do you remember just how much you spent on the glorious occasion. Oh boundless joy! Oh financial rapture! But don't worry.

The good news is that from now on you will be pooling your resources as well as your costs.

For many this will have occurred when moving in together. But the key element that is often overlooked is marriage is a change of legal status. The co-partnership is a legal entity and as such gives each of you generally equal rights over your assets and liabilities.

The two of you have reached one of the most important moments of your lives. What you lay down as foundations together now will affect your future - as the vicar said "for richer or poorer".

Few of us have the gift of foresight. But we can consider what we want to achieve and planning is essential. There is absolutely no need to rush out and cover yourselves in fashionable financial products. These will only soak up cash when you need it most and probably won't give you the future flexibility you require.

So sit down and contemplate your alternatives together. You need to consider a number of areas: First, how are you going to build your careers? The guaranteed job for life no longer exists. You may be working full-time, part-time or on limited contracts but what you want to do with your careers impacts on the type of financial arrangements that you need to make.

Will you have children at some stage? Maybe not yet, maybe never. My doctor once advised me to consider this carefully. "A child or a Ferrari," he said, "both require as much love and attention and cost about the same to run." Financially, there is never a good time to start a family. But you can make preparations.

What are your housing needs? These days these tend to be governed by our work - and gone are the days of a guaranteed profit on the sale of property. While you will want a home for yourselves there are alternatives to buying. Buying a property encumbers you with the costs of maintenance of both the mortgage and the building itself. Renting maybe more flexible until your plans become more certain.

When do you want to retire? Yes it may be years away. But these days early retirement is not unusual. If you want a comfortable retirement then start acting now.

Key points

Review pension arrangements. Look at their value, performance and flexibility. It is important that you benefit from each other's pension contributions. But don't overdo it at this stage. It reduces flexibility.

Think about a regular monthly investment into a unit or investment trust plan. You can shelter it in a PEP to avoid paying tax.

Change your tax coding and claim married income allowances. Put investments in the name of the lower taxpayer.

Make sure you are properly insured. But watch out for the terms and charges on life and critical illness insurance that is sold as part of a mortgage.

So what action should you take? First, review your pension arrangements. You both may already have pensions - either private or occupational. Look at their value, performance and flexibility. It is important that you benefit from each other's pension contributions. You will need to tell the pension managers anyway of your change of status so add them at the same time, for their proposals. But shop around before acting.

Don't go pension-mad, though. While they are an excellent means of tax-free savings, they are inflexible.

Once in, your money is locked up until your retirement.

Still, pensions can be helpful before retirement. They can provide insurance provision for your partner and the tax-free lump when you retire can also be used to pay off the mortgage.

Think about savings and investment. We rarely get lump sums to invest so the only way for any of us to build savings is by putting aside a modest amount every month. Hopefully you will have already started.

Always keep a reserve for those financial gists that hit us every so often. But also think about starting a regular monthly investment into a unit or investment trust plan. These are low-cost and can give a good spread of investments to minimise risk. They can generate income, which is best reinvested, so that you can watch your nest egg accumulate.

You can shelter this nest egg in a personal equity plan to avoid paying tax on either income or capital growth. This can be a good medium-

term investment fund to which you can add for future uses - like education costs (particularly bearing in mind the cost of university education).

Make sure the Inland Revenue knows about your change in tax status. I suspect a significant proportion of the £500m they are trying to give back comes from us not telling them of our changes of position. Change your tax coding and claim your married income allowances.

Do remember to use your tax limits and exemptions. Put any investment in the name of the partner who pays the least tax. Your PEP and Tessa allowances are doubled between you, but you will probably have more short-term claims on your cash for the moment.

Make sure you are properly insured. It is a sensible way of helping your partner and protecting the value of your assets. Life and critical illness insurance is designed to help you or your partner to cover large debts, like the mortgage, if either of you dies or becomes critically ill.

Quite often mortgage providers make it a condition that you have this type of protection - but watch out for the terms you are offered and the charges.

Household and other asset insurance doesn't do much for you - until disaster occurs. Maybe when you were single this was not such an issue, but now that you have a responsibility for your partner must act accordingly.

Make a will. Possibly the last thing you want to think about after your marriage is your death. However just speak to any widow and she will tell you the difficulty of having to deal with the estate of a husband who didn't leave a will. It takes little effort or cost but makes you consider what should happen.

We never seem to have enough money when we need it most but by investing time in laying some solid foundations now, you will avoid a lot of financial grief later. There will be many more complications over the next few years, which you won't be able to predict. The main rule of financial planning at this stage is to keep it simple, keep it low-risk and keep it flexible.

Don't over-commit yourselves now, you will only have to unpick it later. And wherever you do, remember to leave adequate money aside for having some fun. Remember you married your partner - not your bank statement!

The author is Business Development Director at Barclays Stockbrokers.



Getting hitched: time to lay some solid foundations - but make sure you are properly insured

Photograph: Hulton Deutsch

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On a wing and a prayer

Investing in an ostrich can bring a return of 785%. By Frances Howell

Fed up with receiving apologetic notes from his stockbroker about the state of the market, the writer Duff Hart Davis bought an ostrich. "I paid £3,500 for an 18-month-old hen, which should start laying eggs next year, and for the next 30 years," he explains. "The returns should go up to 100 per cent a year and, as a seven or eight-year-old mature breeding hen, she should be worth about £10,000."

Better than a punt on the Footsie?

Ostrich farming is increasingly common in the UK, with up to 200 farms now supporting up to 500 birds each. It is a rare opportunity for the private investor to dabble in farming. Nobody, for example, preaches the virtues of the humble cow as an investment vehicle.

The Ostrich Farming Corporation advertises annual returns of anything up to 785 per cent over a 10-year period, which may tempt even the most urban of investors. However, to the wary, these promises will appear as exotic as the bird.

You can buy ostrich hens at various stages of their 25-year commercial breeding cycle. Prices range from £6,000 for a two- to three-year-old hen in her first year

of breeding to £14,000 for an eight-year-old in her fifth year. The return on investment comes mainly from the sale of the chicks, which the OFC will buy from you once they are 12 months' old. If you do invest, the OFC offers a variety of five-year deals in which it will buy a fixed number of chicks each year for a guaranteed £500 each. After the five years it will still buy the chicks, but at market-determined prices.

In the case of a £6,000 bird, for example, the OFC deal promises to buy five chicks in breeding years one and two, nine chicks in year three and 12 chicks in years four and five. So in year two you get £2,500. You get another £2,500 in year three, £4,500 in year four and £6,000 in year five. Total return: £15,500 on a £6,000 investment over five years.

The OFC will also buy the 12 chicks produced in breeding year five, but not at the guaranteed price of £500. Any spare chicks disappear in livery charges. A mature eight-year-old breeding hen costs £14,000 and is guaranteed to produce 20 chicks in the first three years (£10,000 in years two, three and four) and 24 chicks in years four and five (£12,000 in year five). Total return: £42,500.

The Ostrich Farming Corporation makes its money on any eggs produced over and above the figures guaranteed for that age of bird. In exchange, it provides livery for free, and will immediately replace for free any hen whose performance isn't up to the mark. However, ownership of the bird rests wholly with the purchaser. The payment of excess eggs to the OFC forms part of separate livery agreement. So, there is money to be made – at the moment. However, the high profits made so far rely partly on the scarcity of the birds. With each hen producing an average of 10-12 young females a year, the industry view is that saturation point for breeder hens is about 5 years away.

And 5 years is the length of time for which the OFC guarantees to pay £500 for each 12-month-old chick. It claims that breeder hens will keep their value as they will supply a world-wide meat market. But there must be a real risk that their currently exaggerated value will slide. Indelicate as it may be, the bottom line of Ostrich farming is the value of the carcass. At present a 12-year-old is worth up to £1,000. But as the market expands, this will halve.

The original ostrich farming boom of the nineteenth century relied on a high demand for ostrich feathers. However, the fashion changed, and the bottom fell out of the market. Is the current revival also riding a wave of fashion and fad? This time, ostrich hide is being turned into purses, briefcases, and even jeans. But the main market is seen as the future meat market.

Ostrich meat is a low cholesterol fat-free red meat which apparently tastes like fillet steak, but currently costs about 30 per cent more. "To supply 10 per cent of the existing beef market in the UK would require a minimum of 100,000 breeder hens," says Brian Ketchell, managing director of the Ostrich Farming Corporation. "Even a tiny percentage of the existing meat market would mean a huge market for ostrich."

Despite its popularity in countries like Australia, ostrich is rarely on the menu in Europe, and to this extent, talk of a future meat market is speculative.

Before you buy an ostrich

Owning an ostrich is not covered by the 1986 Financial Services Act because of the legal structure of the ownership and livery agreements. If the market were to collapse and the company to go into liquidation, guaranteed returns could be worthless.

Owning an ostrich as an investment is farming. Income depends on produce and the market price for it. Remember that guaranteed returns are based on the current state of what is still a developing market for both breeder hens and for meat.

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I prayer

"Most people learn their lessons about the realities of economic life and investment not in the classroom, but through bitter experience"

A fool and his money, as we all know, are soon parted. But is it the case that the British are more credulous and more gullible about money than other nations? There are, alas, plenty of grounds for believing we may be. (Before they write in, I accept Scottish readers may rightly object to being tarred with the Sassenach brush in this respect).

On the face of it, such a statement seems odd. After all, have not the 1980s been an exceptionally good decade for those with the talent and drive to create wealth? According to a survey published last week, the number of those with serious money has risen sharply. The market research firm Datamonitor reckons there are now 49,000 millionaires in the country, nearly three times the number less than a decade ago. More than 20,000 Britons now earn over £200,000 a year.

But historians looking back on the late 1980s and early 1990s will surely also notice the large numbers of those who lost money. These, after all, have been the years of negative equity, of the personal pensions fiasco, of the endless disasters at Lloyd's of London and several notorious financial scandals, such as Barlow Clowes and BCCI.

Making money may never have been

easier, but oor, so it seems, has losing it. It is scant comfort that several of the sufferers, like those who ran Barlings, or the banks and insurance companies who frittered away millions buying absurdly overpriced estate agents at the top of the housing market, clearly should have known better.

For the rest, including thousands of ordinary, outwardly sensible middle-class folk who have never knowingly taken a huge amount of risk, a mixture of innocence, gullibility and ignorance has taken a heavy toll in the last few years. These are the people who gave their money to Barlow Clowes and to Lloyd's.

They are the elderly couples who were sweet-talked into mortgaging their homes to buy home income plans that could never have met their stated investment objectives. And they are the thousands of people who plunged savings into illiquid endowment policies they clearly did not understand and who bought personal pensions at a cost in commissions and charges that would have horrified them had they fully understood them.

Some of these cases are described in a new book, *Fool's Gold*, which graphically underlines how painful the consequences of such financial folly can be. The author,



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

Jonathan Mantle, who chronicled the disasters at Lloyd's in his last book, paints a convincing picture of how easily normally sensible people can slip into folly when it comes to making financial decisions.

What is striking, reading these painful case histories, is not just the terrifying ignorance amongst even well-educated people about the most basic financial concepts, but how in so many cases this ignorance is fatally compounded by a very English fault: misplaced trust and exaggerated respect for badges of authority and respectability.

"Of course I had no fears about it," says

one of the ludicrously undercapitalised names lured into Lloyd's in the late 1980s, "because we were talking about Lloyd's of London. It had a wonderful reputation". Almost as bizarre are those investors who believed that because Barlow Clowes said it was investing in gilts, their investment was somehow underwritten by the Government.

The interesting question, of course, is what can be done to minimise this kind of folly in future. Inevitably, some will say the answer lies in yet more regulation. Nobody can doubt that the system of financial services regulation in this country is an uneasy mixture of self-regulation and inconsistent and frequently ineffective statutory powers.

But, as in most other spheres of activity, calling for more regulation is the easy way out that solves little. All too often, regulation is expensive and ineffective at achieving its stated objectives – often because the regulators are in the pocket of those they are trying to regulate. It is a pity, for example, that it has taken years for the Government to summon up the courage to insist on disclosure of charges and commissions in the life insurance industry.

In the end, there is only one enduring

way to eliminate financial folly, and that is through creating a nation that is better educated in financial matters. Compulsory disclosure of relevant information by any one selling financial "products" must be the starting point, but that alone can never be enough.

The education system in this country is also sorely deficient. Most people learn their lessons about the realities of economic life and investment not in the classroom, but through bitter experience. Lucky the person who has a financially astute parent. There must be a place in the schools curriculum, and in higher education, for the teaching of basic financial and business concepts.

There is nothing new about greed, innocence or misplaced trust. Nor is there anything startlingly new about the notion that reward is linked to risk, that the business cycle will never be abolished, and that sound independent financial advice has to be paid for (something the English are notoriously reluctant to do). Yet as long as these basic lessons have to be learned, the financial follies of the 1980s will come round again. That at least you can safely bet your life savings on.

Fool's Gold, by Jonathan Mantle: Sinclair-Stevenson. £17.99

Where to move your money when savings rates fall

There are rewarding alternatives to building societies. By Brian Tora

Bank and building society deposits are still the most popular way of saving money. So when interest rates come down there can real hardship for millions of people. The tragedy is, the pain can be avoided.

As mortgage lending becomes ever more competitive, building societies are trimming their rates. It is the short-notice deposits that are bearing the brunt of the rate cuts announced recently – with around 0.5 per cent on average being lopped off.

It is possible to secure higher returns by agreeing to fix the amount you leave on deposit for a longer period, but it reduces flexibility. Typically, a building society taking money for, say, one year, will exact a penalty equivalent to three months' interest if you need the money early.

For those able to lock cash away, though, the additional interest can be useful. The Halifax building society, for example, will offer 6.9 per cent gross for sums of £10,000 or more fixed for

a period of one year, compared with 4.35 per cent gross available from the ordinary share account.

Another way of fixing your return is to buy UK government securities. Gilt-edged stock, or gilts, as these are known, are the promissory notes issued by the Government to fund public spending. Gilts are flexible, but they do carry some risk. Unlike fixed-term building society deposits, you can buy and sell them in the stock market.

The price will fluctuate according to prevailing interest rates. If interest rates go up, the price of gilts will fall, raising the return to buyers. Conversely, if interest rates fall, you make a capital profit. The shorter the life of a gilt (most gilts have a fixed redemption date) the less the risk of volatile movements. At present, for example, you can get 8 per cent gross from 8 per cent Treasury 2002/06.

Alternatively you can consider guaranteed income bonds. These are issued by insurance companies and, while you can buy for 52p, will give you

your money up for a period of time. Among the highest yielding guaranteed income bonds at present are those offered by AIG, where the yields range from 6.1 per cent on basic rate tax to 6.35 per cent for a five-year term, depending whether you deposit £10,000 or £50,000.

Then there are investment trust dividend preference shares. These also offer a predictable return (assuming the assets are sufficiently valuable) and have the advantage that they are tradable on the stockmarket. But like gilts they fluctuate in value according to prevailing interest rates.

Get professional advice. A high yield on zero-dividend preference could mean that there is some doubt over the final redemption value. However, they are a share so any profit you make is treated as a capital gain, not income.

Currently the Fleming Income & Capital Zero Dividend Preference, currently you can buy for 52p, will give you

a gross yield of 8 per cent over the period to when they are redeemed in 2002 at a predicted 85.2p a share.

Putting money in any of these could prove a wise investment decision – if interest rates continue to fall. But interest rates do not move in a straight line.

Remember that short term rates have been as high as 15 per cent in this country recently, a level that would devastate the value of many of these investments.



Building societies: popular, but rates are being trimmed

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TOGETHER WE MAKE SOME ALLIANCE

*IT MAY ONLY BE SMALL BUT
THE EFFECT ON YOUR
INCOME CAN BE ENORMOUS.



SHOULD YOUR PAST EMPLOYER CONTROL YOUR FUTURE?

Changed jobs?
Should you leave
your pension in your
old company's scheme
or transfer it to your
new company?

Early Retirement?
Redundant?
Should you leave your
Company pension
where it is?

Or would you be better off
with a personal plan?

PENSION

Choosing between the competing claims of different pension schemes can be extremely difficult.

Making the wrong choice, or putting the decision off could seriously affect your future security.

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Have you ever been attracted by a huge investment rate? Only to back off when you spot the ominous asterisk leading to acres of small print and no guarantees. The safe but lower rates offered by building societies have seemed the only alternative until now. Sun Alliance Investments On-line have specially developed "The Promise Bond". For basic rate tax-payers one lump sum investment of £5,000 or more gives an annual net income of 6% for 5 years. Guaranteed. Leave the lump sum untouched for 5½ years and it's returned to you in full. That's guaranteed too. There are no hidden annual charges either. Refreshing isn't it? Unfortunately "The Promise Bond" is a limited issue, only available until 15th November 1995.

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THERE ARE ONLY 39 DAYS LEFT TO REGISTER.

For your protection all telephone conversations are recorded. Please bear in mind that the current tax situation could change in the future. Sun Alliance Investments On-line is a trading name of Phoenix Assurance plc which is registered in England with No 71803 (Registered Office: 1 Bartholomew Lane, London EC2N 2AB). Phoenix Assurance plc is regulated by the Personal Investment Authority.

Your questions answered by a panel from Coopers and Lybrand



borrowed £6,000 over eight years from the Associate Mortgage Corporation. At that time I paid an additional premium of £250 to protect against redundancy and sickness, but did not receive a copy of the policy.

I subsequently became ill and was retired on medical grounds. But when I tried to make a claim I was told the policy had expired as it was only taken out for five years.

I would have thought that a five-year protection policy on an eight-year loan would amount to an unfair clause. Please can you advise.

Redundancy or sickness cover can be taken out for a specified time scale of your own choosing. The premium charged reflects the level of risk and the duration of the cover provided.

In this instance I agree that having the cover for only five years when your liability was for longer does not make sense.

However, it is not impossible for this situation to have arisen.

It could well have been a genuine mistake by the Associate Mortgage Corporation's representative. But when you agreed to the premium of £250 you should have had sight of the contract and it should have shown that the expiry date was after five years.

You should write to the Associate Mortgage Corporation and ask it to review its files, looking at the original meeting notes to see whether there was any indication at the time the policy was to be for eight years.

However, as the policy has now lapsed and as it was

some time ago it is unlikely they will still have them. If there is nothing in writing, I am afraid it is very much down to your word against theirs.

This kind of error emphasises the need to read in detail any contract before signing it and I would recommend you keep copies of policy schedules to enable you to check policy cover at a later date if necessary.

I have a Tessa that I took out nearly five years ago and is due to mature early next year. Can I reinvest all the proceeds in a new Tessa?

Tax Exempt Special Savings Accounts (Tessas) first became available in January 1991 so the first accounts will be maturing next January.

The rules allow you to roll over the capital you invested in the first Tessa up to a maximum of £9,000, into a new Tessa.

However, you cannot roll over the interest as well so you will have to find an alternative home for this.

Other than this the same rules apply to the new Tessa as the old one, that is a maximum of £9,000 capital invested over 5 years. You can only hold one Tessa at a time.

Readers should send their questions regarding financial and investment matters to our panel of experts at Question Time, Personal Finance Department, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL.

We cannot guarantee to answer all readers' questions but they will be sent to Coopers & Lybrand and a representative selection will appear in Money each week.

Best borrowing rates						
MORTGAGES						
	Telephone	% Rate and period	Max adv %	Fee	Incentive	
Fixed rates						
Hinckley & Rugby BS	0800 774499	0.75 to 1/10/96	70	£250	—	
Coventry BS	0800 126125	4.75 to 1/1/98	85	£250	—	
Lambeth BS	0800 225221	6.65 to 1/5/98	95	£250	0.5% cashback=£750	
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	6.74 to 1/1/99	95	£250	—	
Britannia BS	01249 655971	7.24 for 5 years	95	£300	—	
TSB	Local branch	8.54 to 30/6/05	95	£250	Free valuation	
Variable rates						
Scarborough BS	0800 590547	1.79 for 1 year	95	—	£150 cashback	
Halifax BS	0800 834625	4.99 to 30/11/97	90	—	Free val, £250 cashback	
Northern Rock BS	0800 591500	5.59 to 1/1/99	95	—	Free valuation	
National Counties BS	01372 739702	6.49 for 5 years	70	—	Free valuation	
PERSONAL LOANS						
	Telephone	APR		Fixed monthly payments		
Unsecured				£3,000 for 3 years		
Midland Bank	Local branch	15.40		With insurance	Without insurance	
N&P BS	0800 808080	15.50		£118.54	£103.14	
Yorkshire Bank	0113 231524	15.50		£118.22	£103.29	
Secured				£119.34	£103.34	
Clydesdale Bank	0800 240024	8.80		Max adv %	Max term	
Royal B of Scotland	0800 121121	10.10		8.80	2 to 25 years	
First Direct	0800 242424	10.30		70	3 years — retirement	
				80	Up to 40 years	
TYPICAL OVERDRAFTS						
	Telephone	Authorised EAR %		Unauthorised EAR %		
Barclays Bank	Local Branch	19.20		29.80		
Lloyds Bank	Local Branch	19.40		26.80		
Nat West Bank	Local Branch	18.90		33.25		
BEST OVERDRAFTS						
	Telephone	Authorised EAR %		Unauthorised EAR %		
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	9.50		29.50		
Alliance & Leicester	0500 959595	9.50		29.80		
Abbey National	0500 200500	9.90		29.50		
CREDIT CARDS						
	Telephone	Card	Min income	Rate pm %	APR %	Annual fee
Standard						
R Fleming (S&P)	0800 282101	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.98	12.40	—
Royal B of Scotland	0800 161616	MasterCard	—	1.14	14.50	—
TSB	Local branch	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.38	17.90	—
Gold cards						
Lloyds Bank	Local branch	MasterCard	£20,000	1.15	16.50	£40
Midland Bank	Local branch	Visa	£20,000	1.30	18.10	£35
MBNA International	0800 062620	MasterCard/Visa	£20,000	1.45	18.90	—
STORE CARDS						
	Telephone	Payment by direct debit		Other methods		
		% pm	APR %	% pm	APR %	
John Lewis	Local store	—	—	1.39	18.00	
Marks and Spencer	01244 681681	1.90	25.30	2.00	26.80	
Burtons Option	Local store	1.97	26.30	2.21	29.90	

APR... Annualised percentage rate. EAR... effective annual rate.

All rates subject to change without notice.

London & County Freephone 0800 373300

Best savings rates						
Telephone Number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval	
INSTANT ACCESS						
Portman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access Acc	Instant	£100	5.00	
C&G	0171 283 0010	London Account	Postal	£2,500	5.95	Year
Leeds & Hove BS	0113 2438292	Albion Investment	Postal	£10,000	6.40	Year
Leeds & Hove BS	0113 2438292	Albion Investment	Postal	£25,000	6.70	Year
NOTICE ACCOUNTS						
Bradford & Bingley	0345 248248	Direct 60	60 day P	£5,000	6.70	Year
Bradford & Bingley	0345 248248	Direct 60	60 day P	£15,000	7.15	Year
National Counties	01372 742211	90 Second Issue	90 day	£10,000	6.80	Year
National Counties	01372 742211	90 Second Issue	90 day	£20,000	7.10	Year
TERM ACCOUNTS						
Portman BS	01202 292444	One Yr Interest Bd	1 year	£500	6.50F	Year
Woolwich BS	01733 371371	1 Yr Fix Rte Bond	1 year	£5,000	6.65F	Year
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	2 Yr Fix Rte Bond	2 year	£500	6.90F	Year
Woolwich & P'boro	01733 391497	5 Yr Fix Rte Bond	5 year	£10,000	7.75 F	Year
MONTHLY INTEREST						
Bath Investments BS	01225 423271	Monthly Income	Postal	£1,000	4.36	Month
Britannia BS	01538 392808	Capital Trust	Postal	£2,000	5.84	Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£10,000	6.08	Month
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£25,000	6.31	Month
TESSAS (tax-exempt special savings accounts)						
Market Harborough	01858 463244	—	5 year	£9,000	7.75	Year
N&P BS	01274 733444	—	5 year	£9,000	7.50 F	Year
Sun Banking	01438 744500	—	5 year	£8,575	7.50 F	Year
National Counties	01372 742211	—	5 year	£3,000	7.40	Year
HIGH-INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS						
Woolwich BS	0800 400900	Current	Instant	£500	3.20	Year
Halifax BS	01422 833333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£5,000	4.50	3 Mths
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£2,500	5.50	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Current Acc Gold	Postal	£50,000	6.50	Monthly
OFFSHORE (gross)						
Portman CI	01481 222747	Instant Gold	Instant	£5,000	6.20	Year
Alliance & LOM	01824 863566	Mandarin	Instant	£25,000	6.65	Year
Newcastle GIB	03 350 76168	Nova 90 O'shore	90 day	£50,000	7.25	Year
Portman CI	0148					

staying in

THE
WEEK
AHEAD

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

television
by Louise Levene

Cutting Edge: Fighting for Breath 8pm C4. Aishna kills 1,800 people a year but awareness remains low and treatments unsatisfactory (399). **Omalius:** Gora Vidal's Gora Vidal 10.40pm BBC1. (above). The first of a two-part film about the 70-year-old writer (359405). **Film:** Lancer Spy (Gregory Ratoff 1937 US) 1.55am C4. George Sanders uses his aristocratic manner and fluent German in a tale of a British naval officer who doubles for a dastardly Hun (90021045).

The Avengers: 6pm C4 (above). Forget the page-boy posturings of Joanna Lumley and Gareth Hunt. Channel 4 has the genuine article – Mrs Emma Peel and her bitch-queen wardrobe (12823). **Film:** Howards End (James Ivory 1992 UK) 8pm C4. Emma Thompson and Anthony Hopkins star in this painstaking Merchant Ivory recreation of E.M. Forster's Edwardian drama of sex, money and class. **With** Helen Bonham Carter, Vanessa Redgrave and Samuel West (90021045).

Delia Smith's Winter Collection: 8pm BBC2. Egg-poaching painstakingly explained. Delia's latest money spinner begins with a look at winter salads. **Advertisers:** should prepare to stock up on cranberries, Camembert and rocket (2343). **People's Century:** 9.30pm BBC1 (above). The growing importance of sport and leisure led to the mass construction of stadiums that would comfortably seat the new enthusiasts and promote national solidarity (62727).

Jake's Progress: 9pm C4. Alan Bleasdale's latest tells of a Nineties family of three with a breadwinning mother, a house husband and a confused little boy whose spiralling financial difficulties drive them to the edge. Robert Lindsay and Julie Walters star in this six-part drama (9106235). **Leyton Orient:** Yours for a Fiver 10.40pm C4 (above). Barry Hearn bought the loss-making club for the price of five lottery tickets. Here's what happened last season (6151657).

Garden Doctors: 8pm C4 (3435) and Geoff Hamilton's Cottage Garden 8pm BBC2 (2129) clash horribly; a spitfire move on BBC2's part that has led to soil-spattered VCRs up and down the country. This week Dan Pearson helps a single mother turn her council estate backyard into a wild west corral. **Heroes of Comedy:** 9pm C4 (above). A new series of clips and chat begins with the usual fond remembrances of Tommy Cooper (97957665).

radio
by Robert Hanks

Morning collection with Paul Gambaccini: 6am C2. Radio 3's frustrating side into poorly-managed populism continues with the recruitment of Classic FM's chart guru for a prime-time slot, and the shifting of *Composer of the Week* to lunchtimes.

They Called Me Al: 8pm B2. The sad tale of Al Bowly, "the British Bing Crosby" (he was actually of Greek-Libyan extraction). He never broke America and threat problems checked his career, but he's achieved a sort of glory through Dennis Potter's TV dramas.

Putting the Boot: 8.30pm R4. As the idea of boot camps goes through another wave of popularity, Martin McNeely visits an American version to see how well it works – and discovers that many young criminals love the structure it gives to their lives.

First Impressions: 8.30pm R4. Deeply so-so new panel game for impressionists – a neat format but, on the pilot tape at least, most of the pleasure comes from guessing who on earth the flimsy impressions are supposed to represent.

Classic Serial: Uncle Silas 2pm R4. Sheridan Le Fanu's masterly Victorian shudder, about the poor young heiress and the wicked uncle in sheep's clothing, dramatised in three parts. Graham Crowden plays the ailing father; George Cole his nasty brother.

SUNDAY TELEVISION AND RADIO

BBC1

7.25 Steven Spielberg's Amazing Stories (S) (5624595). *
8.15 The Good Book Guide (S) (6057750).
8.30 Breakfast with Frost (81682).
9.30 First Light (S) (54682).
10.00 See Hear (S) (76953).
10.30 Suenos – World Spanish (S) (1533798).
10.45 This Multimedia Business (S) (1521953).
11.00 The 11th Hour (S) (20868).
12.00 Country File (S) (16934).
12.30 News; on the Record, With Michael Heseltine (Then The Nation's Favourite Poems) (23601). *
1.30 Eastenders (R) (S) (6109953). *
2.55 Columbo (R) (4469048). *
4.05 Carbon (9879359). *
4.15 Junior Masterchef (S) (499953). *
4.45 The Clothes Show. The three-quarter length coat must have an agent. There's no other explanation (S) (2715514). *
5.10 Lifeline (S) (9974934). *
5.20 The Great Antiques Hunt. Ignorant contestants (1750) was described as Early Victorian last week) are held in check by sartorially-challenged Jilly Goolden (S) (3478088). *
6.00 News; Weather (205205). *
6.25 Songs of Praise (S) (238972). *
7.00 Last of the Summer Wine (S) (2750). *
7.30 Challenge. Ananya houses 10 homeless families (S) (879663). *
8.20 Hotshots, Red sharks (R) (S) (942514). *
8.30 Keeping Up Appearances, Then The Nation's Favourite Poems (S) (27205). *
9.00 Pride and Prejudice. Mr Collins bears his rejection with fortitude. Bingley is whisked out of harm's way and Elizabeth goes to Rosings (S) (597446). *
9.55 News; Weather (606514). *
10.10 The Frank Skinner Show (S) (953069).
10.40 Everyman. An unemployed Geordie gives four moralists a tour of yob culture (Followed by The Nation's Favourite Poems) (S) (170972). *
11.30 Captive Hearts (Paul Almond 1987 US). Genteel bloodless drama about a downed US pilot taken to a remote North Japanese village where he falls for a young widow. With Chris Makepeace (127446). Then Weather. To 1.15am.
REGIONS: Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. 10.10 Wales across the World. 11.00 Frank Skinner. 11.30 Everyman. 12.20pm Captive Hearts 2.00 News. Scot. 5.10pm Lifeline. Ni. 2.55pm Now You're Talking 3.20 Home Truths 4.10 Our Roving Reporter 5.10 Lifeline from Northern Ireland 1.10 Inside Ulster News.

BBC2

7.20 Skippy (R) (S) (9306798).
7.45 Playdays (R) (S) (1020175).
8.05 Casper Classics (S) (6054040).
8.20 Mortimer and Arabella (R) (S) (6052205).
8.35 Royal Drama (Jackie Kay) (4914446).
8.50 Bitsa (R) (S) (1040400).
9.05 The Animals of Farthing Wood (R) (S) (5655427). *
9.30 Skeleton Warriors (S) (725359).
9.55 Travel Bug (S) (793750).
10.25 Grange Hill (R) (3370201). *
10.50 The Little Vampire (S) (3548514).
11.15 Growing Up Wild (S) (5687243).
11.40 *Doc Savage*, The Man of Bronze (Michael Anderson 1975 US). Kitch comic-book caper starring Ron Ely (6147408).
1.15 The O Zone (S) (28472040).
1.30 Elephants in Thailand. A Thai village where noble pachymers are trained to schlep logs from one side of the compound to the other (1540888).
2.15 Fall of the Roman Empire (Anthony Mann 1964 US). Sumptuous yarn charting the rise of the barbarians after the death of Marcus Aurelius. With Sophia Loren and Alec Guinness (1096539).
5.10 Rugby Special. Wasps vs Bath (S) (5673717).
6.10 Trials of Life (R) (S) (9710401). *
7.00 Jeremy Clarkson's Motorworld (R) (S) (6222). *
7.30 Timewatch. The Vikings. See Preview, p28 (S) (51408). *
8.30 The Money Programme. Was leaving the ERM such a good idea? (301088). *
9.10 Cinema Europe – The Other Hollywood. Turns the focus to Sweden. See Preview, p28. *
10.10 American Friends Christian Revival 1991. UK. Mr Chips meets Charlie's Angels when a 19th-century Oxford academic falls for a lively American. Mild-mannered comedy with Michael Palin and Connie Booth (801601). *
11.45 The Trial of OJ Simpson. Peter Pringle looks back at the week's unexpected events (S) (740175). *
12.25 Close Up (4657460).
12.35 *The Bat Whispers* (Roland West 1930 US b/w). Old Dark House curiosity about bats in the belly in a California mansion. Remade from a successful silent version in 1926 and starring Chester Morris (6757118).
2.00 The Learning Zone: FETV Collectables: Who Learns Wins. 3.25 Making Time (75538). 4.00 French Experience. 5.00 *talantissimo*. (24267). To 6.00am.
REGIONS: Wales: 5.10pm Scrum 5. Scot: 5.10pm Sportscene Rugby Special.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV 6.00 The Sunday Review. 6.30 News and Sport. 7.00 The Sunday Programme. (1995).
8.00 Disney Adventures (S) (3532088). *
9.25 Disney Parade (S) (8898688).
10.15 Link. Magazine for the disabled. A Musical Dystopia group stoutly defend "Groovy Day" against allegations of bad taste. Sportscasters around the world are said to have taken part in this worthy fundraising event on an anonymous basis (S) (2130446). *
10.30 Morning Worship (S) (14953). *
11.30 Island Soldiers (S) (3795514).
11.50 Many Questions. With Olivia O'Leary (S) (4440137).
12.30 Crossstalk (S) (50866).
1.00 News & Weather (28479359). *
1.10 Jonathan Dimbleby. With Michael Portillo on the eve of the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool. How much does he think Tony Blair will offer for speech-writing services? (S) (3622750).
2.00 Opening Shot. A profile of Ultimate Kaos. A contradiction in terms really. Would make a good title for Stephen Hawking's next book (S) (6330).
2.30 The Sunday Match. Endsleigh league action (29637446).
5.10 Murder, She Wrote. Jessica stumbles upon another stiff (S) (5717891).
6.05 Local News. Weather (277972). *
6.25 News & Weather (788663). *
6.35 Dr Quinn Medicine Woman (S) (20682). *
7.30 Headstart. A German arrives in the village. Don't mention the war (S) (48324). *
8.30 You've Been Framed! (S) (5601). *
9.00 London's Burning. A fire at a primary school (S) (5717). *
10.00 Hale and Pace. A new series (so somebody out there must quite like them) (S) (42359). *
10.30 News & Weather (S) (12601). *
10.45 The South Bank Show. Luciano Pavarotti's 60th birthday is celebrated by an interview with Melvyn Bragg and a look at his life, career and influences. See Preview, p28 (S) (71563). *
11.45 London Stage 95. Sheridan Morley and guests discuss Ray Cooney's farce *Funny Money*, plus *Dead Funny* at the Savoy (705173).
12.20 *Alida*. From La Scala, Milan, starring Luciano Pavarotti (4265373).
3.15 Hollywood Report (R) (S) (91373).
3.45 *Cut the Music*. Tony Slattery and Richard Vranch introduce *The Quirblytes* (108248).
4.45 Coach. Sitcom (6253170).
5.30 News (62267). To 5.30am.

Channel 4

6.05 Blitz (R) (S) (4643446).
7.00 The Herbs (R) (2015917).
7.15 Lift Off (R) (S) (55601).
7.45 The Great Bong (S) (3034311).
8.00 The Babysitters Club (S) (39885).
8.30 Where on Earth is Carmen Sandiego? (S) (6168779).
8.55 Emissary (S) (5170514).
9.20 Running the Rings (R) (S) (5661088).
9.45 The Pink Panther Show (S) (229750).
10.00 Asahi! Real Monsters! (S) (2115137). *
10.15 Masterclass (S) (213088).
10.30 Rocko's Modern Life (R) (S) (1526408).
10.45 Saved by the Bell: The New Class (132021). *
11.15 Rawhide (108224).
12.15 Little House on the Prairie (474779). *
1.15 *The Guiney Pig* (R) (Roy Boulting 1948 UK b/w). A young girl wins a scholarship to a posh school in this engrossing period piece starring Richard Attenborough, Cecilia Lovett, Sheila Sim and Bernard Miles (8304631).
3.00 *The Gift Horse* (Compton Bennett 1952 UK b/w). Wartime seafaring adventure in which the US gives the navy a cast-off destroyer. With Trevor Howard (704972). *
4.50 Stroke (S) (207137).
5.05 Time Team. Tony Robinson (him again) goes on a dig at Lambeth Palace (R) (S) (5797750). *
6.00 *The Persuaders!* Silmif, Staypres, slingsbanged twaddle. This week our meddled duo are on the trail of a bird-shaped statuette (56427). *
7.00 Battered Britain. How residents of Heath Town, Wolverhampton are trying to make their world a safer place by installing security cameras, tarring up the public houses and restoring the shopping centre (75175). *
8.00 True Blues. Two right-wingers give their views on the future course for the Conservative Party (3595). *
9.00 Battered Britain. Roger Graef goes to Meadow Well estate in Newcastle to see what went wrong with community policing there (3359). *
10.00 *Time After Time* (Timothy Meyers 1979 US). Jack the Ripper steals HG Wells's *Time Machine* and stars afresh in the serial killing business in modern-day California. Bloodthirsty but diverting shocker starring Malcolm McDowell and David Warner (S) (1801972). *
12.05 *My English Grandmother* (Nana Dzhordzhadze 1986 US). An unflappable English telegraph operator on a visit to Georgia stumbles onto the Russian revolution. Beguiling comedy shot in a tasty mixture of sepia and colour (5962267). To 1.20am.

ITV/Regions

ANIMAL: As London except: 12.30pm *Dieharders* (5062640). The Shape of Things (6330). 2.30 *Rock Off* (S) (6262-6851). 5.15 *Womans* (S) (229692). 11.45 *Detectives* (771723). **2.00 *Police*:** (294459). 2.40 *Heads* (The Album Show) (4962054). 2.40 *Heads* (2129204). 2.45 *Heads* (2129205). 2.45 *Heads* (2129206). 2.45 *Heads* (2129207). 2.45 *Heads* (2129208). 2.45 *Heads* (2129209). 2.45 *Heads* (2129210). 2.45 *Heads* (2129211). 2.45 *Heads* (2129212). 2.45 *Heads* (2129213). 2.45 *Heads* (2129214). 2.45 *Heads* (2129215). 2.45 *Heads* (2129216). 2.45 *Heads* (2129217). 2.45 *Heads* (2129218). 2.45 *Heads* (2129219). 2.45 *Heads* (2129220). 2.45 *Heads* (2129221). 2.45 *Heads* (2129222). 2.45 *Heads* (2129223). 2.45 *Heads* (2129224). 2.45 *Heads* (2129225). 2.45 *Heads* (2129226). 2.45 *Heads* (2129227). 2.45 *Heads* (2129228). 2.45 *Heads* (2129229). 2.45 *Heads* (2129230). 2.45 *Heads* (2129231). 2.45 *Heads* (2129232). 2.45 *Heads* (2129233). 2.45 *Heads* (2129234). 2.45 *Heads* (2129235). 2.45 *Heads* (2129236). 2.45 *Heads* (2129237). 2.45 *Heads* (2129238). 2.45 *Heads* (2129239). 2.45 *Heads* (2129240). 2.45 *Heads* (2129241). 2.45 *Heads* (2129242). 2.45 *Heads* (2129243). 2.45 *Heads* (2129244). 2.45 *Heads* (2129245). 2.45 *Heads* (2129246). 2.45 *Heads* (2129247). 2.45 *Heads* (2129248). 2.45 *Heads* (2129249). 2.45 *Heads* (2129250). 2.45 *Heads* (2129251). 2.45 *Heads* (2129252). 2.45 *Heads* (2129253). 2.45 *Heads* (2129254). 2.45 *Heads* (2129255). 2.45 *Heads* (2129256). 2.45 *Heads* (2129257). 2.45 *Heads* (2129258). 2.45 *Heads* (2129259). 2.45 *Heads* (2129260). 2.45 *Heads* (2129261). 2.45 *Heads* (2129262). 2.45 *Heads* (2129263). 2.45 *Heads* (2129264). 2.45 *Heads* (2129265). 2.45 *Heads* (2129266). 2.45 *Heads* (2129267). 2.45 *Heads* (2129268). 2.45 *Heads* (2129269). 2.45 *Heads* (2129270). 2.45 *Heads* (2129271). 2.45 *Heads* (2129272). 2.45 *Heads* (2129273). 2.45 *Heads* (2129274). 2.45 *Heads* (2129275). 2.45 *Heads* (2129276). 2.45 *Heads* (2129277). 2.45 *Heads* (2129278). 2.45 *Heads* (2129279). 2.45 *Heads* (2129280). 2.45 *Heads* (2129281). 2.45 *Heads* (2129282). 2.45 *Heads* (2129283). 2.45 *Heads* (2129284). 2.45 *Heads* (2129285). 2.45 *Heads* (2129286). 2.45 *Heads* (2129287). 2.45 *Heads* (2129288). 2.45 *Heads*

saturday television and radio

INDEPENDENT WEEKEND • SATURDAY 7 OCTOBER 1995



The big picture

Kind Hearts and Coronets
Sat 8pm C4

This is close to a showcase in how to do good comedy, and is, of course, a delightful showcase for the multiple talents of Alec Guinness (above): it's a rare delight to see this film shown during prime time. Guinness himself takes eight aristocratic titles in all, from crusty General to pompous old lady, each character in turn being bumped off by the ninth in line for the family title. Louis Mazzini, played by Dennis Price. Another delight is the gorgeous Jean Greenwood, chocolate-voiced snob and the object of Mazzini's affections, who sets off his murderous ambitions.

BBC1

7.25 News; Weather (3514002).
7.30 Children's BBC: Supereted and his Spotty Friend.
7.35 Willy Fog. 8.00 The Addams Family. 8.30 The New Adventures of Superman. Luscious Lois Lane puts a source in peril. 9.15 Live and Kicking.
12.12 Weather (4752303).
12.15 Grandstand. 12.20 Football Focus. 1.00 News.
1.10 Judo. World Championships. 1.25 Cycling World Championships in Colombia. 1.40 Racing From Ascot. 1.45 Anglo African Holdings Autumn Stakes. 1.55 Rugby League Cup. See The Big Match, above. 2.10 Racing From Ascot. 2.10 Princess Royal Stakes. 2.25 Rugby League World Cup – live coverage of England vs Australia. 3.45 Racing From Ascot. 3.50 Willmott Dixon Stakes. 4.00 Rugby League World Cup. Live coverage of the second half. 4.45 Final Score (12943262).
5.15 News, Weather (906533).
5.25 Local News, Weather (6502262).
5.30 Cartoon (589736).
5.50 The King Ralph (David S Ward 1991 US). Strongly cast comedy about the mayhem that ensues when the annihilation of the British Royal Family leads to a fat American being crowned King. Don't be fooled by the names John Goodman, Peter O'Toole, John Hurt and Richard Griffiths. It's still a turkey (1521026). *
7.20 Weather (S) (443262).
7.50 The National Lottery Live (S) (588674).
8.05 Casualty. Animal rights activists make a nuisance of themselves; someone doesn't take their malaria tablets and Ash finds love (S) (948484). *
8.55 News and Sport; Weather (714842). *
9.15 **RE** Renegades (Jack Sholder 1989 US). A young Long Islander assaults her lover's wife, causing serious disablement. This, as they say, is her story. This version of events was authorised by Amy Fisher (the young woman in the case), so the husband tends to emerge as the villain. With Ed Marinaro, Noelle Parker, Boyd Kestner and Kate Lynch (S) (1219200). *
10.45 They Think It's All Over. David Gower and Gary Lineker try to see the funny side (R) (S) (307484). *
11.15 **RE** Renegades (Jack Sholder 1989 US). Lame-brain action adventure about a maverick policeman and his Native American side-kick, as they race around Philadelphia in pursuit of a stolen tribal artefact. With Kiefer Sutherland (S) (974587). * Then Weather. 7.10 Cart.
REGIONS. Wales: 4.55pm Wales on Saturday. 5.25 Wales on Saturday. Score (5.50pm). Afternoon Sportscene. 5.25 Reporting Scotland. 10.45 Sportscene – Match of the Day. 11.30 They Think It's All Over. 12.00 Film: Renegades. 1.50 Weather. Mt: 4.55pm Northern Ireland Results. 5.25 Inside Ulster News. 1.05 Inside Ulster News.

My television exploded on Tuesday – I think it was the OJ Simpson verdict. There's still the 12-inch in the kitchen, but that doesn't quite solve the Rugby problem.

Grown men up and down the country may be staying away from Wembley in droves, they probably don't even like rugby league, but that won't stop them monopolising the set for England vs Australia (Sat BBC1) while more sensitive souls would rather spend the afternoon with Trevor Howard on BBC2. Video recorders are all very well, but that is precisely how to end up with a small, dusty pile of Trevor Howard tapes.

On top of them there will soon be an unwatched copy of Kenneth Branagh in Sean O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman*, which begins a new series of *Performances* (Sat BBC2). Branagh plays the young Irish poet, with a rusty typewriter and thick accent to support, and Bronagh Gallagher is on fine form as the young girl, starving in the next-door garret, who tragically mistakes him for an IRA man. Fine enough in its way, but can it compete with *Kind Hearts and Coronets*? Or *Casualty*, for that matter?

Preview

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND
by Louise Levente

Performance Sat 8.55pm BBC2
Rory Bremner – Who Else? Sat 10pm C4
Tribes Time: Crowded House Sat 11.10pm C4
Timewatch Sun 7.30pm 582
Cinema Europe Sun 9.10pm BBC2
The South Bank Show Sat 10.45pm ITV

is featured in *Cinema Europe* (Sun BBC2). Drawing on a long and impressive theatrical tradition, the early Swedish directors created beautiful films of extraordinary freshness and naturalism. Sadly, like the Vikings, they needed new worlds to conquer, and Sweden's film-making talent has been marginalized to Hollywood during the 1920s. On one of the boats West were Mauritz Stiller and his plump, ungainly protégé, Greta Gustafsson – who was soon to emerge from a chrysalis of mud packs and body wraps as the divine Garbo.

Talking of body wraps, the divine Luciano Pavarotti is 60 next week (Thursday, since you ask and no, I'm not going). To celebrate, he treats himself to a massage and cologne rub with Melvyn Bragg, who joins him in his lovely Adriatic home to discuss his musical development in *The South Bank Show* (Sun ITV). After a short half-hour rest you might want to think about catching two more hours of the celebrated tenor in a performance of *Aida* filmed at La Scala in Milan. Or you could if you had two televisions: one of you is certain to want *The Bat Whispers*.



The big match

England vs Australia
Sat 1.55, 2.25, 4pm BBC1

The new Rugby League season is giving every sign of opening with a whimper rather than a bang. If the grandstands are full today, the crowd will consist mostly of people on freebies; only 4,000 tickets had been sold at the time of writing. Much has been heard about the turnout that the game is currently in, but this first World Cup match between England and the all-conquering Australians should have some interesting moments, brought to you by commentator David Woods (above). Countries competing later in the series include Fiji, Tonga and league virgins South Africa.

BBC2

8.20 Open University: Living with Technology: Energy. 9.10 Lifestyles, Work and the Family (41027668).
10.00 **RE** Chanakya. The Indian historical epic. After his big win against the Greeks (playing away), Chanakya sets his sights on the evil Nand dynasty (S) (736533).
10.40 **RE** Videotape (S) (2318755).
10.50 Network East (S) (6145465).
11.50 The 1995 World Chess Championship. Garry Kasparov versus the Indian No 1, Vishy Anand (S) (5262858).
12.20 Mud Gorgeous Mud (2977991).
12.45 **RE** Saturday Matinée: The Heart of the Matter (George More O'Farrill 1954 UK). A colonial deputy police commissioner enjoys a late-flowering passion during his wife's absence, but blackmail and Catholicism turn his happiness to ashes. Superbly played drama starring Trevor Howard, Elizabeth Alan, Mairi Schell and Denholm Elliott (12424645).
2.25 **RE** Saturday Matinée: The Long Duel (Ken Annakin 1967 UK). Colonial adventure starring Yul Brynner and Trevor Howard (363910).
4.15 Best of Esther. Christine Keeler and Antonia De Sancha wonder if they did the right thing. Well, what would, wouldn't they? (R) (S) (694246).
4.45 The Oprah Winfrey Show. Oprah meets a child-molester's fiancée (S) (3721823). *
5.25 **RE** TOTP 2 (S) (3482281).
6.10 Pride and Prejudice. Mr Collins descends, Elizabeth leaps clear and Charlotte poises for the kill. Mrs Bennet flies about the house squeaking hysterically, in Alison Steadman's exhausting character assassination (R) (S) (222262). *
7.05 News and Sport; Weather (797620). *
7.20 Assignment. The Paraguayan baby trade in which babies are stolen to supply Western demand (886504). *
8.05 The Boss. A year in the life of a modern-day native American chief (S) (9460265). *
8.55 Performance: The Shadow of a Gunman. Sean O'Casey's play about poet who is mistaken for a wanted gunman by an idealistic Republican girl. Starring Kenneth Branagh (S) (1907945). *
10.10 The 1995 Country Music Awards. From the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. With Dolly Parton, Tammy Wynette and Mark Knopfler (S) (9195026).
11.20 **RE** Blind Ambition. Continuing the inside story of John Dean's time at the White House and his role during Watergate. Reaction to the burglary is stronger than they had hoped. 2/4 (R) (S) (429484). *
12.50 **RE** Chocolat (Claire Denis 1988 Fr). A sensitive account of a child's friendship with her parents' houseboy in the colonial Cameroons. With Isach de Banholé and Glòria Bosch (403663). To 2.35pm.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV 6.00 News; Weather. 6.10 Re: Wind. 6.40 Eat Your Words. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.45-8.55 Saturday Disney. Time to do the little black ears. 8.55 Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. Young Kimberley and her nasty high-kicking chums train innocent young toddlers to kick each other (7305571).
9.25 Scratches & Co. The man in the plastic wig presents two hours of babysitting, including at 9.27 Donald Duck. 9.35 Animaniacs. 10.05 The Adventures of Batman. Cartoon 10.30 Gladiators – Train to Win. 11.00 Massive (S) (22311194).
11.30 The Chart Show (R) (73455).
12.30 Du'aime's World (S) (35129).
1.00 News, Weather (64203200). *
1.05 Local News, Weather (64202571). *
1.10 Movies, Games and Videos (22831649).
1.40 Cartoon Time (26905281).
1.55 The Munsters Today (S) (47095281).
2.25 The A Team (R) (2330552).
3.20 Airwolf (R) (8526945).
4.15 The Game, Rallying (299692).
4.45 News; Sport, Weather (5147007). *
5.05 Local News, Weather (3926264). *
5.20 New Baywatch. At last, the three-Kleenex soap opera, with the lovely David Hasselhoff and his team of pubescent lovelies in one long, long beach party (S) (1114489). *
6.15 Gladiators (S) (795020). *
7.15 Blind Date (Including Lottery Result) (S) (396084). *
8.15 Raise the Roof (S) (486945). *
8.45 News; Then Lottery Update (892674). *
9.00 **RE** Lethal Weapon III (Richard Donner 1992 US). Yet more comedy thrills and spills from the odd-couple cops and their psychotic adversaries. Fun (if you like that sort of thing), and a bit violent in places. Starring the delicious Mel Gibson, Danny Glover, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo and Stuart Wilson (S) (27112959). *
11.10 The Big Fight – Live! WBO welterweight title fight between Eamonn Loughran and Angel Betre (395465).
12.00 Tropical Heat (S) (9626758).
12.55 American Gladiators (S) (7457885).
1.45 The Big E (S) (5056175).
2.35 BPM. The latest sounds in dance music (S) (4945156).
3.30 Best of British Motorsport (R) (75531972).
3.55 **RE** The Hard Way (Michael Dryhurst 1980 Ireland). An ageing gunrunner is coaxed out of retirement for one last lucrative hit, in this comic thriller set in the rolling Irish countryside. Starring Patrick McGoohan, Lee Van Cleef, Donald McCann and Edna O'Brien (4419408).
5.25 Night Shift (5204595). To 5.30pm.

Channel 4

6.05 Sesame Street (R) (4664939). *
7.05 Odie (R) (2711216).
7.15 Sonic the Hedgehog (R) (9327281).
7.40 First Edition (1049200).
8.00 Trans World Sport (228040).
9.00 The Morning Line. Today's racing previewed (S) (41910).
10.00 Blitz! Last Monday's Buffalo Bills game against the Cleveland Browns (S) (69533).
11.00 Gazzette Football Italia (29397).
12.00 Sign on – Newswatch. News review for the deaf, with signing and subtitles (34645).
12.30 The Great Maratha (53571).
1.00 The Late Show (S) (1362194).
1.55 Australia's Mountain Cattlemen. Antipodean cowboys herd their charges across Australia, while the ecological lobby claim that they are eroding the landscape (R) (2779026). *
3.00 Channel 4 Racing from Tiv. 3.15 Crowther Horner Handicap; 3.45 East Coast Rockingham Stakes; 4.15 Coral Sprint Trophy Handicap; 4.45 Napoleon's Casino Stakes (S) (24660552).
5.05 Brookside Omnibus (R) (S) (3373533). *
6.30 Right to Reply (S) (262).
7.00 The People's Parliament. The pros and cons of selective education (S) (4216). *
8.00 **RE** Kind Hearts and Coronets (Robert Harmer 1949 UK bw). A killer gradually works his way up to the family title. Long doomed to matinée screenings, this masterpiece finally gets the prime-time prominence it deserves. With Alec Guinness and Joan Greenwood. See *The Big Picture*, above (1552). *
10.00 Ray Bremner – Who Else? Up-to-the-minute gags from Bremner, John Bird and John Fortune (S) (448736).
10.35 Stars' Show (R) (S) (34115).
11.10 Crowded House. Twenty Australasians camp out in a Wiltshire semi while they scope together enough money to continue the long global trek. The first of six Saturday nights looking at modern tribes and New Age lifestyles (S) (321303).
11.40 World of Skinhead. Skinhead values explained. Apparently not all skinheads are violent. Neanderthals who don't like black people. And they'll ruin anyone who says different (S) (365823).
12.45 Douglas Coupland – Close Personal Friend. Douglas Coupland, author of *Generation X* and *Shampoo Planet*, argues that technology has deprived society of its identity (93359).
1.15 **RE** Slacker (Richard Linklater 1991 US). Cult comedy about drop-outs deep in the heart of Texas (679750).
3.05 Ibiza: A Short Film About Chilling. Ibiza at the height of its popularity as a clubland Mecca (R) (8628972).
3.50 Passengers (R) (S) (62209069). To 4.40pm.

ITV/Regions

ANGLIA As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (25129). 1.10 Warner Cartoon (2284126). 2.35 The Big Byte (9707026). 2.05 Films: Gunsmoke II – The Last Apache (642939). 3.45 Airwolf (790151). 5.05 Angie News, Sport and Weather (3926280). 1.45am Nightshift (9404602). 1.55am (564088). 1.45am Nightshift (9404602). 1.55am American Gladiators (4529972). 2.50am The Big E (4817773). 3.40am BPM (3965972). 4.35am America's Top Ten (24140137). 5.00-5.30am Freescreen (33392).

TYNE TEE/SWANSEA As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (25129). 1.10 **RE** Quest (DS) (1360739). 2.05 Film: Once Upon a Spy (642939). 3.45 Knight Rider (790151). 5.10 3pm Full Time (9005858). 10.00 Weather (5008588). 11.55 War of the Worlds (916197). 12.50am Bodies of Evidence (745972). 1.40am Coach (3453427). 2.10am BPM (325311). 3.10am The Little Picture Show (2283162). 4.30am Cue the Music (3811853). 5.00am Nine Bites (8175953). 5.11am On the Line (S) (8195717). 5.25-5.30am Music Video (520-535).

CENTRAL As London except: 12.30pm Heartland (35129). 1.10 The Munsters Today (2283169). 1.45 Movies, Games and Videos (493561). 2.15 WCV Worldwide Wrestling (1290007). 2.55 Airwolf (9705533). 3.50 Thunder in Paradise (9084858). 5.10 Central Match – Goals Extra (9084858). 3.55am Johnfitter (4428156). 5.20-5.30am Asian Eye (4491359).

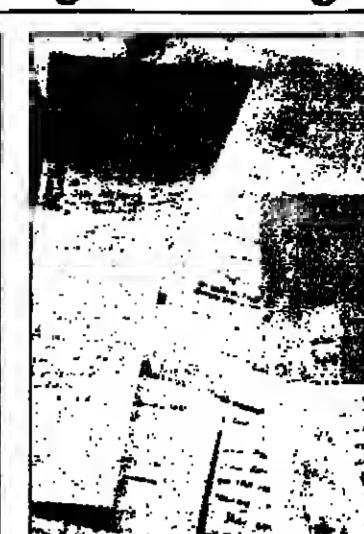
ITV As London except: 12.30pm West: No Naked Flames (35129). Wales: The Munsters Today (35129). 1.45 Movies, Games and Videos (35129). 1.10 Wanted Dead or Alive (2283169). 1.40 The Munsters Today (4700639). 2.10 Film: Disney's Gun in the Heather (632552). 3.50 Thunder in Paradise (9084858). 5.11am Knight Rider (6604674). 5.15pm The Big Picture (1552). *
10.00 Ray Bremner – Who Else? Up-to-the-minute gags from Bremner, John Bird and John Fortune (S) (448736).
10.35 Stars' Show (R) (S) (34115).
11.10 Crowded House. Twenty Australasians camp out in a Wiltshire semi while they scope together enough money to continue the long global trek. The first of six Saturday nights looking at modern tribes and New Age lifestyles (S) (321303).
11.40 World of Skinhead. Skinhead values explained. Apparently not all skinheads are violent. Neanderthals who don't like black people. And they'll ruin anyone who says different (S) (365823).
12.45 Douglas Coupland – Close Personal Friend. Douglas Coupland, author of *Generation X* and *Shampoo Planet*, argues that technology has deprived society of its identity (93359).
1.15 **RE** Slacker (Richard Linklater 1991 US). Cult comedy about drop-outs deep in the heart of Texas (679750).
3.05 Ibiza: A Short Film About Chilling. Ibiza at the height of its popularity as a clubland Mecca (R) (8628972).
3.50 Passengers (R) (S) (62209069). To 4.40pm.

MERIDIAN As London except: 12.30pm Summer of Sailing (35129). 1.10 The Meridian Match (2283169). 1.45 Movies, Games and Videos (35129). 2.15 WCV Worldwide Wrestling (1290007). 2.55 Airwolf (9705533). 3.50 Thunder in Paradise (9084858). 5.10 Central Match – Goals Extra (9084858). 3.55am Johnfitter (4428156). 5.20-5.30am Freescreen (33392).

WESTCOUNTRY As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (35129). 1.10 Wanted Dead or Alive (2283169). 1.40 The Munsters Today (4700639). 2.10 Film: Disney's Gun in the Heather (632552). 3.50 Thunder in Paradise (9084858). 5.11am Knight Rider (6604674). 5.15pm The Big Picture (1552). *
10.00 Ray Bremner – Who Else? Up-to-the-minute gags from Bremner, John Bird and John Fortune (S) (448736).
10.35 Stars' Show (R) (S) (34115).
11.10 Crowded House. Twenty Australasians camp out in a Wiltshire semi while they scope together enough money to continue the long global trek. The first of six Saturday nights looking at modern tribes and New Age lifestyles (S) (321303).
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S4C As C4 except:

the saturday story



Stormy relationship: New Poldark couple Mel Martin and John Bowes (far left), and original stars Angharad Rees and Robin Ellis (left). Letters of protest from the passionate (above)

Photograph: Sam Morgan Moore

The hero with 5,000 passionate lovers

The Poldark novels spawned a hit BBC series. But a new adaptation has angered fans. Marianne Macdonald reports

Tomorrow, about 100 people will file into a hotel in Knightsbridge and hold a lunch inspired by a world which has never existed. This world is a fictionalised version of 17th-century Cornwall, and it is inhabited by impoverished gentlefolk, grasping lawyers, drunken tin miners and overfed physicians. It is, in short, the world of Poldark.

Winston Graham could never have suspected when he began his 11-book Poldark saga in the Forties – after more than 16 previous novels which barely kept him in cigarettes – that he had stumbled onto a plot and a set of characters which would create a million millions of devoted readers and spawn a 5,000-member fan club.

The unusual thing about the books was that they combined epic historical drama with good writing and three-dimensional characters, a world away from the cardboard book-busters of today.

Ross Poldark, Graham's mine-owning hero, is everything a man should be: big, dark, scarred, handsome, a gambler, an adventurer, as male as Mr Ebury or Rhett Butler. There was a frustrated love for Elizabeth, who had jilted him for his cousin, and the struggles of his wife, the former maid-servant Demelza, to be accepted in the high-class circle in which he moved. It was the ultimate fantasy, where women were loved to distraction, where men made and lost fortunes, and where women could rise from rags to riches by marriage.

They are books to fall in love

with, and the outward expression of the strange forces unleashed by Poldark can be seen tomorrow at the annual lunch of the Poldark Appreciation Society. More than a fan club, the society acts as a route to the other, parallel world inhabited by the unglamorous solicitors, tax inspectors, housewives, school teachers and railway workers who are its members.

The society was formed in 1988 by Val Adams, a housewife who lives in Wadebridge, Cornwall. She had read all the Poldark novels in the Sixties and loved them, and enjoyed the BBC adaptations of the early novels screened between 1975 and 1977. When the first series was repeated in 1988, she wondered how many other secret Poldark fans there were. So she wrote a letter to a national newspaper asking for responses. Within days, she had 300 letters.

It has now been going

eight years and up until recently,

has been low-profile. It has swollen to 5,000 members but has never thrown its weight around. Members confine their activities to feeding the Poldark frenzy via the quarterly newsletter and the annual get-together in Cornwall, where they tour the locations for the BBC series, and where they celebrate in style with a ball in full 18th-century regalia.

In the last two months, however,

all that has changed. Something has

happened which has struck at the heart of this band of Poldark fanatics throughout 20 countries that

the fans were overjoyed by the choice of Rees and Ellis, so

for them it was the offer of a

decade. Here was their chance to

play the roles which had brought

them fame and fortune ("for five

minutes I knew what it was like to

have been a Beatle," Ellis once

recalled) and propel them back

into the limelight. For although

Ellis had moved on to Shakespeare

at Stratford after the first series, his

credits for recent years have more

notably included voice-overs for

Gold Blend coffee.

It all started going dreadfully, hor-

ribly wrong, when the actors were

told by HTV that despite – they

thought – having agreed a fee of

£60,000 each to appear in the film,

they would actually only be paid

£20,000 – exactly, and insultingly,

half the original sum.

Ellis was devastated. "I didn't

think it was right," he recalls, in a

phrase he repeats again and again.

"I said to my agent that I wanted to

negotiate. But he rang me on Mon-

day and said if I didn't accept the

offer by 5pm that evening, they

would recast the part." Ellis con-

tinued in vain to negotiate. But

when he caved in the following

week and told his agent to accept

£20,000, it was too late. HTV had

offered his part to John Bowes.

Rees had also lost her part to Mel

Martin, although she had agreed to

the lower offer almost immediately.

She has now placed the matter in

the hands of her solicitor, Robert Storer,

who is not forthcoming on the sub-

ject. "I've got nothing to say at all,"

he said yesterday, before putting the

phone down.

Filming has now been going on

for some weeks in Bath, Cornwall and London and is due to finish next week, with the adaptation scheduled to be screened over Christmas in Britain – but sold all over the world thereafter.

This unpleasant little episode is

read by different people in different ways. One industry insider who has been following the affair says:

"They had a tight budget and Ellis

was asking for too much money.

He's not the only actor who can play

that part. There was a certain

amount of arrogance." But others argue that Ellis and Rees had

earned their fee after the delays and

script meetings and have been

unfairly treated.

And then there is the Poldark

Appreciation Society, which simply

believes nobody else can play

Demelza and Ross and that HTV is

making the biggest mistake of its

corporate career.

The thing is, it may be. Val Adams

has had more than 7,000 letters

complaining about HTV's decision

to dump the stars and these, more

than anything else, provide an

insight into the extraordinarily

strong attachment Poldark has

offered to his part to Mel

Martin, although she had agreed to

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to be screened over Christmas in

Britain – but sold all over the world

thereafter.

Poldark, I will most certainly not be watching any new production which doesn't have Robin and Angharad," fumed a fan from Scotland. "The news has just filtered across the Atlantic and to say that I'm disappointed, devastated, upset and outraged are just a few adjectives I can find to express my disappointment," scrawled Julie from New York. "If I was not so elderly I would certainly join you in your fight against HTV's treatment of Robin and Angharad," another from Sussex intoned.

The PAS has taken the gloves off over this fight, picketing HTV's offices and even arranging a meeting with Poldark's executive producer, Geraint Morris. It has promised to boycott the HTV film and any successive series (by exercising supreme self-discipline and not watching them). It is fighting as hard as ever to get HTV to "see sense" – although this is looking less and less likely – and Ms Adams is now urging the BBC to screen its original series head-to-head with HTV's.

She says: "I've tried to explain to HTV that for everybody who writes a letter there are 100 people who don't bother, but they just don't get the message. But I haven't given up, and I won't until the film actually goes on screen. I believe this could be similar to Hollywood casting Bette Davis as Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind*. She was several weeks into the filming before they came to their senses and cast Vivien Leigh. If it can happen in Hollywood, it can happen here."

Jo Brand's week



If I ever get really involved in showbiz and shallow, I hope there will always be something to haul me back to earth like there was this week. I did a show in a pub for a friend who was celebrating 25 years of performing. He wanted something a bit unusual so Jeff Green (a comic I tour with) and I agreed to perform 10 minutes of each other's material. It was very strange hearing Jeff opening with the words: "Good evening, I'm Jo Brand," and going on to discuss the merits of panty liners. Likewise, I introduced myself as Jeff Green and talked about interesting ways to impress one's girlfriend sexually. As we were leaving, the barmen called Jeff over and asked for his autograph for his niece, who he said was a big fan. Jeff duly signed, although somewhat surprised, as he hadn't done loads of TV. As he walked off the barman shouted, "Goodnight Jo!" I think. And there's me thinking I was a bit of a face.

I read an article recently about the dos and don'ts of writing a column, which recommended that one should never discuss one's holiday. Anyway, I was in Rome this week for a short break and we stayed in one of those hotels in which it's quite easy to fantasise that you're in *The Shining*. One night, while all of us were drinking in the bar, we were approached by two strange Italian men who regaled us with stories of all the famous people they had met and generally irritated us until, fed up, we decided to retreat upstairs. I went to collect the room key, which I was informed by the barmen, had gone missing. Two hours later the key was found in the pocket of the man who had somehow got hold of the key and any moment now would burst into the room, kill my Jim, and spirit me away to a dank cave outside Rome where they would cut off various bits of me until myaulan coughed up the dough. By next morning they had not appeared, unlike the key had. Perhaps I was eating too much cheese.

Hotel televisions always have an excess of soft porn hidden in them to brighten up even the most miserable businesswoman's day. One good game you can play, if you are a woman, is to watch the film and for a salient phrase from it. Go down to the dining room the next morning, sit at the door and shout "Food for thought".

Scientists are worried that household appliances could have carcinogenic properties because of something to do with magnetic fields (said she with alarming scientific precision). I wonder whether washing-up, ironing, cooking, scrubbing floors, cleaning the fridge, shopping and getting all those half bits off the cooker will turn out to be carcinogenic. Just to be on the safe side, I've stopped doing all of them.

Michael Winner in the Sun on Wednesday told us all what a lovely man OJ Simpson is. So lovely, in fact, that when he had just started seeing Nicole Brown and was bringing her to meet the wimborne Michael, OJ told him, "She's very pretty, but boring. She won't last long." Who saw that, I wonder?

Holiday evenings spent in little restaurants imbibing enough booze to reflect the *Titanic* always result in conversations about when the world is going to end. Women tend to go with the argument that people will just blow each other up. Men seem to favour the more pragmatic ecological arguments. One man in our party remarked that the essentials for survival – namely water, oxygen and phosphates – will all run out very soon. I'm afraid I just found myself thinking, "He hasn't even mentioned chocolate yet."

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Blair passes the 1963 test, but what about 1945 and 1979?

For many cynical folk the earth moved this week. Casting around for an alternative to the moribund bunch of politicians who currently govern the country, many will have seen Tony Blair's triumphant "young Britain" speech – and his final rout of old Labour – as providing the answer. If the electorate can be said to have anything as vulgar as a G-spot, then the Sedgefield Sizzler can be relied upon to find it. New Labour is on course for victory at the next election.

Which is where the problems start. In power two things will become rapidly clear to Mr Blair and his colleagues. The first is the limitations on what central government can achieve. For all the wonderful words about ending insecurity and instilling new moral purpose, new Labour will find that the levers marked "change" are not connected to anything. The causes of the new insecurity lie, above all, in the remorseless process of globalisation, over which government enjoys precious little power. Morality has never been something over which governments and politicians have enjoyed – fortunately – much control.

The second, more obvious, problem is that where government can act, easy popularity is rarely available. At Labour's conference the air was thick with zero-sum promises – clever sleights of hand which produced tax revenue or major capital projects out of thin air. Windfall taxes fund unemployment programmes, capital receipts pay for new houses and – most famously – allowing BT into the cable market means all public institutions connect to the information superhighway – gratis, for free! Even if these wheezes were as cost-free as Labour has suggested (and some of

them are not) the rest of the business of government will be far more messy. More choices will see one priority chosen over another; one set of people advantaged and another losing out.

It follows that any modernising government seeking to take Britain into the new century will find its way littered with pitfalls and diversions. To negotiate these will require a compass that at all times points up the direction which has to be travelled. So, in 1945, a new Labour government set itself the task of creating a social infrastructure appropriate to the post-war world – and largely succeeded. After 1979 Margaret Thatcher recognised the historical exhaustion of the social-democratic state and embarked on the brutal business of clearing the obstacles to British competitiveness. Both administrations were characterised by a ruthlessness in pursuit of their main purposes; a sense of direction that set them apart from the muddling stop-go of other post-war governments.

But what exactly is new Labour's purpose? The key theme of Mr Blair's first year was to modernise the party. This conference ushered in the aim of modernising Britain. In his speech Blair dazzled with some fine phrases and some inspiring themes. The most telling passage was when he conjured up his vision of Britain as "a young country." But it was a fleeting moment rather than an organising principle of his argument. Is this nit-picking in the context of a speech which enthused delegates and journalists alike? Not if the yardstick is whether Blair has a serious programme for modernising the country. Not if the measures are the governments of 1945 and 1979. The "white heat of technology" speech that



Harold Wilson made to the 1963 Labour conference is part of political folklore; the mid-expansion project of his government most certainly is not. Mr Blair needs a distinctive analysis of what is wrong and an overriding sense of direction. He does not yet have either.

We need look no further than the BT deal for an example of new Labour's confusion. In Mr Blair's speech it sounded great and it has subsequently badly wrong-footed the Tories. All of a sudden one of Britain's premier companies was doing good business with Labour – and being endorsed by Lord Tebbit.

But it isn't great; it's a mistake. Even Mr Blair must have read enough Marx to know that capital tends towards monopoly. Sir Ian Vallance and Lord Tebbit aren't altruists interested in a deal because they love competition. Their mission is to throttle their competitors, not help our schools. What keeps them honest is a regulatory system that preserves competition. But Labour could not resist the temptation of the big, national gesture. Now, only a few days after the speech, it is becoming clear that there would be a real price to be paid for cosying up to BT.

Contrast all this with Gordon Brown's speech on competition policy, delivered last May. In that address the Shadow Chancellor sought to bury once and for all Labour's attachment to intervention. There would be no more picking winners, no more second-guessing the market, he said. Labour conceived government's primary role as setting the rules for a competitive framework. This was good for everyone, he said, because "if a company receives excessive protection from

competitive pressures in the domestic market, it is unlikely to succeed in the global environment". It was a brave speech and a clear departure from previous Labour policy. But now we don't know which is the real new Labour – the one doing big deals with would-be monopolists, or the one adhering strictly to a strategy for maximising competition. It cannot be both.

But this same contradiction, played out in different ways, appeared time and again throughout the Labour conference and seeped into the party's policy statements. At one moment Labour embraces the idea of a diversity of schools and the next denies any mechanism by which parents could effectively make use of such diversity. It promises a referendum on reforming the electoral system, yet gives no clue as to whether it thinks that the system should be reformed. The word "pluralism" trips off the lips of party leaders, at the same time as they endorse a blatantly sectarian by-election campaign.

Labour is not alone in this. Political leaders of all stripes are finding it hard to deal with the challenge of the moment – whether to embrace the world of competition, diversity, evolution and localism, or to try to hold on to the vestiges of central power.

It is not too late. Tony Blair's track record suggests a visceral understanding of this dichotomy. But one looks in vain for his Keif's osce figure – the diamond-hard intellectual who will force the more transient politicians around him in confront the big picture, who will constantly apply the test of rigour and coherence to policy making. The one for whom winning is not all.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Irish church in an educated society

From Mr Paul O'Neill

Sir: Mary Kenny (Another View, "Calvary of Catholic Ireland," 4 October) is correct in her observation that, prior to the liberalisation of Vatican-II, the Irish church enjoyed the unquestioned loyalty of her flock. That the average priest "generally observed punctiliously the chastity he so sternly preached" is probably as valid today as it was then, and impossible to qualify in any case.

Adherence to an unnatural vow of chastity can be explained as wilful sacrifice in the service of God, or just "part of the job" in a society where the priest held real political power. Most indiscretions would go unreported precisely because the peasant laity lived in mortal fear of sin which could only be absolved by the priest in confession.

The Irish Catholic church, with constitutional backing from the state, perpetuated an insidious climate of fear and retribution created in the Dark Ages. The people were brainwashed to deny their feelings and impulses and live instead in a perpetual cycle of grace and guilt.

Since the Fifties, successive generations of young Irish

people, enjoying access to opportunities previously available only to the wealthy or the clergy, have been educated to question authority and form their own value judgements. Faced with a well-informed public, the church had to temper its message. It is not, nor ever has been, a "democracy," and by showing the sinner understanding and forgiveness is merely being true to its *raison d'être*.

As a young Irish person, I believe the church is being forced finally to grow up with the rest of society. Ms Kenny, in advocating that it adopt an authoritarian solution to current woes, is merely demonstrating how far removed she is from the teachings of Christ. *Mise le meas.*

PAUL O'NEILL

Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire

4 October

From Mr Philip Ross

Sir: Surely Mary Kenny doesn't believe the crimes of Catholic priests are something new? It is simply a matter of people being no longer afraid to bring them into the open, due to better education and a more just legal system.

No secret deal on French N-tests

BT deal: a return to 'fix-it' politics

From Mr N. G. van der Pas

Sir: Contrary to what Sarah Helm's article suggests ("Secret EU deals over N-test let Paris off the hook," 5 October), there is no secret deal. Unsubstantiated earlier reports in the Danish press have already been formally denied by the European Commission. The latter continues to press France for information. On this basis, it will decide whether action under article 34 of the Euratom Treaty should be taken.

Your correspondent writes of a secret memorandum. But she does not reveal its origins and is rather vague about its contents. The reader is left with the misleading impression that this paper could originate from the European Commission or even contain the "secret deal". On close reading, one understands that it could be any report from diplomatic circles. If it is, the author is wrong.

Yours faithfully,

N. G. VAN DER PAS

Spokesman

European Commission

Brussels

5 October

Sir: Labour's deal with BT on a broadband network seems puzzling ("Blair seals pact with BT," 6 October). To link up schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, etc is at first sight a worthy aim. But with scores of cable, satellite and terrestrial TV channels, teletext, e-mail, even the dreaded Internet, what would they get in the way of programming and information that they don't have already? Anyway, many teaching hospitals have had their own fibre links for years, while most cable operators link their area schools just for goodwill. And it still begs the question of where the new services are to come from.

The cost to BT of such a "social" commitment is minimal, yet the benefits of being a dominant entertainment player against the cable companies are incalculable. Sir Ian Val-

As to being a Catholic country in the 17th century, money was received from Spain. We have yet to know how far this continued. A similar example is to be seen in Catholic Poland, "set up" alongside Protestant Germany.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP ROSS

Great Ayton,
North Yorkshire

4 October

From Mr Desmond Columb

Sir: Around the same time as the election of Pope John Paul II, the Catholic church in Ireland went all soft and liberal. And that, asserts Mary Kenny, is the root cause of its present difficulties.

Before then, she goes on to claim, the Irish church wasn't afraid to deal firmly with its wayward clerics. But isn't it more realistic to believe that prior to the 1970s, the only thing that the church handled firmly was the brush used to sweep its scandals under the carpet?

Yours faithfully,

DESMOND COLUMB

London, N3

5 October

From Mr Michael Duncan

Sir: Does Trevor Lyons (letter, 5 October) not realise that in Scotland people object to the not proven verdict for the very reason he believes make it beneficial? This verdict not only frustrates the defendant in not being able to clear his name, but also frustrates the victims in knowing that the guilty man has walked free. They also have to live with the knowledge that the police are unlikely to reopen the case after such a verdict.

In the OJ Simpson case, a verdict of not proven would divide people even further. Those believing him guilty would be angered at him walking free, while those believing him innocent would be angry at the cloud of suspicion over him. This verdict provides no practical or legal solutions to a case of murder. Instead of wondering about the truth of the matter for ever more, we must accept, whatever our personal doubts, that he is not guilty of the murders he was accused.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL DUNCAN

London, SW12

6 October

From Mr Martin Raff

Sir: I have read and heard of many analyses of the jury system in the aftermath of the OJ Simp-

son trial, but there is one important point illustrated by the trial that seems not to have been emphasised. Jurors are rarely equipped to understand or evaluate much of the technical evidence presented. Could the jurors in the Simpson case, for example, be expected to follow the conflicting statistical arguments? And what could they have made of the two experts on EDTA [an anti-coagulant] – one of whom said there was so much EDTA in the bloodstain of one of the blood stains that it had to have come from an EDTA-containing blood collection tube, while the other said that there was so little EDTA in the bloodstain in question that its own blood contained more? The extent of the problem was underlined by one of the dismissed jurors who, after hearing weeks of DNA evidence, remarked that she did not find this evidence convincing because she did not think it was illegal to bleed in your own home.

It seems likely that technical evidence will become even more important in trials in the future. If so, it will become increasingly important that those making decisions about guilt or innocence should be competent to evaluate this evidence. There may come a time when professionally trained jurors will be required. The OJ

trial suggests that the time may be now.

Yours faithfully,

MARTIN RAFF

MRC Laboratory for Molecular Cell Biology

University College, London, NW3

6 October

From Mr Jan Morris

Sir: In his astonishingly kick-spirited assessment of the condition of American justice ("Star-spangled banner of justice," 5 October), Gary McDonald says it would be hard to think of another judicial system "where [sic] one would be likely to do better if arrested for a serious crime". I can think of many: namely, all those systems which have abandoned the barbarism of capital punishments.

Yours faithfully,

JAN MORRIS

Llanystudny, Gwynedd

From Mr Peter Wotton

Sir: Before his trial, I had never heard of OJ Simpson. During the past year, in conversations with numerous friends and acquaintances, including some in North America, OJ Simpson has not once been mentioned, let alone discussed. Is there something wrong with me?

Yours faithfully,

PETER WOTTON

Whiteleaf, Buckinghamshire

5 October

From Mrs Marie-Jacqueline

Lancaster

Sir: It is Michael Parkin (letters, 4 October) who has got it wrong concerning the correct attribution for "Bruno Hat", not the caption to David Else's book review "The art of lying" (23 September). As my biography *Brian Howard – Portrait of a Failure* (Blond, 1968) recorded, the "Bruno Hat" exhibition was devised by Howard to dupe the newspaper diary columnists of the day. Howard created and painted all the "Bruno Hat" pictures on cork bath mats while his great friend John Bunting filled in some of the backgrounds when time was running short and framed the cork mats in rope.

Yours sincerely,

PATRICK WHITTEN

Chairman

CIT Research

London, W1

5 October

From Mr Richard Stott

Sir: First rule of journalism:

Check your quotes. I was misquoted by Henry Porter in the *Independent* today ("When they publish, damn them," 6 October).

This was taken from a quote in the *Times*, which has now acknowledged its error.

If he is seriously saying that nobody can report a crime in case somebody is later charged with committing it, it is nonsense. What happens if there is a big bomb and someone is arrested running away from the scene of the crime – does that mean that we cannot now say that 15 people died in the explosion?

RICHARD STOTT

Editor

Today

London, E1

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, *Independent*, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

Of course, I wouldn't say anything as fatuous as the words the *Independent* attributes to me. If Mr Porter had read *Today*, he would have found the correct version of what I said, which was:

This is a hysterical judgment.

It is immensely frustrating to suggest that jurors cannot tell the difference between news reports and evidence in a court of law.

If the judge's view of what constitutes contempt was taken to its logical conclusion, it would mean that if there was a bomb explosion and someone was immediately arrested and charged, we could not report it.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD STOTT

Editor

Today

London, E1

From Ms Anna Coote

Sir: Does Tony Blair really want to mean test child benefit (report, 28 September)? The arguments against it are surely too persuasive. Means testing is costly to administer, divisive, helps to trap families in dependency and often misses its targets. Even in better-off families, many women who are not the main earners are short of cash to buy essentials for their children.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA COOTE

Deputy Director

Institute for Public Policy Research

London, WC2

28 September

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, *Independent*, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

I am continuing to pay child benefit on a universal basis, but plan a new scheme that offers recipients the option of assigning their benefit – either to a children's charity or back to the Treasury. It would be relatively simple and cheap, it would encourage altruism and choice, and it would enhance rather than detract from the co-operative spirit of the welfare state.

Yours sincerely,

TONY BLAIR

Prime Minister

10 Downing Street

London, SW1

28 September

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, *Independent*, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL and include a daytime telephone number.

comment

id 1979 PROFILE: Johnnie Cochran

The best card player in LA

OJ's attorney won his case with an approach he has long since perfected, says Tim Cornwell

The old lady answering the phones at the Western district headquarters of the Los Angeles Police Department had her own verdict on the OJ Simpson case. Take defence attorney Johnnie Cochran and police officer Mark Fuhrman, she said, and lock them in the same cell. It would be fitting punishment for both, she thought.

Cochran and Fuhrman is true, were made for each other. Tape recordings of Fuhrman's naked racism were what made Cochran's claim of a police frame-up stick for the OJ jury. But Simpson's acquittal was actually just the latest of many bruising encounters between Cochran and the LAPD.

Johnnie Cochran this week was accused of single-handedly stoking the fires of racism to save his client. His fellow defence counsel Robert Shapiro said Cochran had "dealt the race card from the bottom of the pack". The father of victim Ronald Goldman said he should be "put away" for showing a wedge between the races.

Indeed, in the closing days of the trial, Cochran appeared with bow-tied bodyguards from the Nation of Islam, the radical black group headed by Louis Farrakhan. The clean-cut Nation members are a symbol of black pride, but Farrakhan and his aides have a long history of anti-Semitism, blaming Jews for conspiring against blacks.

Combined with Cochran's comparing Mark Fuhrman to Adolf Hitler in a case where one victim is Jewish, it so offended Shapiro that he said he would never work with Cochran again.

But to accuse Cochran of wantonly crying racism in a crowded theatre is unfair. In 1966, the young attorney represented the wife of Leonard Deadwyler, who was shot and killed by the LAPD after a 90mph chase. Deadwyler was speeding to hospital because he thought his pregnant wife was in labour.

The inquest was televised, and though Cochran lost his case, Los Angeles had its first good look at

him. Over the next 30 years, his reputation – and his law firm – grew, largely by taking on the LAPD.

In 1981, Cochran won \$700,000 in an out-of-court settlement for the family of Ron Setters, a black university football star who police said hanged himself in jail, but it was alleged had died in a choke hold. In 1991, he collected nearly \$10m from a jury for the family of a 13-year-old girl molested by an LAPD officer. Today Cochran is considered one of America's top trial lawyers, with wide-ranging connections throughout the Los Angeles legal and political establishments.

Johnnie Harold Cochran, 58, was born in Shreveport, Louisiana and moved to California at the age of six. His father was an insurance company executive, and Cochran's upbringing was firmly middle-class.

He graduated from law school in 1964. Among his classmates was the future LA Mayor Tom Bradley.

Cochran, like many defence lawyers, served briefly in the District Attorney's office as a prosecutor. There, Judge Lance Ito, who for 10 years prosecuted gang violence cases in LA, worked under

cadence and rhythm of a preacher."

Cochran is a true buckster, insisting that he "never, never" doubted Simpson's innocence. At the trial, he left colleague Barry Schenk to hammer on about the details of DNA evidence, while he was launched into what the St Luke's Gospel had to say about the big lies from the

two middle-aged stars, "wealthy and ambitious, Barbara wrote, "But behind their smooth, charismatic exteriors I can't help but see two men who have very little respect for women, who need to abuse and control the women in their lives, who use their money as a means of control."

OJ Simpson was an unlikely black martyr; though he came from the ghetto, he had remarried into the pretty white lives of West LA. But when in mid-1994 he pleaded with Cochran to join the case, he must have expected that the undercurrent of race would become a major theme for the defence. After all, when Liz Taylor had previously introduced Cochran to Michael Jackson at her mansion, the attorney set about turning his client from accused child molester to ethnic underdog, taking him round black community leaders in LA, to churches and National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People meetings, where Cochran is a prominent member.

Johnnie Cochran was everywhere this week, lording it in a succession of TV interviews, demanding that America face up to its race divides. At a time when the civil rights movement in America is short of ideas and direction, he is emerging, in the words of former Mayor Bradley, as "a national hero to African Americans". He has proved himself smart enough to take on an \$8m prosecution team and win, on live TV, while he speaks to the heart of what many blacks feel about the live legacy of racism in America.

At the annual conference of the black caucus in the US Congress last month, Cochran flew in from Los Angeles as star guest. He was besieged by autograph-hunters, while former General Colin Powell looked on from the wings.

"I'm not sure that Johnnie has political ambitions," Professor Aranella says. "But I think he wants to be a player on the national stage of the civil rights movement and this has pushed him forward."

In his speech, Cochran compared the *People v OJ Simpson* to the landmark ruling from the Supreme Court desegregating schools, *Brown v Board of Education*. "In America," he said, "how could we, as blacks, possibly initiate the race card?" And the 5,000-member audience, like innocent jurors, ate out of his hand.

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Obituaries / gazette

Francis Johnson

Francis Johnson was probably the last practising pre-Modernist architect in Britain.

When Johnson studied at the Leeds School of Architecture in the 1920s Modernism was still a continental concern. The ideals of the Bauhaus, which were to revolutionise the way architecture was taught, had yet to spread to Britain. As a result Johnson was trained in the Classical principles of composition and design, with a firm emphasis on drawing. He continued to practise them until he died, working full-time into his late seventies, and part-time almost until his death.

Modernism passed him by – although he looked with horror on the damage it wrought on nearby Hull, whose Great Georgian inheritance he defended with passion. Safely established in the remote Yorkshire town of Bridlington, with a dedicated team of assistants, a highly developed relationship with local craftsmen and a network of satisfied clients, Johnson was able to practise the civilised architecture he enjoyed, far from the spotlight of fashion. The result is a distinguished series of churches, houses and restorations which maintained the best traditions of restrained Classical architecture in the manner of his great 18th-century predecessor John Carr of York.

In the Thirties Johnson had bought Craven House, in Bridlington High Street, and for 20 years this building, refronted in 1810, was both his home and, from 1945, his office. Johnson moved in the mid-1950s to an 18th-century house outside the town, but Craven House remained home to his partnership.

which comprises two other architects and five technicians.

Even in Yorkshire, establishing a Classical practice did not prove easy. The 1950s were hard, and it was only with increasing confidence among country-house owners in the 1960s that Johnson's workload began to grow. Sensing that there was perhaps a future for the country house, owners went to Johnson to turn unattractive white elephants into practical places to live.

Sometimes the surgery was minor, a gentle reordering of kitchens and entrances, sometimes it was radical as excesses were removed, a good example being the remodelling of Houghton Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, for Countess Fitzwilliam in 1957; Victorian additions were removed and the late-18th-century spirit of the house restored. Indeed, there was ever a house touched by Johnson that was marred by his hand. Usually a much more attractive – and practical – building was the result.

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s Johnson enjoyed quiet local success, gaining particular satisfaction from a number of completely new country houses, such as Sunderlandwick (1962), in the East Riding, for Sir Thomas and Lady Ferens, built on a mature site, replacing a house burnt down on VJ Night, and Whitewell-on-the-Hill (1969), near Malton, for David Brothertoo. Not that Johnson's work was monopolised by country houses. Churches, both restorations and a number of new designs, were an important part of his work, in-

cluding St Margaret, Histon (1956), an essay in simple Dutch Classicism replacing the original church destroyed by a stray wartime bomb meant for Hull, 10 miles to the west.

He was also responsible for a number of successful housing schemes. But, except for occasional articles in *Country Life*, Johnson was ignored by the architectural press. Then, just when most architects would have been happily retired, Johnson came into his own with the Classical revival of the 1980s, a decade which proved to be much the busiest of his career. Johnson's success lay in his essential practicality, in his innate understanding of the way a house worked, and in his development of a restrained Classical idiom appropriate for the reduced circumstances of the late-20th-century landowner. Not for him the florid porticos and applied pilasters that have proved so popular among his younger rivals. Although devoted to the Classical orders, he tended to restrict their use to interiors. Instead he relied on pediments, the occasional bow-window and the immaculately proportioned relationship of window to wall to impart a restrained dignity to his designs, as in the main facade of Garrowby, near York, an almost completely new house making use of an existing building, for the third Earl of Halifax, which was completed in 1982.

Johnson's architectural roots lay firmly in the late 18th century, a popular period among architects searching between the wars for a more restrained approach to Classicism after the licence of the Edwardians. Johnson made a Grand Tour to Italy and Central Europe in 1931 on the strength of a travelling scholarship, but direct contact with the Italian masters is largely lacking in his work. Neither his sketchbooks nor the architectural works in his library ever became quaries for clever details. But, like many of his contemporaries, Johnson was profoundly influenced by the austere Scandinavian Classicism of the 1920s and 1930s which he experienced at first hand on a visit to Copenhagen, which was completed in 1932.

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unit trusts/data

FOREIGN EXCHANGE RATES

Country	Spot	DOLLAR		DMARKS
		1 month	3 months	
US	1.5912	15.11	24.01	1.0000
Canada	2.1063	21.10	23.20	1.0000
Germany	2.2535	24.47	25.45	1.0000
France	7.2118	8.41	8.67	1.0000
UK	1.6250	17.00	17.50	1.0000
Japan	155.25	22.00	22.65	1.0000
ECU	1.2233	12.7	22.25	1.0000
Belgium	4.3535	12.9	22.27	1.0000
Denmark	0.7571	10.14	10.67	1.0000
Iceland	0.7252	11.27	11.57	1.0000
Ireland	0.9795	10.7	11.05	1.0000
Norway	0.9265	10.2	10.65	1.0000
Spain	185.41	10.02	10.24	1.0000
Australia	2.0204	11.77	12.04	1.0000
New Zealand	2.0235	11.77	12.04	1.0000
Hong Kong	4.0022	44.25	52.54	1.0000
New Zealand	2.8865	11.15	11.55	1.0000
Singapore	2.2513	90.55	11.25	1.0000

MONEY MARKET

Country	Spot	DOLLAR		DMARKS
		1 month	3 months	
Australia	2.0204	11.77	12.04	1.0000
Canada	2.0235	11.77	12.04	1.0000
Denmark	0.7571	10.14	10.67	1.0000
China	1.5747	8.5	8.67	1.0000
France	7.2118	8.41	8.67	1.0000
Germany	2.2535	24.47	25.45	1.0000
Japan	155.25	22.00	22.65	1.0000
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New Zealand	2.8865	11.15	11.55	1.0000
Singapore	2.2513	90.55	11.25	1.0000

OTHER SPOT RATES

Country	Sterling	Dollar		Country	Sterling	Dollar
		1 month	3 months			
Argentina	1.0200	1.0200	1.0200	Wales	1.2147	1.2147
Australia	1.5824	1.5824	1.5824	Orkney	0.9786	0.9786
China	1.5747	8.5	8.67	Orkney	0.9787	1.125
France	7.2118	8.41	8.67	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
Germany	2.2535	24.47	25.45	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
Japan	155.25	22.00	22.65	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
ECU	1.2233	12.7	22.25	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
Belgium	4.3535	12.9	22.27	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
Denmark	0.7571	10.14	10.67	Orkney	0.9787	1.0000
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COMMENT

"The 64,000 franc question is whether the Chirac government has the will to persist with these painful economic policies"

Franc will test French commitment to union

The battering the franc took on the foreign exchanges will test afresh the French government's commitment to monetary union. If the pressure continues next week, official interest rates will be forced to rise – something the economy needs like a hole in the head. The virtuous cycle of interest rate cuts against the background of a strengthening franc that the Banque de France was able to achieve over the summer is now a distant memory.

The problem is that the French government has incompatible objectives at the very heart of economic policy. During his election campaign, Jacques Chirac pledged to make unemployment the "priority of priorities". With unemployment figures being much worse than expected in August, a cut in interest rates is called for to stimulate an economy that is flagging fast.

However, with his appointment of Alain Juppé as prime minister, President Chirac also signed up for the austere economic policies needed to conform with the Maastricht criteria for monetary union. The budget deficit of 5 per cent this year is to be cut mainly through tax increases. The government has shown no sign of wanting to use the leeway provided by the 15 per cent bands within the ERM.

The 64,000 franc question is whether the Chirac government has the will to persist with these painful economic policies. Many have lost by speculating against the willingness of the French authorities to defend the

franc, but that was under a previous administration and at a time when the unemployment problem seemed less entrenched.

What is clear is that the very tests inflicted by the market on that commitment make it all the more difficult for the French government to achieve its twin goals. By keeping interest rates above the level warranted by the state of the real economy, growth is constrained, so worsening the outlook for the deficit and making it more difficult to bring down unemployment.

The French will not doubt blame the nasty Anglo Saxon speculators once more. At the Halifax summit in June, President Chirac likened currency speculation to AIDS. The markets' riposte is to point to the genuine quandary the authorities find themselves in. There is an unease echo of the events that unfolded before Britain's ejection from the ERM. But given the French elite's commitment to monetary union, it could take social unrest to force the issue.

Things could hardly be worse at Eurotunnel

In the old days, the First National City Bank of Moose Jaw, tiny though it might have been, was perfectly capable of sinking an entire corporate rescue negotiation by withholding approval at the last moment. When unanimity among bankers was the normal requirement, a handful of lenders

could blackmail the rest with demands for special concessions, and refinancings often ended up in a long and unseemly squabble between bankers. History is about to repeat itself with Eurotunnel. The company's bankers must produce a unanimous agreement before a refinancing can go ahead.

After the early Nineties' corporate rescues, the Bank of England loathed long and hard to persuade bankers to include majority voting in loan agreements so as to escape these problems of delay and dissension. Eurotunnel, where an 85 per cent majority vote has been needed to change the terms of the loans, was often held up as an example of how to get round the corrosive arguments brought by the need for unanimity.

Unfortunately, as Eurotunnel revealed yesterday, that does not apply where new money from the junior lenders is concerned – and the suspension of £70m a year of interest payments amounts to lending the company more, as the interest rolls up.

This may not be entirely bad news for shareholders, provided they keep their nerves. This is a big proviso since the shares have already fallen £2.32 this year. Today they change hands at less than £1 each. Pity those who bought at £13. Eurotunnel hopes to have an agreement with its principal banks by January. The longer the subsequent rows over getting the rest of the 225-strong syndicate into line, the better the chances of success for Sir Alastair Morton's single-track corporate strategy of hoping something will

turn up – whether it be an end to the ferry price war or compensation payments from all and sundry.

The half-year accounts yesterday produced no comfort on the revenue front, with the price war intensifying and another £100m of loans agreed by the senior lenders – who are still being paid interest – to keep the company ticking over. Total cash receipts in the third quarter rose to £103m from £87m in the second and £74m in the first. Some £91m is being predicted for the fourth quarter. Losses for the full year, including unpaid interest, could be about £80m.

Things could hardly look worse. Shareholders' best hope is Sir Alastair's single-minded determination to align himself with them against the banks. Even so they are going to be lucky to salvage much from the wreckage.

Trafalgar is not out of the woods yet

Selling the Ritz is a step in the right direction, but Trafalgar House is hardly any closer to finding a way out of the woods. Its problems are far-reaching as ever; the Keswicks must begin to believe that the very worst the Chinese could have done to them in Hong Kong would not have come anywhere near the loss they have suffered on their ill-fated diversification into Britain. Raising £75m for a hotel in the books at

£60m is not bad, even if the buoyant state of the London tourist trade might have argued for a higher price still, but it does not change the fact that Trafalgar is a hotch-potch of businesses no-one in their right mind would choose at the moment. The engineering, construction, cruises and house-building arms are still sucking in cash like there is no tomorrow, which means only selling the family silver can tackle the gearing problem, and there is no sign of an improvement in trading.

Chief executive Nigel Rich has used his outsider's eye advantage well. Sending disinterested teams into all the businesses to assess their viability makes sense. It is just a shame the bid for Northern Distracted management for so long during the first half of the year. Bulls of Trafalgar (they do exist) reckon that with sales approaching £4bn it shouldn't be beyond the wit of man to generate a modest return even from the difficult markets the company operates in.

However, with housebuilding on its knees, construction companies unable to put together anything approaching a sensible, profitable tender and the QE2 failing to attract the right kind of high-spending cruiser, Mr Rich is going to have to look at alternative ways of nursing Trafalgar back to health. It is perhaps time for less Hong Kong and more Macau, a double or quits bid by the Keswicks for the whole group would at least put the rest of Trafalgar's shareholders out of their misery.

Manweb falls into arms of Scottish

MARY FAGAN
Industrial Correspondent

Scottish Power won the UK's first hostile bid for a regional electricity company yesterday, clinching a £1.13bn takeover bid for Manweb.

The takeover, the largest in the sector so far, was confirmed two hours after the bid was closed, when the Scottish group announced it owned, or had acceptances for, more than 60 per cent of Manweb's shares.

The victory came despite the decision by the Prudential Corporation, which owns 8 per cent of Manweb, to throw its weight behind the regional firm's board. About two-thirds of Manweb's small private shareholders also refused to sell.

The takeover prompted a renewed warning from the Labour Party that it would consider a wholesale reference of the electricity industry to the Monopoly

Commission, Jack Cunningham, the trade and industry spokesman, said the bid should have been referred by Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade. "Ian Lang's foolish and stubborn refusal to refer the bid to independent scrutiny sets an important precedent. We cannot proceed with the piecemeal restructuring of the electricity industry without an independent examination of whether the public interest is being served," Dr Cunningham said.

Ian Robinson, chief executive of Scottish Power, said he hoped to meet with John Roberts, his counterpart at Manweb, on Monday. "We are delighted to be where we are. We broadly expect to be where we are but it's always better when you get there."

The cost to Scottish Power of the bid has been about £36m, including underwriting fees. There is speculation that the takeover frenzy in the sector has already opened a treasure chest worth more than £200m in fees for brokers, public relations advisers and merchant banks.

Mr Robinson declined to comment on rumours that Scottish Power will now turn its attention to yet another regional

firm: "Our focus is on Manweb for the foreseeable future."

Mr Roberts said: "We are disappointed with the result. We sought to obtain the best value for shareholders and we achieved a higher offer against an uncertain regulatory and political environment." He confirmed that he will meet Scottish Power next week to "ensure the smoothest transition" for Manweb's customers and employees.

Scottish Power's original offer in July was £9.15 cash and £9.45 in cash and shares, but was later increased to £9.90 cash with a cash and share alternative now worth more than £10. Scottish Power's shares rose by 6p yesterday to £3.58 and Manweb's gained 10p to close at £10.05.

The sector is now awaiting a possible second renewal offer by North West Water in its bid for Norweb, in the face of a competing bid from Texas Energy Partners. The Office of Fair Trading yesterday requested an extension until 3 November to deliver its advice to the Government on whether North West's bid should be referred.

Countdown to a takeover: a clerical worker at Bank of Scotland's registrar department in Edinburgh gathers the status report showing acceptances for the Scottish Power bid for Manweb



Vital file loss harms defence

NIC CICUTI

The Maxwell Trial



Day 75

Mr Talbot told the court that his company accountants, Arthur Andersen, took possession of a "vast amount" of Maxwell paperwork.

Mr Talbot insisted his experience was that papers were correctly filed after being given computer bar codes that could lead to their instant recall to London when needed.

"Rockall [staff] alleged that the problems... were caused by various parties given access, who have misfiled certain documentation, who have put documents back in the wrong files or disturbed papers."

Kevin and Ian Maxwell, together with a former Maxwell aide, Larry Trachtenberg, all deny conspiracy to defraud the pension funds by misuse of investments.

The trial continues on Monday, when the prosecution is expected to close its case.

Sluggish start to new era of share dealing

JOHN EISENHAMMER
Financial Editor

The new era in share trading in the City has got off to a sluggish start. Capping a poor fortnight, Tradepoint, the new automatic order-driven exchange, managed just one trade yesterday. The London Stock Exchange registered 27,893.

Domestic market makers appear largely to be adopting a wait-and-watch approach to the newcomer, which anonymously matches buy and sell orders.

Most of the firms using the exchange, which has broken the Stock Exchange's 200 year monopoly by introducing to London the order-driven facility common in most other big financial centres, are believed to be international investors.

A senior fund manager described Tradepoint's start as a "dripping squid." Of the 42 companies signed up, including many of the City's most powerful market makers and a few

institutional giants, about 10 are believed to be actively trading.

"The rest are just making sure they are not missing out on anything," said one institution.

"We intend to use Tradepoint reactively, not proactively. If it does take off, we can always think again," said one head of market making. "We'll let it run for six months, watch the volume."

"Let's see what others are doing, not what we can do to make the system a success," said another.

The average daily number of trades on Tradepoint, which began on 21 September, has been around 15. Last Monday the Stock Exchange changed its rules to allow members to quote competitive prices on rival exchanges, lifting the main obstacle to Tradepoint's aim of offering cheaper dealing.

Stephen Wilson, Tradepoint's executive director, said the slow start was expected. "It will take time for liquidity to build, and

we are connecting new participants all the time," he said.

The pricing structure of Tradepoint is geared to institutions, and it is essential it wins their custom if it is to meet the target of gaining 2 per cent of the UK equity market next year.

The average trade size has been institutional, around £100,000, and we have got a lot of institutional orders going through. They are actively participating," said Mr Wilson.

But many market makers see Tradepoint as a competitor. "It gives clients direct access to one another, so it is hard in our interest," said one. "We risk losing relationships, and the benefit of being able to sell other products. We signed up to monitor the competition, not to use it," said another.

Institutions complained settlement procedures are not straightforward and involve putting up collateral at the London Clearing House.

RPR set to woo institutions in new phase of Fisons bid

TOM STEVENSON
Deputy City Editor

Rhône Poulenc Rorer snapped up another 1.56 per cent of Fisons shares yesterday – bringing its total holding to 18.16 per cent of the group.

But having failed to buy 2.9 per cent of its target, takeover panel rules now mean that RPR must stop acquiring shares and wait for the final closing date of the bid in two weeks time, on 20 October.

Meanwhile, the takeover panel and Stock Exchange both refused to comment on a complaint lodged by Fisons' adviser SBC Warburg that Hoare

Govett, acting for RPR, had overstated the number of shares it had acquired on Thursday morning. Fisons believed the top-heavy disclosure may have persuaded other holders to sell out to RPR in the mistaken belief that the game was up.

Hoare Govett claimed the mistake was honestly made and it contacted the Stock Exchange on Thursday to correct the announcement later in the day. Sources close to the deal said the response of the panel and the exchange will be watched closely.

RPR will now concentrate its efforts on wooing institutions who are yet to make up their

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

Edited by CLIFFORD GERMAN

Greenalls pays high price to expand

Greenalls: at a glance

Market value: £965m, share price 46p.

5-year record

Pre-tax profits (£m)

Dividends per share (pence)

Operating profit 1994

Pre-tax profits (£m)

Share price

Dividends per share (pence)

Turnover (£m)

P/Per £1

EPS

Dividend

1991 1992 1993 1994 1995

14.1 22.3 65.0 74.6 100

10 11.5 12.4 13.1 14.2

1995 Forecast

250 300 350 400 450 500

200 150 100 50 0

1991 92 93 94 95

Pence 81% 78% 73% 67% 63%

Wholesaling 18% 22% 27% 33% 34%

Distribution 0% 0% 0% 0% 0%

1991 92 93 94 95

Pence 250 300 350 400 450

200 150 100 50 0

1991 92 93 94 95

Pence 250 300 350 400 450

200 150 100 50 0

1991 92 93 94 95

Pence 250 300 350 400 450

200 150 100 50 0

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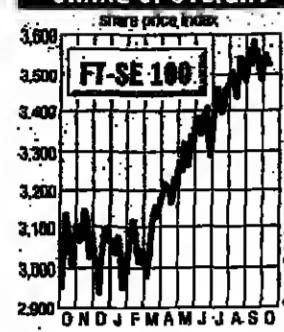
1991 92 93 94 95

market report/shares

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100	3526.5	17.9
FT-SE 250	3,979.0	12.3
FT-SE 350	1763.4	8.1
SEAO VOLUME	634.6m shares,	
	28,251 bargains	
GILTS Index	93.11	-0.23

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



Shares unsettled by boost in manufacturing output

Share prices and gilt-edged stocks were unsettled yesterday by sharply higher than expected UK manufacturing statistics that laid to rest hopes of a further interest-rate reduction before next month's Budget.

The 0.6 per cent rise in manufacturing output in August was just too much for the bulls to bear. Shares remained in negative territory for virtually the entire session, although prices, helped by a firmer opening on Wall Street and continued speculation about the next wave of takeover bids, finished the day above their worst levels.

The FT-SE 100 index opened 2.5 points higher, but as the economic data fed through was sporting a 2.9-point drop prior to Wall Street kicking-in, and eventually closed 17.9 lower at 3,526.5.

A volatile session on the foreign exchanges was an additional thorn in the market's

side. The French franc, in particular, came under pressure. Some traders believed that a devaluation of the franc would happen soon, and also suggested that French interest rates may have to rise.

European bond markets generally had a bad day. Gilt-edged prices were sporting losses of a full point at one stage, before closing only an eighth of a point lower.

Fallout from the economic figures and the currency markets spread right across the equity market in London, curtailing the recent record-breaking run by second line stocks. The FT-SE 250 index lost 12.3 points to 3,979.0.

Despite the sharp markdown of share prices, there were no signs of panic by investors. Volume trading was relatively quiet, with 634.6m shares changing hands in 28,251 bargains.

Only one-in-five of the top

100 companies managed to record advances, and a further 10 finished all-square. Inevitably, the worst tolls were extracted on the high street retailers, amid concerns over the outlook for interest rates.

Kingfisher, owner of Woolworth and B&Q and a constituent of the FT-SE 100 index, fell 4p to 504p. Argos also lost 4p to 496p, and the sector's blue chip, Marks and Spencer, eased 1p to 427.5p.

Similarly, the builders and related stocks were also depressed. Pilkington shed 5p to 203p, Polypipe fell 7p to 153p, Tarmac eased 1.5p to 92.5p, and Travis Perkins closed 6p off at 307p. Y J Lovell, which

recently announced it was withdrawing from private housebuilding, tumbled to another low with a 3p drop to 12p. The shares traded as high as 170p a year ago.

Yesterday's falls had chartists redrawing graphical forecasts of where the FT-SE 100 index will be at the end of the year. Thoughts earlier this week that the index would soon breach 3,600 and head quickly towards 3,700 were cast to one side, and several broking houses now believe

This is despite the widely-held belief that merger and acquisition activity would remain active, a view underlined

by yesterday's £480m agreed bid by Greenalls, down 26.5p to 462p, for Beddington, the rival pub group, which rose 31.5p to 389.5p.

Greenalls' move kindled thoughts about the next targets in the brewing and pub sector. Greene King, which some analysts tip to bow out of brewing but remain involved with pubs, rose 4p to 637p.

Other activity involving bids saw Scottish Power, up 6p to 358p, win its fight for control of Manweb, ahead 10p to 101.05. There is speculation that Scottish may move to buy another regional electricity company before they all disappear off dealing screens.

Cils had a mixed session. The smaller exploration stocks, viewed by some as being ripe for a burst of takeover activity, showed some solid advances, while the majors fell or worried that the crude oil price will ease over the next year.

Among the gainers were Aran, which improved 5.75p to 72.75p on news that it may have found a "White Knight" to top the 61p-a-share bid on the table from Atlantic Richfield.

Fallers among the majors included Enterprise Oil, off 6p to 341p, Lasmo, down 3p to 161p, and British Petroleum, 6p lower at 479p.

United News & Media advanced a further 7p to 545p as Smith News Court followed Paname Gordon's lead and issued a buy recommendation.

VR Supercase, which only had a brief life as a listed company, retreated 18p to 391p after announcing a £3.7m tap on shareholders' pockets via a one-for-two rights issue at 330p a share.

Trafalgar House, for once

had some good news for the market. The sale of its Ritz Hotel in London to the reclusive Barclay twins, who also own the Howard hotel, lifted the price.

Investors who two years ago pilled into the flotation of Aztec, the computer components distributor, are being handsomely rewarded. The shares, issued at 23p, soared 70p to 420p yesterday on the back of an upbeat trading statement. The company said profits for the half-year to September would exceed £4m, compared with £1.1m in the same period last year.

Headache tablets, however, need to be administered to investors in Thomas Jordon, the consumer goods company. The price fell 4p to 32p after a poor trading statement. The company said brokers' forecasts of £900,000 for the current year were unlikely to be met. Its UGB subsidiary has been hit by low demand, production of its new Sunflame fire has been delayed, and it may have to pay £150,000 in back rent.

SHARE PRICE DATA
Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent, as a percentage of share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items. Other details: ex rights; ex dividend; a Unlisted Securities Market; a Suspended; P/P, Partly Paid; p, per share. Source: Financial Times.

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Call cost 10p per minute (cheap rate), and 40p at all other times. Call charges include 10p

per call.

FT-SE 100 INDEX HOUR BY HOUR 14.00 3520.5 down 23.9

Open 3544.1 down 0.3 11.00 3528.7 down 15.7 15.00 3512.7 down 24.7

09.00 3543.0 down 1.4 12.00 3528.1 down 16.3 16.00 3525.1 down 16.3

10.00 3538.9 down 7.5 13.00 3525.3 down 19.1 14.00 3528.5 down 17.9

MARKET LEADERS: TOP 20 VOLUMES

Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock

Fls. 1,000,000 8,100 5,900 4,200

British Steel 14,000,000 7,000 870 5,400

British Gas 12,000,000 7,000 6,200 4,200

British Telecom 10,000,000 6,800 5,600 4,200

Midland Bank 4,700 3,600 2,400

Standard Chartered 3,200 2,400 1,400 8,100

Telewest 3,000 2,400 1,400 4,100

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OH EXPLORATION

Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock

Fls. 1,000,000 8,100 5,900 4,200

British Steel 14,000,000 7,000 870 5,400

British Gas 12,000,000 7,000 6,200 4,200

British Telecom 10,000,000 6,800 5,600 4,200

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OIL, INTEGRATED

Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock

Fls. 1,000,000 8,100 5,900 4,200

British Steel 14,000,000 7,000 870 5,400

British Gas 12,000,000 7,000 6,200 4,200

British Telecom 10,000,000 6,800 5,600 4,200

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10.00 3538.9 down 7.5 13.00 3525.3 down 19.1 14.00 3528.5 down 17.9

OTHER FINANCIAL

Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock Volume Stock

Fls. 1,000,000 8,100 5,900 4,200

British Steel 14,000,000 7,000 870 5,400

British Gas 12,000,000 7,000 6,200 4,200

British Telecom 10,000,000 6,800 5,600 4,200

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OTHER SERVICES

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British Steel 14,000,000 7,000 870 5,400

British Gas 12,000,000 7,000 6,200 4,200

British Telecom 10,000,000 6,800 5,600

sport

RUGBY LEAGUE CENTENARY WORLD CUP 1995

Powell prowls the danger zone

England's stand-off has faced harsh critics and the game's toughest opponents – and has overcome both, writes **Dave Hadfield**

Not for the first time in his long international career, the vultures are hovering over Daryl Powell at Wembley today.

The Keighley stand-off faces up this afternoon to Australia's key man, Brad Fittler. It is difficult to find many people, outside those responsible for selecting him, who think that he is up to the job.

"It's nothing new," Powell said. "This has been going on ever since I first came on to the international scene. It doesn't worry me. The people who know most about the game have always picked me and that's the thing that matters."

Plenty of others have very different views of his capabilities, the most vociferous of them all, Alex Murphy, losing few opportunities in his various columns over the past couple of weeks to insist that Powell is not an international-class player, despite his total of more than 30 appearances for Great Britain and England.

The normally stoical Powell has even been moved to hit back at the sustained attack from what he calls "an out-of-work TV commentator", but he knows that it is what he does on the pitch at Wembley today which will win the argument one way or the other.

"There's no doubt that it's a big challenge, but I've played my best rugby league when I've made my biggest challenges."

As he looks for inspiration today, Powell can cast his mind back five years to another afternoon at Wembley, with Australia also the opponents. In the first Test of the series that day, the Aussies sold a monolithic centre combination of Mal Meninga and the even bigger Mark McGaw. Opposing them: Powell and another unsung tradesman, Carl Gibson, succumbing about three stones man.

To most observers, it was a case of Dial M for Murder and Mayhem; a mismatch that could only finish up with M standing for embarrassment.

History shows, however, that Powell and Gibson completely bottled up their opposite numbers, and Great Britain went on to win 19-12.

"Carl and I copped a lot of stick before that match," he says. "But we went out there and did a job."

The world might just be prepared to concede that Powell is a highly competent defensive player, but it is equally significant that he played a crucial role that day in setting up the winning try.

"Obviously defence is an important part of my game, but I think of myself as an attacking player, too."

Anyone who has watched his club career closely would agree with that. As Sheffield Eagles' first signing 11 years ago, he was a dominant influence on

The people who know most about my game have always picked me and that's what matters'

the progress of that club for a decade.

His boss there, Gary Hetherington, was certainly never guilty of type-casting him as a midfield "blocker", happily handing over responsibility for tactics to a captain he regards as one of the best readers of the game he has seen.

It came as something of a shock, therefore, when Powell was sold to Keighley last season. The Cougars, before the Super League upheaval changed everything, were stocking up on players of proven First Division experience and Powell was the man to whom they turned.

The arrangement has not worked out quite right for either party. Keighley were robbed of their place in the top

division and Powell has consequently dropped out of sight as far as many critics are concerned. To complicate matters further, he needed operations on both Achilles tendons over the summer and has played only three matches since making his comeback.

"I'm feeling OK. A few aches and pains – but there aren't many rugby league players who don't have those. And obviously, like any player, I'd like to be playing at the top level," he says.

It is, on the face of it, a demanding business to be playing against the likes of Bailey and Dewsbury last week, and Brad Fittler and Co the next.

Powell, however, is a player who believes in the fundamental virtues – getting your defence right and making life as smooth and as comfortable as possible for your team-mates. You win few medals and little extravagant praise for that, but it needs to be appreciated by your colleagues.

Some who overestimate the clout that journalists have in these matters have been known to ask if influence could be brought to bear to "get Daryl into the squad". That is the mark of a player with more about him than is generally realised.

The other hard fact is that there are few real alternatives to Powell in the No 6 shirt today, especially when his opposite number is such an influential figure as Fittler.

They have faced each other directly before, in the Second Test at Brisbane in 1992. Australia won, but not because Powell could not handle Fittler.

"He is clearly their key player," Powell said of his opponent. "He has always been a good player but, now that a lot more responsibility has been put on his shoulders, he has responded to the challenge."

For Powell, the challenge is to prove his detractors wrong. He has done it before and, in his own quietly efficient way, he could do it again.

The arrangement has not

worked out quite right for either party. Keighley were

robbed of their place in the top



Six appeal: Daryl Powell hones his aptitude for attack in training yesterday

Photograph: Peter Jay

Driving ambition to halt the gold and green machine

Despite all the upheavals in rugby league over the past year, we are quite clear in our minds that we are facing the favourites for the Centenary World Cup at Wembley this afternoon.

As a result of the politics of the game, the Australian team are supposed to have been weakened. They have not brought household names like Laurie Daley, Bradley Clyde and Ricky Stuart, who were instrumental in winning the Ashes here just 12 months ago. However, a look at the team they have chosen shows only handful of players who have not played here before.

This is the strength of Australian rugby league. They have

far more players who can perform at international level than any other country. My own experience in Australia is that domestic games there are more closely contested and played with a greater intensity, far closer to international matches than an average game in Britain. This has given the Australian team a distinct advantage.

Even without their Super League players, they are able to bring over Brad Fittler, the best player in the world and a team-mate of mine at the Sydney City Roosters next season.

In Steve Menzies they have a lethal attacking weapon and, as well as their familiar stars, they

have three very dangerous and exciting players in John Hopoate, Jason Smith and Jim Dymock. They are visible demonstrations of the depth of quality in Australia.

Bob Fulton encourages Australia to play an adventurous, creative brand of rugby, in which every player is urged to off-load the ball in the tackle.

Creating dangerous second-phase possession, which is difficult to defend against.

Complementing this is a well-organised and aggressive defence which forces teams to make mistakes, which they capitalise upon and convert into tries. A look back at last year's Ashes series shows that many Australian tries came from a

quick turn-around of British mistakes. Their defence has been the foundation on which so many past victories have been built, and is something to which Australian clubs devote more time than in Britain.

What can England offer to counter this revamped green and gold machine? There is a great deal of continuity from last year's series, and we also have the benefit of Denis Betts, Chris Joynot, Lee Jackson, Andy Platt and myself all playing in what is still the most intense and competitive rugby competition in the world – the Winfield Cup.

We also have a remarkable

leader in Shao Edwards, the most successful player of the modern era, but one whose continuing hunger for victory, especially over the Australians, is unique.

Along with the other players I've heard to, I'm genuinely excited to be taking part in it. All that remains is for the world to sit back and admire the determination, athletic prowess and skill.

Tonga could have been captained by Jim Dymock, had he not opted to play for Australia instead. There will be a Dymock in their side, however, with younger brother Angelo playing stand-off at Wilderspool tomorrow.

Duane Mann has lost his place as both Kiwi and Auckland Warriors hooker to the sparkling youngster, Syd Eru. Eru is joined in the New Zealand side by another of the country's new breed, the scrum-half, Stacey Jones, also of Auckland.

The Kiwis' most-capped player, Gary Freeman, announced when the side arrived that he would bring his international career to a close after this tournament. The loss of his place to Jones, plus the coach Frank Endacott's declared

policy of playing his strongest 13 in every match, means that one of the great international careers could already be over.

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Wales (v France, World Cup Group Three, Garrowby, Saturday, 9pm, BBC2) have

Memeth's mammoth task to lift England

Basketball

DUNCAN HOOPER

The England coach, Laszlo Memeth, will have to abandon his no-nonsense style this weekend to raise the players for tomorrow's international in Riga, Latvia, the first of 10 dates in the semi-final round of the European Championship.

Memeth has lost the leading player from last May's qualification round and is likely to lose the next-best player as well. Spencer Dunkley, the fit 10in cento who has spent the past three seasons playing on the continent, has remained in Spain for treatment to a serious knee injury from his club, Bada.

Quotes of the week

I'm in this business to secure my needs. I want my family to live like royalty. Prince Naseem Hamid, the new World Boxing Organisation featherweight champion.

I haven't spoken to Tony Jacklin for two years. We'll never be as close again. Bernard Gallacher, Europe's Ryder Cup captain, who has been hurt by his predecessor's criticism.

Eric (Carton) is 29 and it is too late for him to change. David Gilmour, the Newcastle player, on his French compatriot.

I had a couple of dips at Eric and he didn't react one little bit. Nigel Pepper, York City defender, fails to wind up Cantona in the Coca-Cola Cup match.

I can't even imagine now being a footballer. It's ridiculous. It's far removed as me being a concert pianist. Jimmy Greaves.

Football is like a car. You've got five gears and the trouble with English teams is that they drive all the time in fourth and fifth. Paul Gascoigne.

The referee had three major decisions to make on penalties and got them all wrong. Roy Evans, Liverpool manager, after facing Manchester United last Sunday.

I don't look like I've had to get the ball back. Matthew Le Tissier speculates on why he is not an England regular.

It's no exaggeration to say I've often feared for Tommy's life, that he would end up dead in some bar. Tom Virgil, trainer to boxer Tommy Morrison.

Bob McLean

The number of jelly babies that each member of the South African cricket team will be eating per hour during the Test series with England – in order to maintain carbohydrate levels and replace nutrients lost while in the field.

TODAY'S NUMBER

12

Last week in Istanbul England beat Turkey in overtime after losing by 29 points against the same opponents the previous evening.

England squad, Sporting Digest, page 27

RACING RESULTS

ASCOT

2.00: 1. CHEIF BEE (Mr J Durkin) 7-1; 2. MINIATOR VIKING 5-1; 3. Putter Dan 5-1; 4. BULLY 5-1; 5. D. 5-1; 6. BULLY 5-1; 7. BULLY 5-1; 8. D. 5-1; 9. D. 5-1; 10. D. 5-1; 11. D. 5-1; 12. D. 5-1; 13. D. 5-1; 14. D. 5-1; 15. D. 5-1; 16. D. 5-1; 17. D. 5-1; 18. D. 5-1; 19. D. 5-1; 20. D. 5-1; 21. D. 5-1; 22. D. 5-1; 23. D. 5-1; 24. D. 5-1; 25. D. 5-1; 26. D. 5-1; 27. D. 5-1; 28. D. 5-1; 29. D. 5-1; 30. D. 5-1; 31. D. 5-1; 32. D. 5-1; 33. D. 5-1; 34. D. 5-1; 35. D. 5-1; 36. D. 5-1; 37. D. 5-1; 38. D. 5-1; 39. D. 5-1; 40. D. 5-1; 41. D. 5-1; 42. D. 5-1; 43. D. 5-1; 44. D. 5-1; 45. D. 5-1; 46. D. 5-1; 47. D. 5-1; 48. D. 5-1; 49. D. 5-1; 50. D. 5-1; 51. D. 5-1; 52. D. 5-1; 53. D. 5-1; 54. D. 5-1; 55. D. 5-1; 56. D. 5-1; 57. D. 5-1; 58. D. 5-1; 59. D. 5-1; 60. D. 5-1; 61. D. 5-1; 62. D. 5-1; 63. D. 5-1; 64. D. 5-1; 65. D. 5-1; 66. D. 5-1; 67. D. 5-1; 68. D. 5-1; 69. D. 5-1; 70. D. 5-1; 71. D. 5-1; 72. D. 5-1; 73. D. 5-1; 74. D. 5-1; 75. D. 5-1; 76. D. 5-1; 77. D. 5-1; 78. D. 5-1; 79. D. 5-1; 80. D. 5-1; 81. D. 5-1; 82. D. 5-1; 83. D. 5-1; 84. D. 5-1; 85. D. 5-1; 86. D. 5-1; 87. D. 5-1; 88. D. 5-1; 89. D. 5-1; 90. D. 5-1; 91. D. 5-1; 92. D. 5-1; 93. D. 5-1; 94. D. 5-1; 95. D. 5-1; 96. D. 5-1; 97. D. 5-1; 98. D. 5-1; 99. D. 5-1; 100. D. 5-1; 101. D. 5-1; 102. D. 5-1; 103. D. 5-1; 104. D. 5-1; 105. D. 5-1; 106. D. 5-1; 107. D. 5-1; 108. D. 5-1; 109. D. 5-1; 110. D. 5-1; 111. D. 5-1; 112. D. 5-1; 113. D. 5-1; 114. D. 5-1; 115. D. 5-1; 116. D. 5-1; 117. D. 5-1; 118. D. 5-1; 119. D. 5-1; 120. D. 5-1; 121. D. 5-1; 122. D. 5-1; 123. D. 5-1; 124. D. 5-1; 125. D. 5-1; 126. D. 5-1; 127. D. 5-1; 128. D. 5-1; 129. D. 5-1; 130. D. 5-1; 131. D. 5-1; 132. D. 5-1; 133. D. 5-1; 134. D. 5-1; 135. D. 5-1; 136. D. 5-1; 137. D. 5-1; 138. D. 5-1; 139. D. 5-1; 140. D. 5-1; 141. D. 5-1; 142. D. 5-1; 143. D. 5-1; 144. D. 5-1; 145. D. 5-1; 146. D. 5-1; 147. D. 5-1; 148. D. 5-1; 149. D. 5-1; 150. D. 5-1; 151. D. 5-1; 152. D. 5-1; 153. D. 5-1; 154. D. 5-1; 155. D. 5-1; 156. D. 5-1; 157. D. 5-1; 158. D. 5-1; 159. D. 5-1; 160. D. 5-1; 161. D. 5-1; 162. D. 5-1; 163. D. 5-1; 164. D. 5-1; 165. D. 5-1; 166. D. 5-1; 167. D. 5-1; 168. D. 5-1; 169. D. 5-1; 170. D. 5-1; 171. D. 5-1; 172. D. 5-1; 173. D. 5-1; 174. D. 5-1; 175. D. 5-1; 176. D. 5-1; 177. D. 5-1; 178. D. 5-1; 179. D. 5-1; 180. D. 5-1; 181. D. 5-1; 182. D. 5-1; 183. D. 5-1; 184. D. 5-1; 185. D. 5-1; 186. D. 5-1; 187. D. 5-1; 188. D. 5-1; 189. D. 5-1; 190. D. 5-1; 191. D. 5-1; 192. D. 5-1; 193. D. 5-1; 194. D. 5-1; 195. D. 5-1; 196. D. 5-1; 197. D. 5-1; 198. D. 5-1; 199. D. 5-1; 200. D. 5-1; 201. D. 5-1; 202. D. 5-1; 203. D. 5-1; 204. D.

Wales
have
Quinn
on ho

Magic one to conjure with, minus the hype

Racing

GREG WOOD

Twelve months ago, a stocky son of Dunister called Celtic Swing offered the first hint of the brilliance which would captivate Flat racing and keep it warm through the winter. He won the Hyperion Stakes at Ascot, beating Singspiel by eight lengths, but if one of the runners in today's renewal does something similar, it may pass the bulk of the nation's punters by.

Both the Hyperion Stakes and, even more surprisingly, the Group Three Cornwallis Stakes, are deemed unworthy of live transmission by the BBC, which only a week ago seemed finally to be taking racing seriously with its extensive coverage of Arc weekend. The fields for both events may appear to be a little below their normal standard, but an easing of the

ground and the advantage of experience can improve juveniles dramatically. If the winner of the Hyperion enters the betting for the 2,000 Guineas, we will all deserve a rebate on the licence fee.

The most likely candidate for elevation is Brandon Magic (4.25), whose last two appearances have propelled him

RICHARD EDMONDSON
NAP: Persian Elite
(York 2.15)
NB: Sagebrush Roller
(York 4.45)

towards the higher divisions of his generation. Kuanan, his principal rival, won on his debut at the Royal meeting, but has an antipathy to stalls which may lose him the race before the starter presses his button.

Mimbab (3.20) is an obvious choice for the Cornwallis, while the card's other Group Three

event, the Princess Royal Stakes, provides an interesting test of the reliability of the form book. Five of the six runners met over the identical course, distance and ground conditions, and at almost identical weights, in the Harvest Stakes just 13 days ago. If form means anything, you have to feel the finishing order then — Spout (2.15), Sana, Maid, Snowtown, Royal Circle, Haggah — will be repeated this afternoon.

A winner would not go amiss for Henry Cecil just now, and Storm Trooper, one of his better juveniles, goes to post with a good chance in the Autumn Stakes. Sadly for those who enjoy a good spa, Sheikh Mohammed's Comittal did not make it past the overnight stage, but Cecil may find yet another disappointment at the end of a disastrous week. RAMOOZ (1.45) treated a good

ery field with thorough contempt last time, and is a horse to follow until he is beaten. It may be some time.

Smart Generation (2.50) finished down the field in the Cambridge Stakes seven days ago, but ran well none the less, and is returned to a more suitable trip today. At York, only two of the four televised events make any appeal for betting purposes. The genuine and admirable Guestimation (next best 3.15) is in the best form of his long career and can follow up a recent win at Newmarket, while Resounder (3.45), last in the Middle Park Stakes, has now found a more realistic opening.

The second half of the Channel 4 transmission will illustrate the useful rule of punting. If there is one thing more dangerous than a handicap sponsored by a bookie, it is a handicap sponsored by a casino.

Declan Murphy is not sure when he will make his long-awaited comeback after being given the all-clear to resume race-riding by the Jockey Club yesterday. The Irish jockey has not ridden in public since he suffered

ASCOT
1.45 RAMOOZ may prove stronger than impressive winners Beauchamp King and Storm Trooper. The selection showed he has started to fulfil the potential of his debut second to Mons when running away with a nursery in a fast time. **□□□**

2.15 SPOUT (n) won well from Sana Maid and all but one of today's rivals is in an identical test here last time and should prevail again. **□□□**

3.05 With the stands still generally favoured on soft going, the form book Twix As Sharp and Coastal Staff may be stranded. BOWDEN ROSE's Brighton win shows site is outrunning the handicapper again. **YORK**

3.15 NOBLE SPARTAN has arrived on the scene too late on his last two outings, but with an extra furlong today on good ground he will appreciate Richard Hannon's three-year-old can get home. Guestimation is rarely out of the money and was rewarded with a win at Newmarket last Tuesday.

4.45 The more rivals the better for Sana, who has won three well-contested handicaps this season.

Last Saturday, he rallied well to win close home from BROUGHTON'S TURMOIL. But the selection is 5lb better off this week for just a neck.

HYPERION'S TIPS
1.45 The Mill Reef Stakes form has crumbled, but it will be disappointing if the third, **WARNING TIME** (Resounder held), is not up to this weaker test. **□□□**

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Last Saturday, he rallied well to win close home from BROUGHTON'S TURMOIL. But the selection is 5lb better off this week for just a neck.

ASCOT

1.45 Ramooz 3.50 Bowder: Rose 2.15 SPOUT (n) 4.25 Brandon Magic 2.50 Smart Generation 5.00 Conspicuous 3.20 Oh Whatnight

GOING: Soft. STALLS: Straight course — stands side; round course — inside. DRAW ADVANTAGE: None.

■ COURSE: nr Jctn of A205 and A2010. Access from M25 (Jctn 3) and M4 (Jctn 10). RU station (service from London Waterloo) adjacent course. ADMISSIONS: Members £1.50 (under 16-19 years, half price); Grandstand £110; Silver Ring £55. CAR PARK: Free.

TIME: 12.15-1.15, 2.15-3.15, 4.15-5.15. TICKETS: £10.00. TEL: 01293 222211. TEL: 01293 222212. TEL: 01293 222213. TEL: 01293 222214. TEL: 01293 222215. TEL: 01293 222216. TEL: 01293 222217. TEL: 01293 222218. TEL: 01293 222219. TEL: 01293 222220. TEL: 01293 222221. TEL: 01293 222222. TEL: 01293 222223. TEL: 01293 222224. TEL: 01293 222225. TEL: 01293 222226. TEL: 01293 222227. TEL: 01293 222228. TEL: 01293 222229. TEL: 01293 222230. TEL: 01293 222231. TEL: 01293 222232. TEL: 01293 222233. TEL: 01293 222234. TEL: 01293 222235. TEL: 01293 222236. TEL: 01293 222237. TEL: 01293 222238. TEL: 01293 222239. TEL: 01293 222240. TEL: 01293 222241. TEL: 01293 222242. TEL: 01293 222243. TEL: 01293 222244. TEL: 01293 222245. TEL: 01293 222246. TEL: 01293 222247. TEL: 01293 222248. TEL: 01293 222249. TEL: 01293 222250. TEL: 01293 222251. TEL: 01293 222252. TEL: 01293 222253. TEL: 01293 222254. TEL: 01293 222255. TEL: 01293 222256. TEL: 01293 222257. TEL: 01293 222258. TEL: 01293 222259. 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sport

McGhee marks out Leicester's future

The writing is on the wall for Filbert Street's ambitious young manager, writes Phil Shaw

To the reception area beneath Filbert Street's imposing double-decker stand hangs a day-glo banner declaring: 'The Future's Marked Out'. Mark McGhee came up with the wordplay, and the early signs are that Leicester City will not be marking time in the First Division.

The writing is also on the wall in the Leicester manager's office. A graph has three targets picked out: 51 points, Relegation: 74, Play-offs: 90, Champions. The curve plotting their progress to date shows a team on course to fulfil McGhee's loftiest aim.

Today, five months after the end of their latest brief sojourn to the Premiership, they take a two-point lead to third-placed Barnsley. Many Leicester supporters, accustomed to their side flitting between the divisions, might be satisfied to see Oakwell temporarily replaced by Old Trafford in next year's fixtures.

'Leicester have never been a Wolves or a Newcastle who've fallen from grace - the potential has been unfulfilled'

The 38-year-old McGhee, who was Alex Ferguson's first signing at Aberdeen and has plainly absorbed some of his restless perfectionism, is committed to changing that mentality.

This one-time goal-poacher has undergone a transformation himself since joining the gamekeeper's ranks four years ago. "When you're young you don't see yourself as management material, although on reflection I always had something to say. Probably too much at times."

"After I eventually took over at Reading, I remember ringing Jim Smith, who was then at Portsmouth, and saying: 'I'd just like to apologise for all the shit I gave you in the two years you had me at Newcastle. I realise now what a pain in the arse it must have been.'

The last Scot to manage Leicester, Jock Wallace, was also renowned for his plain speaking. "This city needed something to believe in," he once announced, "so I gave it me." McGhee's legacy at Leicester will, he promises, be the sort of improvement he left at Reading. "That was a thousand times better than I found it. They could have no complaints."

The former Scotland striker is convinced that, increasingly, the Premiership is "the only place to be", but has no plans to leave just yet. What is happening at Leicester, he and off the park, persuades him that they can break the mould which has seen them cast as too big for the First but not big enough for the Premiership.

Leicester have never been a Newcastle or a Wolves who've



Vision on: Alex Ferguson's first signing at Aberdeen has plainly absorbed some of his mentor's restless perfectionism

Photograph: David Ashdown

fallen from grace," he says. "The potential has been unfulfilled, but that's what attracted and excited me. There's enough support to get 30,000 in consistently once the rest of the stadium is developed. The revenue generated by being on seats will go back into the playing side."

The team is already much changed since McGhee succeeded Brian Little last December, in personnel and the style. The new regime, discovered, in the manager's words, "a squad short of Premier League

quality". Survival might have been possible had he bought four players of the requisite class, he maintains, but that was not feasible.

In the event, McGhee had to sell Mark Draper for £3.25m to Aston Villa before buying Scott Taylor, a midfield powerhouse, followed by him from Reading. Steve Corica, an Australian striker, made a strong impression before breaking a leg, and they will be soon be joined by Zeljko Kalac, a 6ft 7in goalkeeper from Sydney, and Pontus Kämärik,

IFK Gothenburg's Swedish international defender.

The long-ball game which led Leicester into the land of milk and money 18 months ago is no more. "I'm certainly not knocking it, but my education has been with clubs who passed the ball," McGhee explains. "That's all I know." Significantly, one of his first buys was Gary Parker, a playmaker surplus to Little's requirements at Villa. However, a surprising number of his predecessor's players remain.

"In this country we tend to underestimate what players are capable of. We don't ask enough of them. There are people here passing a ball better than we ever thought possible, simply because we've encouraged them to do it. It was funny when we played Reading. Both teams looked the same and were trying to do the same things."

Leicester have had a reputation as a selling club from Banks, McLintock and Shilton through Alan Clarke and Nish to Lineker, Alan Smith and McAllister. "It's the same for some time yet," McGhee concedes. "The important thing is that we don't sell to pay the bills. If we can sell a Draper and bring in several quality players, that's good business."

Gary McAllister remarked recently that it did not hurt Leicester enough when they went down. McGhee detected a similar fatalism during the summer. "There was this sense of 'At least we'll win more games next season'. That's what we've got to fight."

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the same for some time yet," McGhee concedes. "The important thing is that we don't sell to pay the bills. If we can sell a Draper and bring in several quality players, that's good business."

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"I've told my lads not to look

York contemplate business as usual after United

The nature of fame was delivered to York City's players late on Tuesday night. "I'm sure you'll all want to congratulate them," a dice jockey in a local nightclub said, "after a fantastic win over" a pause. "Manchester City."

They had a bigger Coca-Cola Cup prize, of course. Manchester United, but in a city not known for its football passion facts do not always remain intact.

No one who was there could deny there was something weirdly divine about the Minstermen's performance

It was nothing new, the Manchester United thing. Really, it wasn't. Been there, done that.

Here in York, rheumy tap-room eyes still moistened over the tale as the games of the 1955 side: 'Forgan, Phillips, Howe... Bottom, Wilkinson...' are recited with Barnsley-like rhapsody. That year, of course, City became the first Third Division side, North or South, to reach the semi-final of the FA Cup, dumping the Blackpool of Matthews and Mortenson, the Spurs side of Blanchflower and Ramsey (*The Daily Express*: NO FLUKE, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SIX!) and Notts County, only to lose to Newcastle after a replay (Arthur Bottom's disallowed goal in the first game is still growlingly disputed.)

It is the sort of thing we do, providing hope and mirth for the little club, the little man the world over. And there are still

Guy Hodgson on the weekend in the Endsleigh League

spur rather than the immediate past. Referring to their pairing with Arsenal in the third round, he said: "We did well against Newcastle last season in the cup and that gave us all a lift. I'm

hoping the Arsenal game will have a similar kind of effect."

Millwall, two points behind, also have a chance of going top which would complete a momentous week after their 4-2 victory over Everton at Goodison on Wednesday. To do so their record at Watford will have to do a U-turn - they have lost their last three games at Vicarage Road. Conversely their away form this

season - three wins, two draws - is better than their home.

Graham Taylor, of Wolves, and Sheffield United's Dave Bassett are two high-profile managers anxious to improve home and away. Wolves, with two wins from 10 League games, travel to Ipswich, who will give a debut to their £300,000 signing from Celtic, Tony Mowbray. United, eliminated from

the Coca-Cola Cup by Third Division Bury, face Derby County, a game matching two clubs with high ambition and lesser achievement this season.

Stoke City are also struggling but hoping that the Dr Jekyll characters that beat Chelsea will emerge against Norwich, rather than the less wholesome lot that have managed only three goals in five home League games.

Team news

Barnsley v Leicester

Moly, Barnsley's on-loan Liverpool player, could replace striker Liddle (injury). Leicester's Northern Ireland defender Black can play. On-loan defender Rolling is doubtful.

Charlton v Grimsby

Charlton defender Rufus and striker Nelson return and Williams, back on a one-month contract, is in the squad. Ex-Teign mid-fielder Bonetti makes his league debut for Grimsby.

Crystal Palace v Sunderland

Palace are expected to restore Freedman and Taylor in attack. Sunderland have had Gray, Kelly and McEvilly released from international duty.

Huddersfield v Port Vale

On-loan Brown returns at right-back, after being cup tied in mid-week, in place of Dylan. Vale hope striker Mills (injury) will be fit to play.

Leicester v Wolverhampton

Defender Mowbray makes his Ipswich debut after a £300,000 move from Celtic. Stockwell (groin) and Marshall (hamstring) return. Wolves are expected to be unchanged.

Oldham v Portsmouth

Oldham are expected to be unchanged. Portsmouth include Dunn, Wood and Dobson in place of Pethick, Hall and Russell.

Stoke v Norwich

Stoke's Gough, Cleeran and Sigurdsson are doubtful. David Bright, Orysson and Devlin stand by. Norwich teenager O'Neill may make his debut in place of suspended Eddie Gunn, may return in goal.

Watford v Millwall

Palmer makes his home debut for Watford in midfield. Millwall's full-back Thatcher is doubtful. Van Beek may retreat from midfield, with on-loan Black on stand by.

West Brom v Reading

Ashcroft may replace Hunt in Albion's attack. Colclough, again deputises for Hamilton (foot). Reading keeper Mikhailov on international duty so Sheppard deputises. Joint-manager Quinn has been cleared to play by Northern Ireland.

FAN'S EYE VIEW

No 114
York City
PAUL SAYER

It might be a humiliation. Best send the dog to the relatives for a while. And move those ornaments.

But, sweetness and light, how wrong we were.

Eleven years ago the dear Lord above, in a perverse mood, sent a lightning bolt on to the city's Minster. And perhaps it was in a mood of belated contrition that, two and a half weeks back, he decided that the team whose nickname bears the name of his house should bring the town some recompense. Indeed, 20 minutes after the kick-off, no one who was there

could deny there was something weirdly divine about the Minstermen's performance. Off-leaden feet sprouted wings, the usually pragmatic passes from the back were sprayed around with laser precision. As for United, they were Scarborough in disguise? Paul Barnes scored, scored again, and Tony Barry added the third. History was made. Sublime, quintessential history. The greatest York City game ever? Arguably. Probably.

Family pets were dispatched happily home in taxis all over town. Glassware was retrieved from holes in the garden. And oewy hopeful football widows enhanced nightwear with the new exotic logo 'Portakabin'. Those of us who were there required counselling to cope with the joy. Four-hour debriefing sessions had to be held in the pub. Yet there was still that nagging business of the second leg.

At kick-off time, hopes were still afloat. Thirteen minutes later, when the United we feared had lacerated the City defence and strode to a goal lead, they were completely grounded.

Or were the lads just teasing us? You can see the funny side of it now, of course. But it wasn't until they stopped remembering the type of pub fortnight that they began to get a grip. And in the 38th minute they scored.

In the second half it was all guts and sweat. Le Philosophe, a rare creature on Bootham Crescent turf, struck a scything shot across goal. Cole threatened, but could not deliver. Then, with 10 minutes left, Scholes gave them a third. Now it was only 4-3 on aggregate. Ten minutes to go, and how the second hand of one's watch snags at times like this. But we dug in. We had more to prove than this millionaire-littered lot. And we survived.

The smiles are unstoppable at the moment. We are trying not to be smug. As I said, it was nothing new. Really. Oh, but thank you, God. Thank you!

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Venables plays the guessing game

Football

GLENN MOORE

England held a most unusual training session at Bisham Abbey yesterday. No, the traditional end-of-session shooting practice had not improved – the finishing was still unworthy of a hungover Sunday league defender. What was different was the lack of apprehensive, track-suited players on the log that passes for a pitch-side bench.

For the first time in memory, Terry Venables had been able to conduct a training session with a full squad and it put him in a positive frame of mind for next week's friendly in Norway. Venables did, of course, lose Paul Gascoigne and Steve Howey to injuries before the squad met up, but, he said, he had already decided on Gascoigne's stand-in, the team and the system.

Not that he was going to reveal all yet, much to the relief of a press corps that needs a bit of speculation to fill the allotted acres of newsprint. Instead the England manager underlined that no one player was indispensable. Indeed, the England coach said he was getting closer to achieving his aim of a squad in which "no one was an automatic choice" more quickly than he had thought possible.

This assessment came as he was pressed on how well England could cope with Gascoigne's absence. Venables says England will play "similarly" as they did against Colombia last month, a match which produced an encouraging performance but no goals.

At its heart was Gascoigne and it is hard, in the absence of both John Barnes and Matthew Le Tissier, to see who can replicate him. Perhaps Jamie Redknapp, though that is asking a lot of a 22-year-old with one cap, or Robert Lee; though he is more of a power player than a touch one. Step forward Dennis Wise? At least he shares Gazzetta's temperament and is a perceptive passer.

Of equal interest is who will be the target – Alan Shearer is no longer an automatic choice. A mischievous FA arranged impromptu press conferences for Shearer and Lee Ferdinand. Shearer began with the greater audience, 16 hacks to Ferdinand's 14, but ended 17-13 down. This was as much due to his ability to avoid contentious comment as anything, but it also indicated their respective moods.

While Shearer, after eight goalless internationals, was on the defensive, Ferdinand, recalled to the squad after an eight-month absence, was brimming with positive thought. Shearer insisted that there was more to his game than scoring goals, that criticism never bothered him and his self-confidence was undimmed. Such is Shearer's self-assurance that may be true.

Ferdinand's confidence has long been more fragile. However, the move to Newcastle and the 11 goals this season have concentrated his mind and crystallised his ambition. "I used to be just pleased to be in the England squad. Now I want to play, I want to do well for England and myself," he said.

If Ferdinand does not start for Venables this time, he may never do so. But will the England coach leave out Shearer, his leading forward, just when he needs to be hacked? All will be revealed on Tuesday.

Republic hit by withdrawals

Tony Cascarino and Eddie McGoldrick have withdrawn from the Republic of Ireland squad for Wednesday's European Championship Group Six qualifier against Latvia. Jack Charlton has already lost the Manchester United pair, Roy Keane and Denis Irwin, from the game at Lansdowne Road, which the Republic must win to maintain their challenge.

Cascarino is ruled out by a calf injury while McGoldrick is suffering from a hamstring problem. Their replacements are Blackburn's Jeff Kenna and Aston Villa's Steve Staunton.

Wales have been hit with three of their most experienced players withdrawing from their Group Seven game with Germany in Cardiff. Ian Rush, Mark Hughes and Dave Phillips are ruled out by injury.

Bobby Gould has called up Gareth Taylor, who moved to Crystal Palace in a £1.6m deal last week, Leicester's Iwan Roberts, Birmingham's Jason Bowen and Kurt Negan the uncapped Burnley striker.

The Bolton centre-back, Gerry Taggart, has been called in as a replacement for the injured Alan McDonald for Northern Ireland's Group Six match in Liechtenstein.

Physique favours Lewis

Boxing

KEN JONES
reports from Atlantic City

It is not unusual today when a heavyweight goes to his corner heavier by more than 20lb than Muhammad Ali and George Foreman were for their epic encounter in Zaire 21 years ago. Considering how large some of these guys are and that the weight of boxing gloves hasn't changed, it's no wonder that we see so many knockouts," Tommy Morrison's trainer, Tom Virgets, said this week when preparing his man to meet Lennox Lewis, who will come in at more than 17st for tonight's contest in Atlantic City.

As both men will be bringing considerable power to the ring and lost versions of the heavyweight championship as a result of being unable to withstand blows to the head, Virgets said, "because it's pretty obvious that this one isn't going to the scorecards."

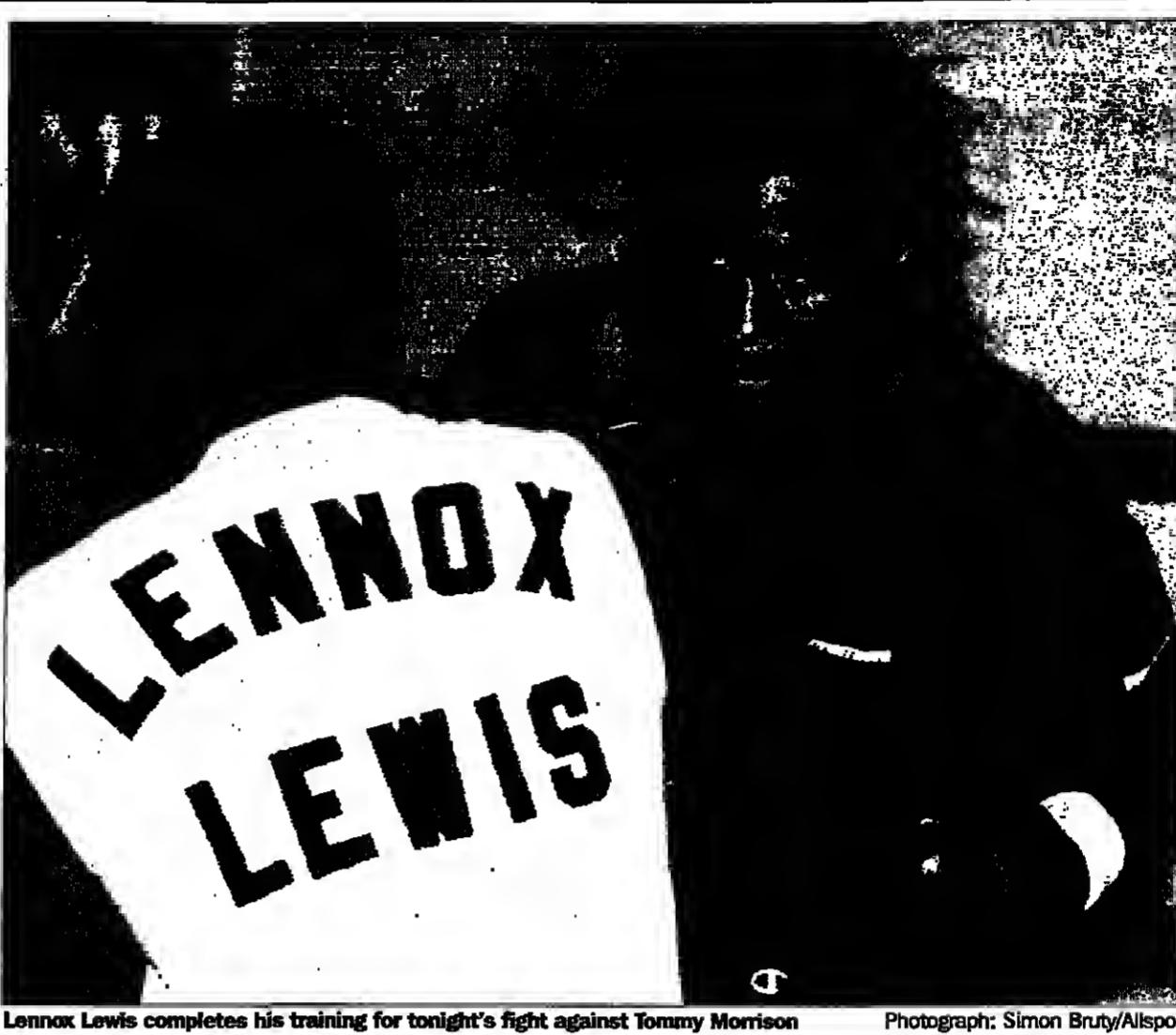
The extent to which Lewis's career is being put at risk is emphasised by his diminutive manager, Frank Maloney. "The loser will have nowhere left to go in boxing," he said. "He

might as well walk out of the arena and into the ocean." What you have to say about Lewis is that unlike other contenders in the division, he has never ducked anybody. In common with all fighters he knows the fear of being embarrassed in the ring as he was when stopped by Oliver McCall in defence of the World Boxing Council title, but it does not appear to effect his confidence. Morrison still has that big left hook, he's an improved fighter and much more mature in and out of the ring, but he's never met anyone with my talent," he said.

This coincides with Lewis's trainer, Emmanuel Steward, who is never slow in coming forward, likes to go around saying, "Astonishing, you may think, Steward puts Lewis ahead of the many world champions, including such notable figures as Julio Cesar Chavez and Thomas Hearns, he has worked with. "We've never seen a more naturally gifted fighter," he declares enthusiastically.

Probably, on the understanding that Steward saw plenty of Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard, Marvin Hagler and other famed warriors, when Maloney hears him going on and on about Lewis he looks a trifle embarrassed. It may also be that he is still waiting for Lewis to prove the improvements Steward claims to have effected.

Unless good habits are implanted early in a fighter's career



Lennox Lewis completes his training for tonight's fight against Tommy Morrison

Photograph: Simon Bruty/Alsport

all that he shows in the gymnasium does not necessarily survive journeys to the ring. For example, before Donovan "Razor" Ruddock faced Lewis three years ago in a final eliminator for the WBC title, his trainer, the former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson, was sure of technical advancement. "By getting Donovan's feet in the right place we've improved his balance and he no longer lunges but leaves himself open," Patterson said. When Ruddock felt a blow from Lewis he reverted immediately to type and was knocked out in the second round.

In sparring for tonight's contest Morrison has concentrated on ways of dealing with the big advantages Lewis has in height and reach. "Because Tommy is so much shorter there is no future

in trying to fight Lewis from the outside," Virgets said. "He's got to be soaking up the jab. He's got to stay low and fight from a crouch, come in under Lewis's arms and throw combinations."

"According to the level of Tommy's hips he goes from being an exceptional fighter to less than mediocre. From a crouch he does terrible damage to the body and is in position to deliver big head punches especially with his left. If he forgets to stay low then I'm afraid Lewis will murder him."

One of the tenets old-timers held sacrosanct is that you box a fighter and fight a boxer. In Lewis's case, Steward considers it incidental. "Lennox doesn't have to worry about the other guy's style," he said. "He's got all the power and speed to

take fights away from his opponents. There isn't a problem he can't handle. Tommy's dangerous but Lennox will get rid of him quickly, no more than three rounds."

In the two contests Lewis has undertaken since the loss of his title there has not been much evidence of technical progress. Probably, it was the shock of being bowled over by McCall that caused him to be apprehensive against a bloated bruiser, Lionel Butler, but little could be read into a fifth-round stoppage.

Much the same was felt generally when Lewis took four rounds in getting rid of the pugnacious but hugely limited Justin Fortune three months ago. "We were still working on a few things and I was completely satisfied," Steward said. "Lennox

is in a very large man," Virgets added, "and I'm not about to start kidding myself. He's got to get on the inside otherwise it's curtains for him."

Lewis has questions to answer but physical advantages should ensure that he is not the one who will become history on the Jersey shore.

British women surge to victory

Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS
reports from Glasgow

It is all very well advising British officials not to get carried away by the odd minor success, but they have seen too many of their players leave the courts feet first to resist discreet smiles of satisfaction on occasions like the one here yesterday.

The nation's 21-and-under women's team defeated the United States to win the Maureen Connolly Trophy three years consecutively for the first time since the transatlantic competition was inaugurated in 1973. Though it must be emphasised that the Americans, who lead the series, 17-6, generally select collegiate and high school players for the event, the British team can be encouraged by their spirited performances over the past two days.

Appropriately, Mandy Wainwright ensured that victory was achieved a day ahead of schedule by securing the sixth win, the power of her shots proving too strong for Farley Taylor, from Michigan. The 19-year-old from Essex, who was also successful in singles and doubles on Thursday, has won 10 of her 11 matches in the competition, and remains eligible for the next two years.

However, the sight of Lewis being caught by right hands this week when sparring with lighter men preserved the thought that he will always be vulnerable against fast-handed punchers.

As Morrison gets his hooks off quickly he is bound to be a threat in the early rounds, which hold his best chance of upsetting the odds. "Tommy's dangerous but Lennox will get rid of him quickly, no more than three rounds."

In the two contests Lewis has

underaken since the loss of his title there has not been much evidence of technical progress. Probably, it was the shock of being bowled over by McCall that caused him to be apprehensive against a bloated bruiser, Lionel Butler, but little could be read into a fifth-round stoppage.

Much the same was felt generally when Lewis took four rounds in getting rid of the pugnacious but hugely limited Justin Fortune three months ago. "We were still working on a few things and I was completely satisfied," Steward said. "Lennox

is in a very large man," Virgets added, "and I'm not about to start kidding myself. He's got to get on the inside otherwise it's curtains for him."

There was no doubt about the conclusion of yesterday's decisive rubber at the Scotstoun Leisure Centre, Wainwright returning a second serve and then watching a Taylor backhand fly over the baseline to complete a 6-3, 7-5 win. It was, Wainwright said, by far her best performance for two years in which she has struggled to find form and confidence. Yesterday, relying on the natural exuberance and pace of her game, she surprised herself with the consistency of her shots.

Kate Warne-Holland, who partnered Wainwright to success in the doubles when making her debut in the competition on Thursday, opened the proceedings yesterday by defeating Traci Green, from Philadelphia, 7-5, 5-7, 6-4, in an entertaining contest which featured two players who were prepared to attack.

The 20-year-old Warne-Holland did not develop a serious interest in the sport until her teens. Her father Malcolm, is accustomed to strings of a another variety as musical director of the Royal Opera House, and one of her sisters, Rebecca, is a jazz singer.

Britain's triumph was delayed by Karen Cross's 6-1, 6-4 defeat by Sandy Surepong, the highest ranked American, but Wainwright boldly strode forth with her beaming smile and booming shots to make it 6-1 with four "dead" rubbers to play. Lucie Ahl, from Devon, won the first of these defeating Marissa Catlin 6-3, 6-2.

Claydon enters the record books

Golf

I could break 60" because the eighth and ninth are birdie holes," he said. "Then I put up six feet short and missed the next putt." Claydon, currently 65th in the European Order of Merit, said he had suffered a disappointing year but has played better since seeing his long-time coach, Eddie Birch, through two weeks ago.

One shot ahead of Claydon is Sweden's Anders Forsberg whose second successive 64 took him to 128. Sonnance with only this tournament and the Volvo Masters in Valderrama left him 129th.

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Old Loughtonians ring the changes

Hockey

BILL COLVIN

The new National League season starts this afternoon when Old Loughtonians entertain Bourne at Chigwell. With both teams featuring a number of new signings and the Old Boys under their new coach, Billy McPherson, Scotland's European Cup coach, the game is certain to attract attention. The remainder of the league's fixtures are as follows:

Old Loughtonians v. Bourne, 7.10.95; Bourne v. Old Loughtonians, 14.10.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 21.10.95; Chigwell v. Old Loughtonians, 28.10.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 4.11.95; Chigwell v. Old Loughtonians, 11.11.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 18.11.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 25.11.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 1.12.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 8.12.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 15.12.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 22.12.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 29.12.95; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 5.1.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 12.1.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 19.1.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 26.1.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 2.2.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 9.2.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 16.2.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 23.2.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 30.2.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 6.3.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 13.3.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 20.3.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 27.3.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 3.4.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 10.4.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 17.4.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 24.4.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 31.4.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 7.5.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 14.5.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 21.5.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 28.5.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 4.6.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 11.6.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 18.6.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 25.6.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 2.7.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 9.7.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 16.7.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 23.7.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 30.7.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 6.8.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 13.8.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 20.8.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 27.8.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 3.9.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 10.9.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 17.9.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 24.9.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 1.10.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 8.10.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 15.10.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 22.10.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 29.10.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 5.11.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 12.11.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 19.11.96; Old Loughtonians v. Chigwell, 26.

